

MAY
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

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The VOICE of SILENCE *by* RITA WEIMAN

MY HEART *and* YOURS *by* FRANK P. STOCKBRIDGE

Also SAMUEL MERWIN
PHYLLIS BOTTOME & OTHERS

ACHIEVEMENT

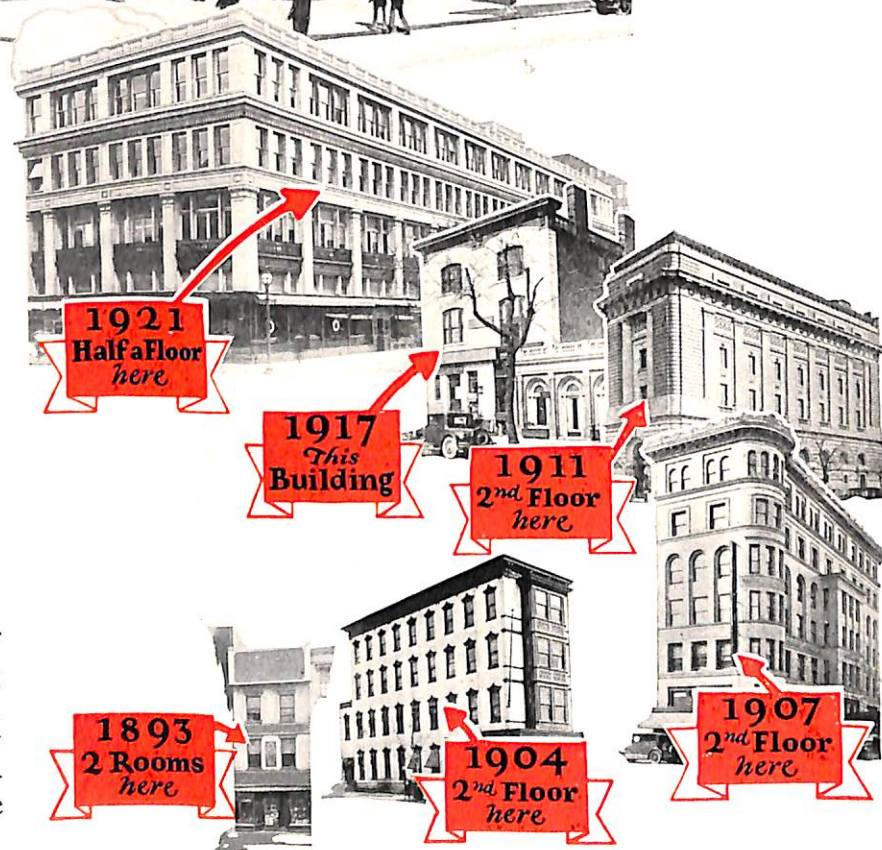


MAY 1928
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MAY, 1928

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The Story of two Men

who fought in the WORLD WAR

FROM a certain little town in the Middle West came two men to fight in France.

Both were commissioned officers. Both made fine records with the A.E.F.

But after the war came a change in their fortunes. In ten short years one of them became wealthy, while the other was still moving unsuccessfully from one job to another.

He "had hard luck," the friends of the latter explained. He never "seemed to catch hold after the war." And recently, when his companion proposed that they go together to the Paris Convention of the American Legion, he was forced to decline because he could not afford it.

What is the reason for tragedies like this? These men had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for prosperity were equally good. Why, after the war, did one man surge steadily ahead, while the other stood still?

Two types of men

The answer is simple. In all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

The other man takes a new hold upon himself in his twenties or thirties or early forties; he adds training to experience and travels far.

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been engaged in the splendid task of helping men to find themselves.

Its training means larger vision; more rapid progress; increased earning power. And the proof is this—more than 300,000 men have tested this training in their own experience.

Only a training vitally sound and practical could have the endorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. That Advisory Council consists of: General T. Coleman duPont, the well-known



One of these men has done big things in business since the war. The other is still moving from job to job. Why? You will find the answer on this page.

business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent Consulting Engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the internationally known statistician and economist.

Only you can decide where you will stop

Every man in business is paying for this Course whether he takes it or not. The man who "had hard luck" paid, and at a tragic price. He might have moved on up to large success—but he was thru just when he should have been gathering speed.

Only you can decide where you will stop. The training which has done so much for 300,000 other men is open to

you also. It is worth your investigation at least; make the investigation now.

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For men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be in business five years from now?" the Alexander Hamilton Institute publishes a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It tells what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains letters from men whose business situation was precisely like yours. It will richly repay a careful reading, and it is free; the coupon will bring it.

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HOW would YOU like to marry your favorite motion picture actress? A girl who moves across the flickering screen with all the charm, beauty, grace, allure one could ask for in a woman! A girl you have never met but have secretly adored. What would Marriage mean to such a creature as this? This is the situation that comes to Larry and Tyra in our new serial which starts next month, MARRIAGE, LIMITED, by Octavus Roy Cohen.

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The exquisitely gainty TYRA, whose slow deep eyes spoke of power and peace and passion.

Our New Serial
"MARRIAGE, LIMITED"
By Octavus Roy Cohen
Beginning in June

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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

MAY, 1928

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Al West, former New Jersey bookkeeper, made \$3,200 in 15 days as a Real Estate Specialist

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Paul Waner



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Geo. J. Muner
Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



The SHRINE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1928

The Imperial Potentate's Message

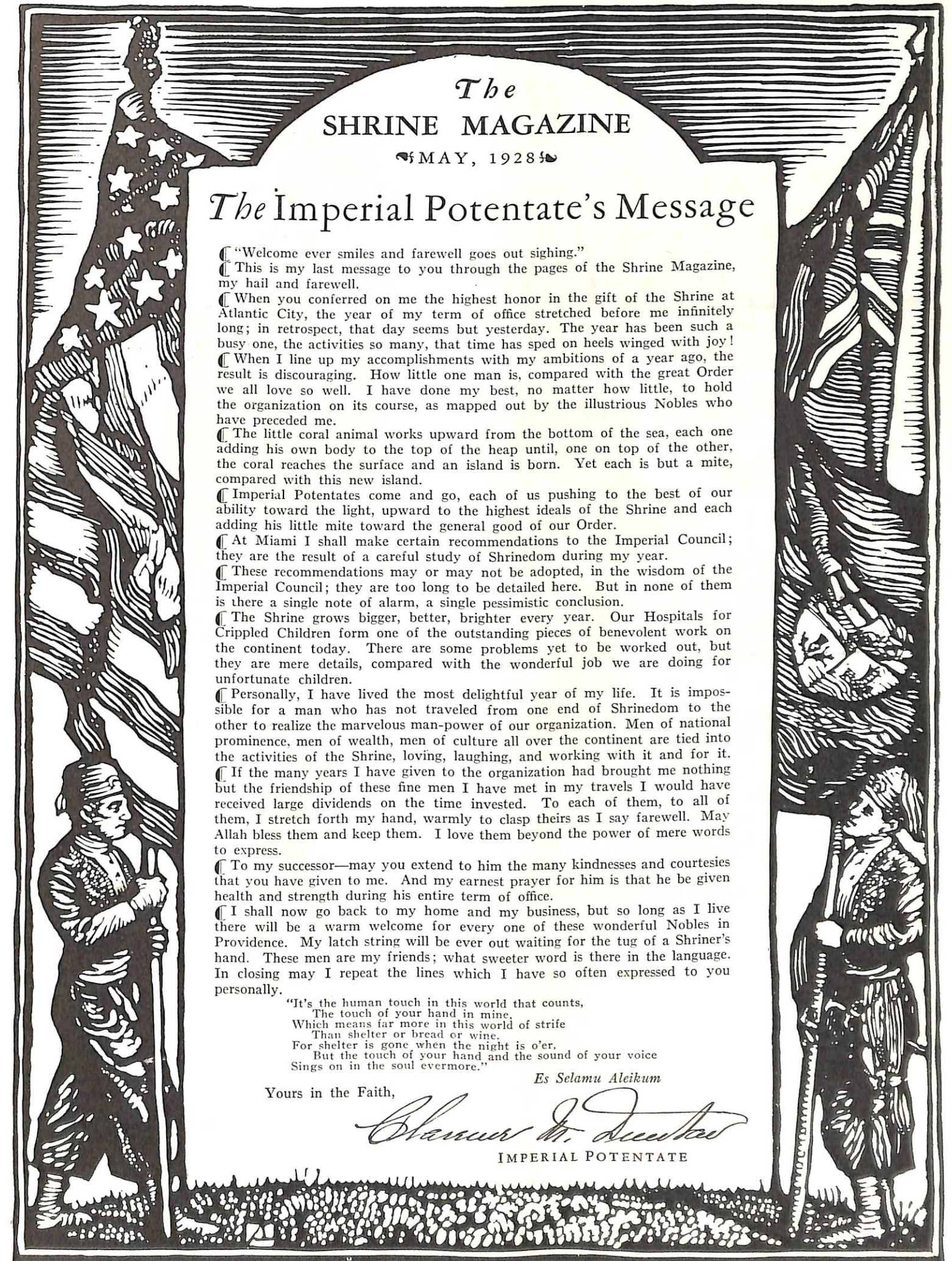
"Welcome ever smiles and farewell goes out sighing."
This is my last message to you through the pages of the Shrine Magazine, my hail and farewell.
When you conferred on me the highest honor in the gift of the Shrine at Atlantic City, the year of my term of office stretched before me infinitely long; in retrospect, that day seems but yesterday. The year has been such a busy one, the activities so many, that time has sped on heels winged with joy!
When I line up my accomplishments with my ambitions of a year ago, the result is discouraging. How little one man is, compared with the great Order we all love so well. I have done my best, no matter how little, to hold the organization on its course, as mapped out by the illustrious Nobles who have preceded me.
The little coral animal works upward from the bottom of the sea, each one adding his own body to the top of the heap until, one on top of the other, the coral reaches the surface and an island is born. Yet each is but a mite, compared with this new island.
Imperial Potentates come and go, each of us pushing to the best of our ability toward the light, upward to the highest ideals of the Shrine and each adding his little mite toward the general good of our Order.
At Miami I shall make certain recommendations to the Imperial Council; they are the result of a careful study of Shrinedom during my year.
These recommendations may or may not be adopted, in the wisdom of the Imperial Council; they are too long to be detailed here. But in none of them is there a single note of alarm, a single pessimistic conclusion.
The Shrine grows bigger, better, brighter every year. Our Hospitals for Crippled Children form one of the outstanding pieces of benevolent work on the continent today. There are some problems yet to be worked out, but they are mere details, compared with the wonderful job we are doing for unfortunate children.
Personally, I have lived the most delightful year of my life. It is impossible for a man who has not traveled from one end of Shrinedom to the other to realize the marvelous man-power of our organization. Men of national prominence, men of wealth, men of culture all over the continent are tied into the activities of the Shrine, loving, laughing, and working with it and for it.
If the many years I have given to the organization had brought me nothing but the friendship of these fine men I have met in my travels I would have received large dividends on the time invested. To each of them, to all of them, I stretch forth my hand, warmly to clasp theirs as I say farewell. May Allah bless them and keep them. I love them beyond the power of mere words to express.
To my successor—may you extend to him the many kindnesses and courtesies that you have given to me. And my earnest prayer for him is that he be given health and strength during his entire term of office.
I shall now go back to my home and my business, but so long as I live there will be a warm welcome for every one of these wonderful Nobles in Providence. My latch string will be ever out waiting for the tug of a Shriner's hand. These men are my friends; what sweeter word is there in the language. In closing may I repeat the lines which I have so often expressed to you personally.

"It's the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand in mine,
Which means far more in this world of strife
Than shelter or bread or wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er.
But the touch of your hand and the sound of your voice
Sings on in the soul evermore."

Es Selamu Aleikum

Yours in the Faith,

Chas. W. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



The VOICE of SILENCE

By
Rita
Weiman



"I close my eyes and live through it again and again," she said. "Hal at the wheel . . . then suddenly the car went into the ravine and he was killed. I wish to God I'd been!"

THE hotel dining-room was small and narrow, with an oak sideboard at the far end. A shaft of sunlight came dustily across the floor and climbed up the walls, as if in vain attempt to soften their crudely stained lumber. The room boasted four long tables, two occupied by tourist parties. At the third sat a man alone.

The girl standing just within the doorway glanced round unsteadily. A slight little thing in blue serge, something about the droop of shoulders and head was arresting. Yet a felt hat pulled far down over one side of her face hid her features in shadow. She stood there, suggesting somehow a lost child, half hesitating to enter.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather be alone," she said in a low voice as the head waitress moved toward the third table.

"Can't do it—we're short of help."

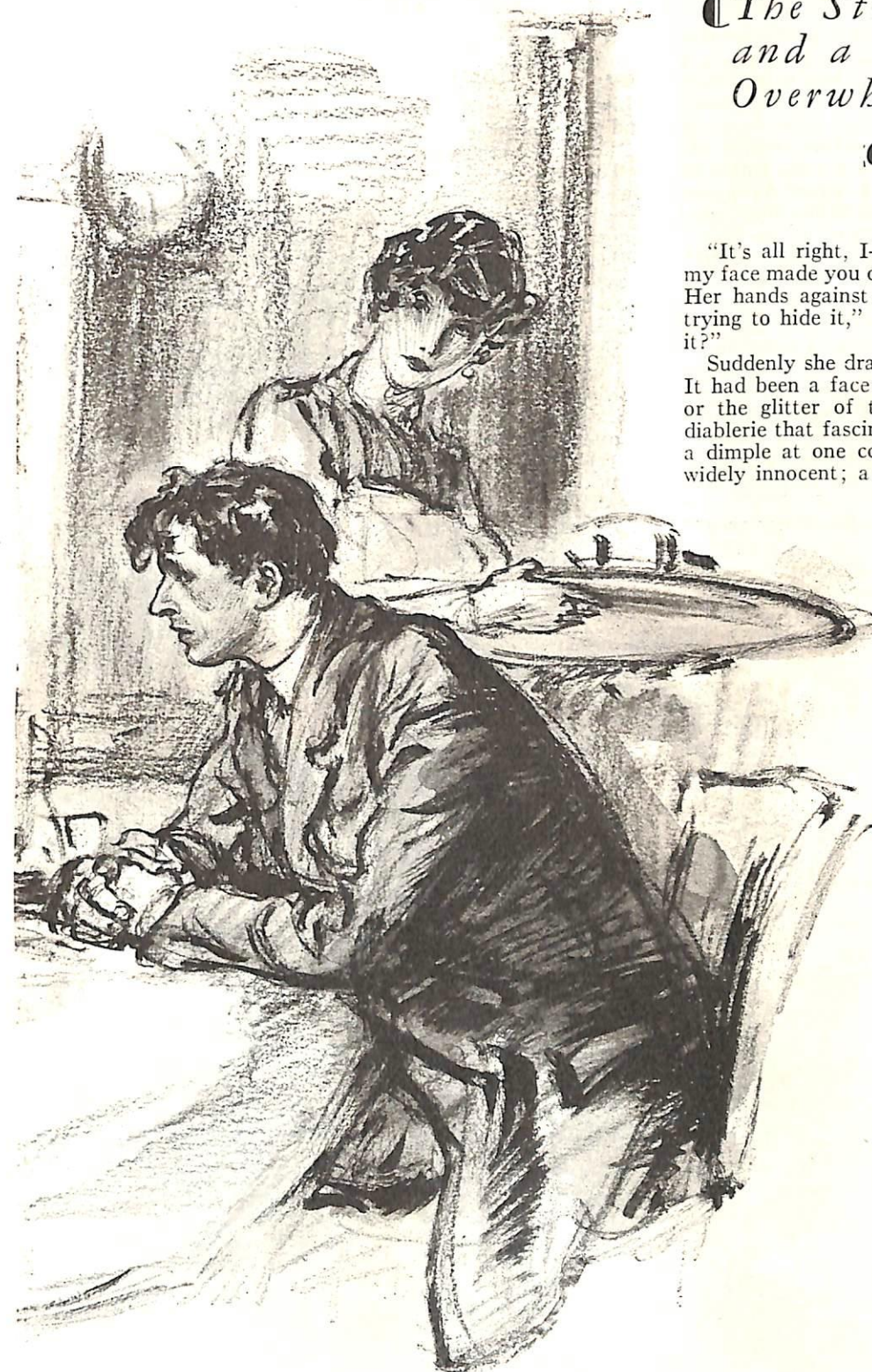
The table's lone occupant looked up, immediately laid down knife and fork, and rose.

"Please don't go because I said that. I didn't mean to have you hear," the girl protested.

"You want to be alone, don't you?"

The Strange Story of a Man and a Woman in an Overwhelming Hour of Life

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh



"It's all right, I—I know why you hesitated. This scar on my face made you doubt—" The sentence drifted away huskily. Her hands against the rough cloth shook. Then—"I've been trying to hide it," came brokenly. "That's rather a joke, isn't it?"

Suddenly she dragged off the hat, lifting her face to his gaze. It had been a face of beauty familiar as the face of the moon or the glitter of the evening star. The naughty beauty of diablerie that fascinates like the pull of a magnet. Impish lips, a dimple at one corner; eyes that glistened wickedly or grew widely innocent; a chrysanthemum of shining hair, completely unmanageable. Darling of the screen, the whole world had been her lover. And now of that beauty only a tragic grimace remained. One cheek was smooth. A scar bit into the other, as though monster long-nailed fingers, sharp and torturing, had dragged the delicate flesh to shreds, then forced it bleeding into place to grow together, a puckered caricature.

"Do you wonder I try?"

The man hesitated and the almost inflexible lines that marked him softened with sympathy.

"You read of the accident," she went on, his very lack of response making her hysterically eager to talk, "you must have."

"Yes—I recall now. I'm more than sorry I reminded you."

"But you didn't. It's never out of my mind—not one minute. I haven't been able to talk about it before—but I can't stop thinking."

"If one only could," was all he said, and that more to himself than to her.

"I close my eyes and live through it again and again. The bright sunshine . . . the car skimming along . . . Hal Grossmith at the wheel—he was my director. Both of us laughing, then all of a sudden . . . The car went into a ravine, you know, and he was killed. I wish to God I'd been! Why do you suppose—?"

"Hard to understand why we can't go—when we want to above all things," he said softly.

"Until a few weeks ago when they took off the bandages, I didn't guess. I—I haven't been able to look in a mirror since."

The man's dark features set in their former impenetrable grimness.

"A scar like yours isn't the worst that can happen to you, Miss Buckley," he brought out, apparently against his will. "It's a surface thing, at worst."

"Surface! Why, if I can't bear to look at myself—what about all those others who used to troop to see me on the screen? They'll never see me again—anywhere—with anything but horror in their eyes."

The man sat quite still for a space. Then his hands began nervously to crumble the bread beside his plate. A lean hand, it seemed to be reaching for something to hold to, as a swimmer seized with sudden fear, grasps at the water which a moment gone he has slashed to one side with perfect confidence in his own prowess. When the words came, they were marked by an oddly cynical crispness as if, covering his sympathy, were the twisted mask of scorn.

"Are any of us important enough to count, Miss Buckley? Do you think in the long run, what we want in the way of personal satisfaction is of much consequence?"

His tone was abrupt. She had almost the impression that he, too, desired solitude. Without looking at her, he turned to one side. A bitterly intense, sallow profile marked by nervous force was outlined against the smoky wall. Thick dark hair had the rough look of complete disregard for appearance. His tweed suit hung loose and baggy. Despite a trenchant vitality, the gaunt young figure was stooped.

"I want you to sit down and finish," she urged. "I'll be most uncomfortable until you do."

He bowed, seated himself.

The waitress moved from one to the other, serving a midday meal of thick bread, boiled beef, cabbage, potatoes and coffee. The girl tried to swallow, then pushed her plate to one side and asked for a glass of milk. As she looked up, the eyes across the table were staring at her.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized quickly, "but I had a sudden idea that you were Peg Buckley, the moving picture actress."

She turned aside, unable to answer.

"I am Peg Buckley," she whispered finally.

"Sorry—I didn't mean to intrude."

Peg's gaze dropped from his face. For some unaccountable reason, she had obeyed an impulse to speak to this man. A vague sense of having seen or known him before might have prompted it. Or simply the slow agonizing clutch of misery that at last chokes the cry from a parched throat. For so many weeks she had faced alone the collapse of career, youth, life itself, attempting to conceal from those about her the extent of her despair. Now, like the last salute to life before death, the demand for expression had forced the words to her lips. And he had answered by laughing at her.

She pushed back her chair, shakily trying to control herself. "You're right—it doesn't matter," she said. "Nothing does—really."

With a brief nod, she pulled on her hat and hurried out, down a narrow hallway to the room she had engaged that morning.

Near the window stood an open traveling bag. She began tossing its contents on the bed, delicate flimsy things that women love. Her fingertips, like those of the blind, strayed across them. She had always so adored beauty of every kind. Yet the mere fact that she had packed such garments for this journey of all journeys was ludicrous. One did not prepare to meet one's Maker in a chiffon negligée.

But then, why not? Whatever the power that struck an iron fist across her face, it must have a sense of humor. The sort that paraded a man back and forth in front of the scaffold from which he was to hang. The humor of creation marching to doom.

Her slim shoulders squared defensively. If faith in anything and everything had been slashed away, leaving her soul naked, she could at least cloak it in pride. Cowardly to give way as she had a few moments ago!

She crossed to the window. The only human habitation was this queer hotel, a hundred yards or so from the entrance to a great sprawling canyon that tore the earth in two. Ramshackle, crude, built for the passing tourist, it appeared an absurd dwarf insolently acting as sentinel. A pigmy on guard at the gates of a universe.

Beyond, the great jagged gash of stone like giant jaws opened against the sky. Shadows crawled upward between them, coming darkly from nowhere. Only a glimmering reflection, ghost of the day, hovered across the top and sent faint rays slanting down the rocky sides. Within lay gloom—still and black and powerful. Sullen, filled with the reckoning horror of the unknown.

Stretched straight to the horizon at either side, an arid landscape presented occasional clumps of trees struggling for breath in soil whose composition held a large proportion of desert sand. Cacti flourished, enormous ones, green and bristling like animals. Here and there bushes huddled. But the place had the look of waste, arrogant, impervious to the needs of man.

Peg pressed against the window pane. Automatically there flashed before her the vision of two figures springing from a

halted car, approaching the canyon's edge and peering curiously into its depth.

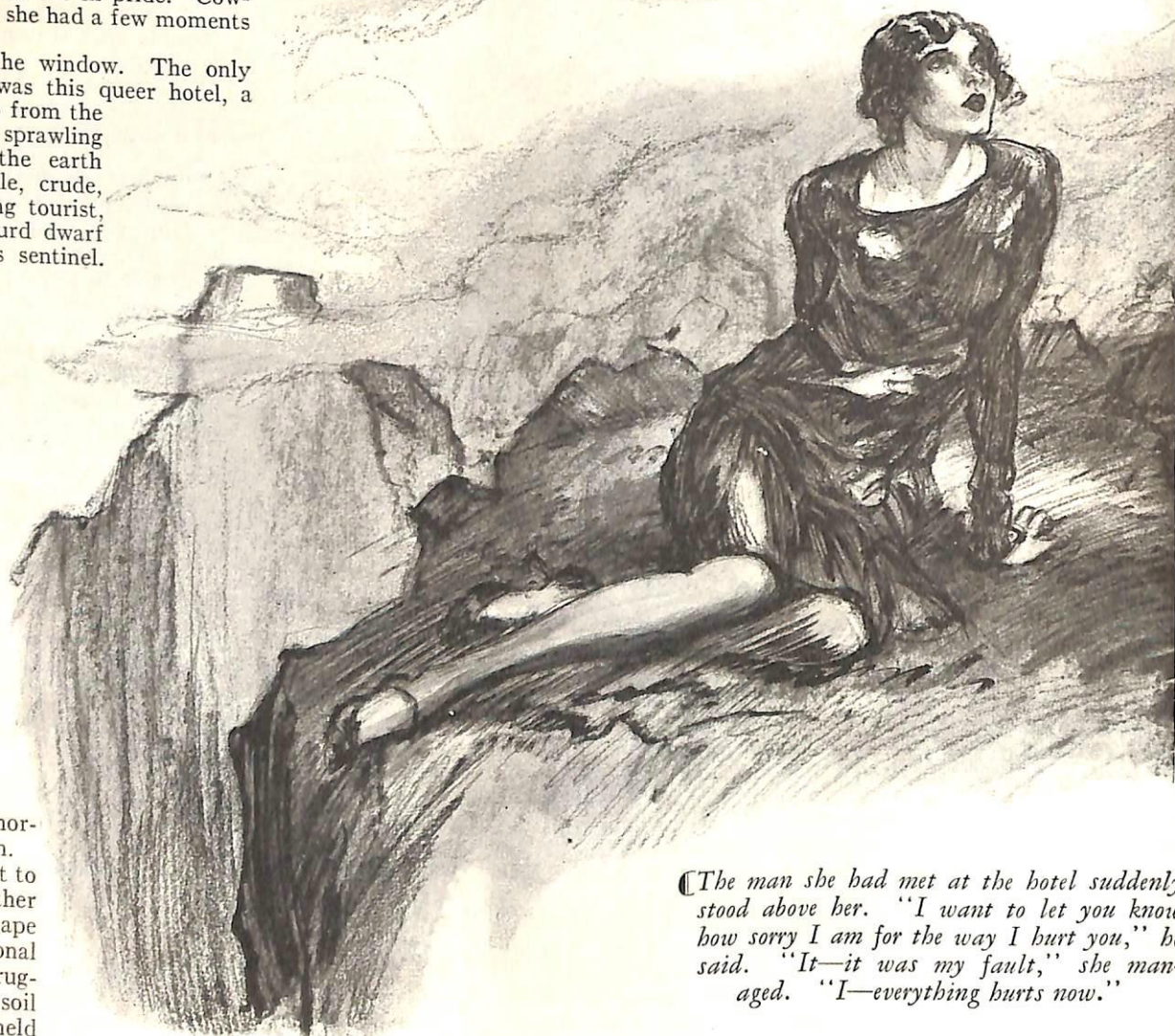
"If ever I commit suicide," she had laughed, "it will be here. Think how artistically it could be done. Just a graceful drop and you'd never know when or where you were going to land."

"Might be China and fool you," her director had grinned. They had joked about it, speculating on the measure, the sensation of descent, on the length of time it would take to lose consciousness. Quite coolly, with the careless smiles of those whom such tragedy can never touch.

Three years ago that had been, when they were working on location close to the Mexican border. At the time, could anyone have convinced her that on a day, not so far distant, she would travel to the same spot for just such a sinister purpose?

She thrust up the window sash, leaned on the sill. A pungent moisture swept over her, a faint chill breeze. Both hands went instinctively to push back the shaggy bronzed hair from her eyes, but dropped shuddering.

Instead they reached gratefully toward the emptiness yawning beyond. Her mind clung to its very intangibility.



(The man she had met at the hotel suddenly stood above her. "I want to let you know how sorry I am for the way I hurt you," he said. "It—it was my fault," she managed. "I—everything hurts now.")

A few paces and she would be at the edge. Desperate tossing of mind and body, futile striving for peace in the midst of destruction would be over. Sleep—release from thought, from memory—there, in that mysterious quiet, they waited.

Softly she shut the window, went the length of the dim hotel corridor and out into the warm rays of the sun.

all else, she prayed to reach that little ledge, then drop from it into the pit so significant of her own future. The canyon's jaws closed round her, with the moisture of spaces never touched by sun, drawing her downward.

She stopped in the center of strange stillness, a veiled stillness rolling upward from perpetual depths. The stillness of ages untold. Cold, calm, as if all haste, all fever of living had been forgotten these millions of years. All about her it lay, like the blue sky of moonless night. Limitless, spaceless, measureless—this vast, impenetrable stillness waited.

Peg looked up, lifting her eyes to the narrow thread of light above, like a zigzag streak against a dark heaven. How hazy it seemed—how completely apart. The multitude who had loved her, how far away! She who had no longer a place in their world, stood on the brink of a world unknown, a clouded peace spreading at her feet, the shuddering quiet of eternity.

She crept along to a spot where the wooden rail had broken, sagged apart. Her arms lifted. Her body poised like a quivering arrow. Her lips moved in faint, uncertain prayer, and she swayed forward.

SUDDENLY out of the dreadful quiet rolled a voice. At first no more than weird whispered sound, steaming upward, it gathered force, reverberating, booming forth. Then broke like the crash of doom:—

"Hitherto shalt thou come but no further!"

The command filled the canyon, until a thousand voices seemed to beat against the sides. And it seemed to Peg, held rigid in terror, that she had taken the plunge, stood facing Judgment.

"Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?" rose the voice once more, thundering through space. *"Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? Declare if thou knowest it all."*

Slowly she raised eyes to the surrounding gloom. Dim emptiness—that was all. No ghost of dead souls, no call of spirits who had passed beyond. What then?

"Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness, where is the place thereof . . ."

Peg thrust out both hands. They met nothing. What puny human resistance could force to sink down whence it had come this command rolling from darkness unfathomable? It would not be halted.

"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?"

Terrible voice of silence—voice without body or breath! A disembodied entity gripping her with the mockery of power beyond understanding. Who was she, it called out, to constitute her will the be-all, the end-all of being? Who was she to seize the right to take human life?

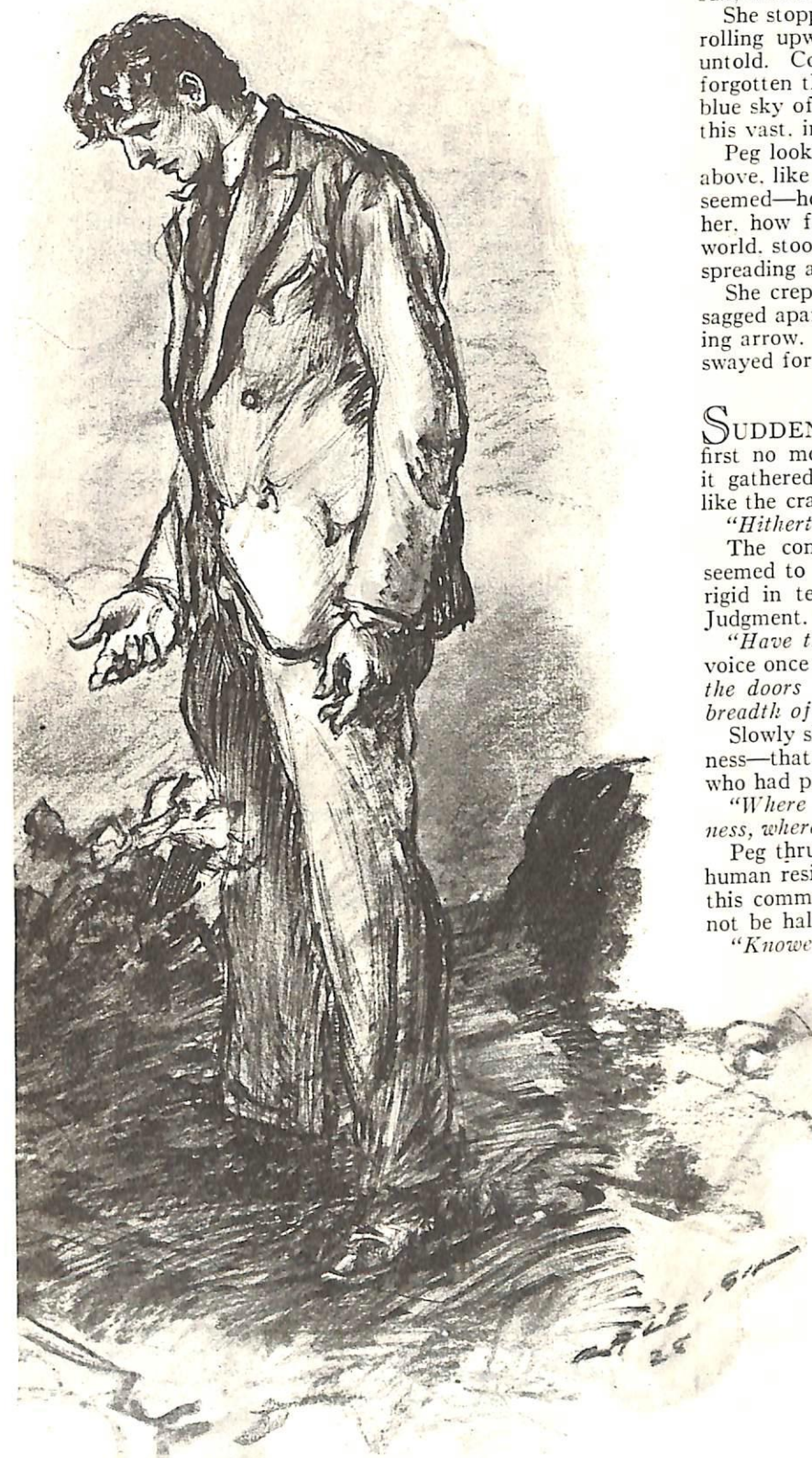
She tried to summon the sound of her own voice, but it sank to a muffled beat. The sense of death in her limbs gave way to quivering touch. She dragged her fingers over the sharp rock until tearing flesh, moisture of blood, brought a throb of sensation. She was afraid—humanly panic-stricken. Like a child in the dark, she cowered trembling, while warm tears trickled down her face. Not now—not today was it possible to consummate her mission. Not with that voice driving her back.

As if it were salvation, her fingers clung to the solid surface for support. Slowly making her way along the ledge, she dared not trust a backward glance, but bent almost double, and crept toward the steps. When she felt her foot strike the lowest, she went stumbling up their

height to the top.

Late afternoon sun flamed upon her. She stretched wide both arms, standing, a cross on the sands, while the fire of it seeped into her damp clothes, saturated the cold flesh, ran through her veins.

She had no consciousness of which way to go. Bewildered, with no road to follow, she turned from the direction of the hotel and started toward the horizon. The canyon sprawled below her, a great dormant beast. Breath from its nostrils, came shifting mists. She could not bring herself to look down, but keeping close to the low stone parapet built round the upper edge, hurried along, unconscious of any goal, fleeing from the



Hewn in the rock, a flight of uncertain steps had been fashioned for the benefit of those who dared venture part-way into the canyon. Steep and perilously shallow, they had somewhat the appearance of Alpine cliffs. At their base, as far as the eye could reach, a narrow ledge ran at right angles to the rigid height of stone. Protected by a wooden rail rotted away in spots, it was seldom used.

Thus, no one noticed the girl as she covered the distance to the steps that led into darkness. She moved without hesitancy, without fear, and presently the chasm absorbed her.

Starting the descent, her feet measured each step with care. To stumble and crash down on rock would mean defeat. Above

weird phantom of her encounter, trying to flee from herself. The only human thing on that great desert, she sank on the sands.

The sun dropped from sight, left the sky purpling blue. Then its glow faded altogether. A dense curtain of grey seemed drawn across the light. The mystic hour of day's death.

The huddled figure did not move. All about her still seemed to sigh that strange voice of silence.

"Miss Buckley—"

She turned quickly. A shadow had fallen across the sand at her feet.

"Miss Buckley—I offended you today. Won't you give me a chance to explain—?"

The man she had met at the hotel stood above her. There had been no sound of his approach. Nor had she any idea from which direction he had come. He seemed to have risen unheralded beside her, wrapped in the cloak of oncoming night. He wore no hat and the weight of hair fell darkly across his forehead. The features under it were softened by the weird light. There was something luminous about him, as if in that cold landscape he alone held the warmth of moving life.

He reached out a hand.

"Will you let me talk to you a bit?"

She put hers into it and he helped her to her feet.

"We might stay out here and watch the moon come up over the canyon. Unless you feel cold."

"No—I—I'm quite comfortable, thank you."

She hesitated, looking away from him. Yet for the moment companionship was welcome. It would at least help her to gain control of this shaking fear.

In a manner at once diffident and protective, he laid a hand under her elbow.

"I want to let you know how sorry I am for the way I hurt you."

"It—it was my fault," she managed. "I—everything hurts now."

"I should never have referred to the scar," he offered apologetically. "But I've been here two weeks. My only companions

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have been the few rows of books on the shelves in the hotel parlor. Will you forgive me?"

"It doesn't matter—really. Please don't think of it again." They walked along silently, several yards from the parapet. He led the way and without further questioning, she followed. She made no attempt to speak.

"You see," he went on, "I'm a Peg Buckley fan—have been for years. My interest in you is almost personal—if you'll permit it. Why—I feel as if I'd always known you."

"When I first saw you today, it seemed to me that we had met somewhere," she answered him. "Was it Los Angeles, perhaps?"

"I've lived there some time," was all he said. But he offered no further information.

"May I speak to you as if I were really a friend with the right to?" he put presently. "I'd like to ask how long at most the popularity of a screen star lasts."

She paused, looked up at him.

"Are you trying to tell me that I've stepped down from my pedestal mercifully—at the height of my career?"

"No. I've merely been thinking that now, as things have gone, you are retiring with the sympathy of the public endearing you. Suppose, instead, you found yourself suddenly played out—in the discard?"

"Isn't that rather poor consolation?"

"Of course! I'm not attempting to console you. That would be nonsense. I'd just like to make you see that years of usefulness aren't measured by popular success."

"You think I'm any utter use now?"

"It might be worth while finding out."

"What could I do?" She gave a brief, hard little laugh. Then it broke, like a brittle vessel striking stone. It splintered as it fell.

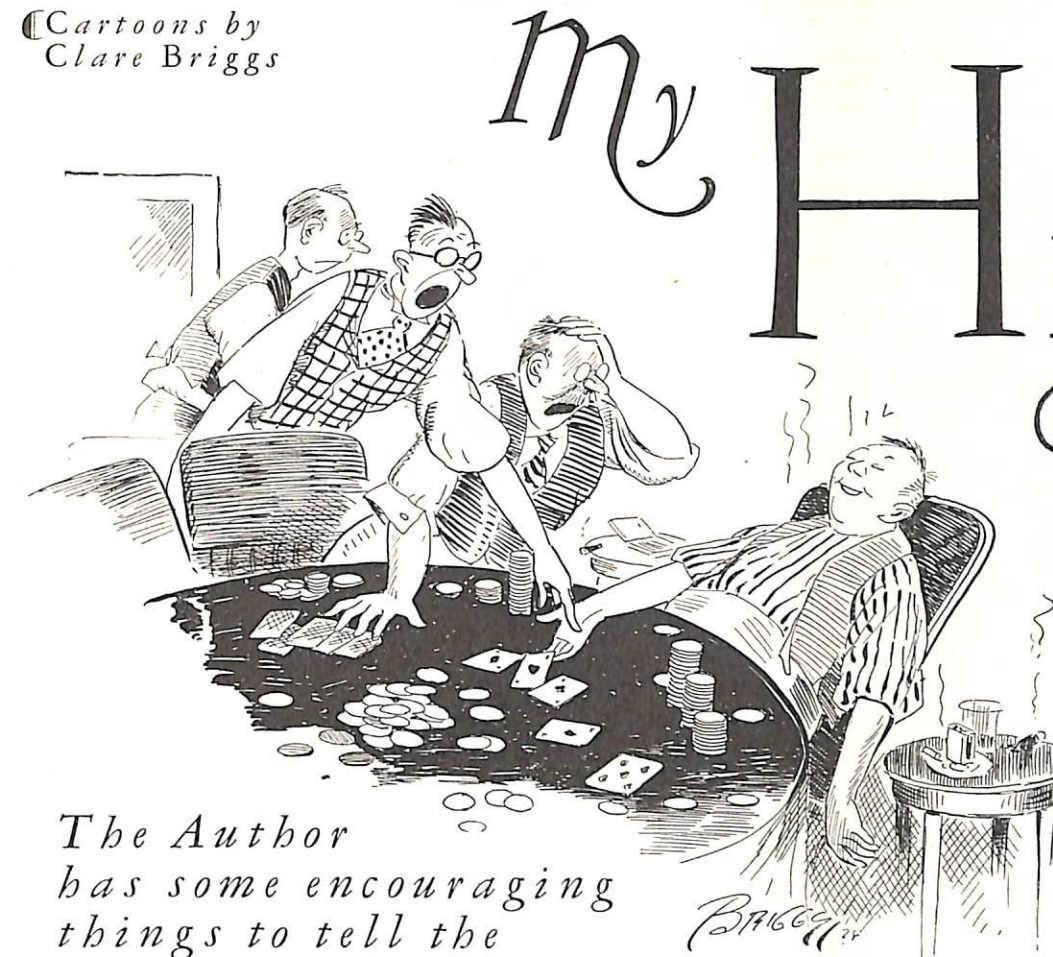
"The camera isn't the only means of expressing yourself to the world. You won't be in want of money, will you?"

"No—I have plenty of that."

"Well—think of all the poor devils who would cheerfully bear scars from head to foot to be able to make such a statement. I would have—once."

[Continued on page 67]

(Cartoons by
Clare Briggs)



The Author
has some encouraging
things to tell the
MAN OF FIFTY whose HEART IS WEAK

(By Frank
Parker
Stockbridge)

(More than one man has
died from the emotional ef-
fect of suddenly discover-
ing four aces in his hand in
a poker game!)

SHRINE SERVICE RECOMMENDS TO OUR READERS

BOOKS of the Month

PLAYS of the Month

(EDITOR'S NOTE: No claim is made that this list includes all new books worth mentioning. We offer it as a list that may be of assistance to those seeking helpful and entertaining books. We will be glad to buy any of these books for readers. Address Shrine Book Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.)

Henry Hudson. By Llewellyn Powys. Harper & Bros. \$4.00. History and biography that read like fiction and drama. The adventurous life and tragic fate of the navigator who, in looking for a Northwest passage to China through the obstacle that is America, found the river and the bay that bear his name and death at the hands of mutineers, who put him, his son and seven faithful sailors in an open boat.

The Greene Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00. On a November night Julia Greene is shot and killed in the old Greene mansion, her adopted sister, Ada, is shot, but recovers; three nights later, Chester, a brother, is shot through the heart and several weeks later Rex, another brother, is killed on his way to confide a clue to the District Attorney. Who is the murderer, why and how did he kill? Philo Vance, scholarly friend of the District Attorney's, explains all.

Rank and File. By Theodore Roosevelt. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. A series of narratives about heroic privates and officers in the war, the only exception being the story of the late Commander Rodgers, whose seaplane flight from San Francisco to Hawaii in 1922 is celebrated. There are nine stories, graphically illustrated by the soldier artist, Capt. John W. Thomason, jr.

Sawdust and Solitude. By Lucia Zora. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50. A human interest story, beginning with the glamor of the circus, moving to tragedy in the poverty and solitude of a Colorado homestead farm and ending on a note of happiness. Up to some years ago, Lucia Zora was the most famous woman wild animal trainer of the big tops. She and her husband, Fred Allspaw, also of the circus, sought independence, took a homestead, suffered hardships that brought them to the brink of death and then pulled through. This is their story.

Andrew Johnson, Plebeian and Patriot. By Robert W. Winston. Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00. The first full-length biography of the President who succeeded Lincoln and was almost impeached as a consequence of his fight with Congress. Judge Winston presents Johnson in an entirely favorable light, describing his rise from a tailor's shop in Greenville, Tenn., through Congress, the Governorship and the Senate, to the White House.

Old Father of Waters. By Alan Le May. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.00. A romantic novel of old Mississippi days just before the Civil War. Steamboat captains, chanting Negroes, New Orleans belles and the swashbuckling blades who fought for them are among the characters of this historical thriller, chockfull of atmosphere.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This list of New York theater offerings is published to give Shrine readers a suggestion as to what is best. We will gladly arrange for seats to any theater, provided it is understood that we have no inside ways of getting preferential seats. Address Shrine Theater Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.)

Our Betters. By W. Somerset Maugham. (Henry Miller's Theater). With Ina Claire. Deals with a sophisticated social set. Good dialogue. Ina Claire in the main rôle.

The Bachelor Father. By Edward C. Carpenter. (Belasco Theater). A good cast, including June Walker and C. Aubrey Smith. Mr. Belasco's expertness and the playwright's easy comedy which does not strain the intellect.

The Guild Theater organization still presents the Heywards' *Porgy*, (Republic Theater), Eugene O'Neill's two dramas—*Marco Millions* (Gaiety Theater), and *The Strange Interlude* (John Golden Theater) and is nearing the first performance of *Volpone*.

Shakespeare seems to be on the increase. Arliss in *The Merchant of Venice* departs for the road; Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis continue in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Garrick Theater), modern dress; Walter Hampden is nearly ready with his *King Henry V*; Mrs. Fiske, Henrietta Crossman and Otis Skinner are nearing New York in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Further classics announced for Spring production are Goldsmith's *The She Stoops to Conquer* and the Players Club annual revival, this time Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem*. That the younger generation wants to see the old plays is indicated by the revival of *Diplomacy*, which in Boston played to a \$35,800 week.

Lovers of light opera will do well to see the three Ziegfeld pieces: *Rosalie* (New Amsterdam Theater) with Marilyn Miller; *Rio Rita* (Majestic Theater); and *3 Musketeers* (Lyric) which Friml and McGuire have made from the Dumas romance. The Shuberts are producing a musical version of *The Red Robe*, with the book by Harry B. Smith, from Stanley Weyman's novel. Ziegfeld's *Show Boat* (Ziegfeld Theater) continues to attract.

The following continue to run: Galsworthy's *Escape*, A. E. Mathews in *Interference*, Helen Hayes in *Coquette*, the Chicago melodrama, *The Racket*, Milne's fantastic *The Ivory Door* with Henry Hull, George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's *The Royal Family*, and Philip Barry's *Paris Bound*.

Repertory: Eva Le Gallienne, in a variety from Shakespeare to Ibsen, with a Continental sprinkling (Civic Repertory Theater). The Cosmopolitan Artists (Cosmopolitan Theater) are trying to bring back to New York the stock company idea, with revivals of such plays as *Sherlock Holmes*, *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, and *Within the Law*.

FOR the past ten years I have been living with a tricky heart. For more than forty years I treated my heart the way most people do theirs—I ignored it. I had occasional "upsets" and the usual number of bad habits; but I blamed the upsets on my liver or my kidneys, my stomach or my colon. I refused to concede that any of my bad habits was likely to affect my heart. As a matter of fact, whenever a doctor said "heart" to me it scared me, and to hide my panic I reasoned myself into believing that the doctors were all wrong. Like most other men, I paid a good deal more attention to the engine of my car than I did to the engine of my body.

I have been driving a car for some twenty years. I am a crank about it, or so my family maintains. Anything faintly resembling a squeak, a rattle or a knock calls for an immediate session with the best mechanic within range, wherever the car may be. The car I am driving now has been in every first-rate shop between New England and Florida—and in some that were not so good. It's a good car, too, good for another fifty thousand miles before I turn it in. It's good because I have been at particular pains and considerable expense to keep its engine in perfect condition. I have taken excessive care to keep that engine from overheating, from laboring on the grades; it has never been fed anything but the best oil I could get and the highest obtainable grade of gas, and the valve ports and cylinders have never been allowed to become clogged with carbon.

Anyone would suppose that a man so particular about the engine of his car would pay some attention, at least, to the engine of his body; anyone who didn't know anything about human nature, that is. I didn't even have the excuse of ignorance, for I had been educated as a physician, before taking up journalism as my profession. I just declined to give my heart any consideration at all, until the inevitable happened. One morning, about three years ago, my heart went back on me. It simply laid down on the job. It wasn't the first time, but this time I had something real to worry about. Or thought I had.

In these three years, however, I have discovered a great many interesting things about my heart, and yours: and the sum of all that I have learned from a dozen or so heart specialists and my own experience is that the longest-lived persons

in the world are the ones who have heart trouble and *know that they have it*. It's the ones who don't know or won't acknowledge that they have anything wrong with their hearts who supply the material for the columns headed "Prominent Citizen Drops Dead on Street." For a year or two after I had been forced to admit that my own heart was not so good I used to get the horrors every morning, when I read the obituary page of the daily paper. Now I can peruse these accounts of sudden death without turning a hair. My heart is still far from perfect, but I have learned how to live with it; and living with a damaged heart is far from being the unhappy sort of an existence which most men who have not yet discovered the imperfections of their own hearts imagine it to be.

As a matter of cold fact, I feel better in every way than I did for many years before I had to admit that there was something wrong with my heart. The doctors have not deprived me of a single one of the pleasures of life. They have merely taught me the meaning of the word "moderation" and the futility of worry. They have, in fact, added to the sum total of my enjoyment of life, by persuading me to work less and play more!

"The two most effective remedies in most of the heart troubles of middle age are golf and castor oil," says one of the foremost heart specialists. "They are also the best preventives of heart disease."

The old idea, still prevalent even in the medical profession, that a person with a weak heart must keep still, lie abed, take no exercise, avoid even trifling physical exertion, has been discarded by the men who have made the study and care of the heart their principal work. I am speaking exclusively of the sort of heart trouble which is the most widely prevalent, and which begins to show its effects, usually, when a man approaches fifty. Heart disease of the young is quite a different and more serious thing; and so are certain types of heart disease, at any age, which have been caused by specific infections, that have left the valves of the heart engine impaired. But even those cases, the modern heart specialist has found, are benefited by exercise, and the rest of us, who have let our hearts go bad by ignoring them, need exercise more than we need anything else in the world.

We don't know, however, that we need it, and we are dis-

inclined to believe the doctors when they tell us to exercise. The characteristic state of mind of the man with a bad heart is that he is "all tired out." His inclination is to lie down and rest, and keep on resting. Walking on a level stretch of pavement is hard work; climbing even a slight grade starts him puffing. My own first realization that my heart was going wrong was when I discovered that it tired me to climb the incline from the Grand Central waiting room to Forty-second street. My heart had got soft and flabby, like the rest of my muscles, and the slightest exertion made me feel "all in."

I saw the other day the statistics of heart trouble among soldiers in the Great War. At first the British and American army surgeons rejected recruits with any sort of heart trouble. Then some wise men, doctors with modern ideas about the heart, got into the medical services, and on their advice men were accepted with certain kinds of heart ailments. To the surprise of many of the Army medicos, these men did not drop dead on the drill grounds, but seemed to get better. So, both in England and, later, in the United States, the doors were opened wider, and men were accepted for service with all sorts of heart trouble, including actual valvular lesions. Medical men kept careful tab on the results, which proved amazing. Many men who went to the Front with bad hearts came out practically cured; almost none failed to benefit by the enforced strenuous exercise of the military life!

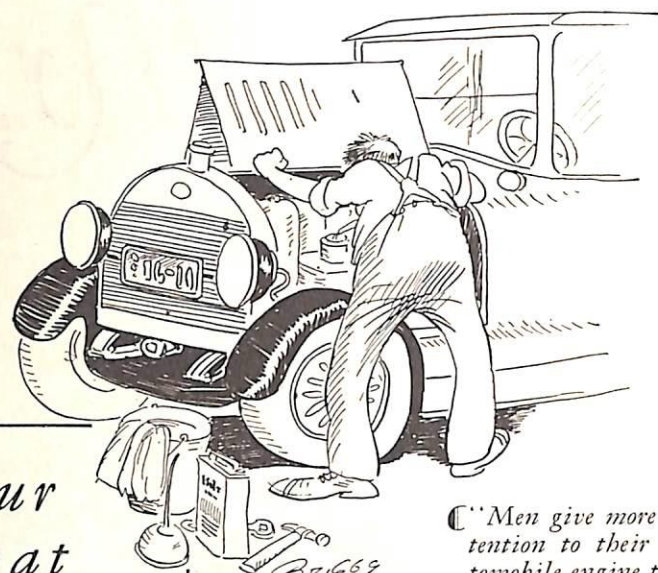
"But how much shall I exercise, Doctor?" I demanded, when I got my first orders. "I don't want to overdo this thing and drop dead on the golf links." "You're not going to die as easily as that," was the reply. "Exercise to the point of actual fatigue, whatever that is, and then stop. Nobody but yourself can tell how much you can stand. It will be a little more every day, so long as you do the other things which I shall instruct you in. Don't go on to the point of exhaustion, but don't stop until your muscles begin to feel tired."

I haven't got up to the point of going through the eighteen holes in a fast two-some; quite likely I never shall do eighteen holes of golf again, without an intermission of an hour or two between the two nines. But I get just as much fun out of golf, so far as I can see, as the chaps who do their thirty-six on Saturday afternoon and fifty-four on Sunday. A good many of those high-pressure birds are much more likely to drop dead on the fairway than I am. I have learned when to stop.

That is one of the things the heart specialists have taught me and which my experience has demonstrated to be true. And the other is the miraculous potency of castor oil!

Castor oil, administered in liberal doses, is the elixir of life which is keeping tens of thousands of heart cases on their feet, contented and happy, and which, properly used, can keep anybody from getting heart disease, provided he takes a few other necessary precautions.

The thing that keeps the heart going is the proper functioning of the internal chemistry of the body. Anything which induces a departure from the normal in the bodily secretions may, and usually does, have an effect upon the heart which is nothing short of poisoning. Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that the heart "wears out" with age. It is the toughest muscle in the body, and it will go on pumping



Does your heart beat faster—

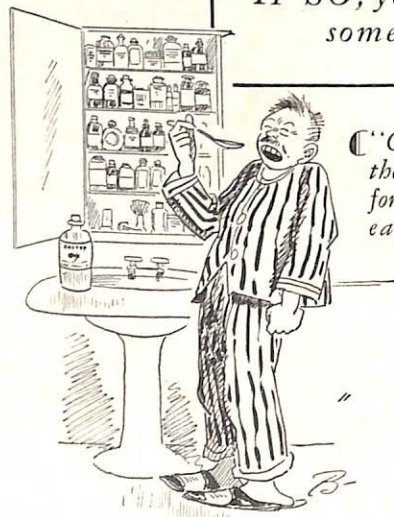
WHEN you are walking up an incline?

WHEN you are climbing stairs?

WHEN you play fast golf?

WHEN you are exercising mildly?

IF SO, you had better do something about it.



Castor oil is the elixir of life for the heart disease patient.

laboratory tests to find the sources of poison. Every part of my bodily machinery was under suspicion.

They cleaned me out with castor oil, a series of liberal doses every other day for three days. They analyzed the secretions of my liver, kidneys and other digestive organs and proved to their satisfaction and mine that one source of poison, at least, was in the food I had been eating, both kind and quantity. They recalled to me the very first Divine command for the guidance of mankind: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." I had been eating but not sweating. The human machine is organized on the plan of going after its food, like the rest of the animals. If you catch it, or dig it or pick it yourself, eat all you want; it won't hurt you. But modern civilization is organized on the basis of eating food for which other people have done the sweating, and Nature takes her revenge by converting the surplus food into poison. I had been poisoning my heart all my life.

It was not as hard in realization as it had been in anticipation to cut out all the good things to eat of which I used to be (and still am) so fond; all the thick soups and gravies, all the pastries and doughnuts, the cream sauces and salad dressings and other indigestibles. I stopped eating meat and eggs entirely, and was surprised to discover that my endurance was improving without those protein stimulants. After I had cut my daily allowance of coffee down to one cup in the morning, I felt better; when I stopped coffee entirely I eliminated also the "eleven o'clock slump," the reaction from the coffee stimulation.

All of that helped, but still my heart remained unreliable.

so long as the rest of the body will stand up.

Back in 1911 Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute thought he would see how long a chicken's heart would live apart from its body. He put a chicken heart in a glass vessel, supplied it daily with a solution containing the essential chemicals of the blood, and began a daily record. Nine months later I saw that chicken heart, still going strong, and wrote an article about it. Last Summer, sixteen years after the heart had been taken from the fowl, it was still alive!

The first thing the doctors said, when my heart began to go back on me, was "Let's find the poison." For a year I had an intensive course of study in the

innumerable ways whereby a man can poison himself. The first thing they made me do, naturally, was to take off my excess weight, by cutting down my food supply. But while I was getting rid of that surplus forty pounds, which was too much of a load for a weakened heart to tote around, they were going over and through me with X-rays and

It ran too fast or it ran too slow; it ran well in one position but not in another. A good heart, like a good watch, should run equally well in any position. The best watches are tested by their makers in five different positions; a poor watch runs properly in only one position, if at all. One of the things I learned in my contacts with heart specialists was the fact that many heart patients can't lie down, some can't sit up straight in comfort but have to lean forward. I met one old gentleman in a doctor's office who had been given up to die of heart trouble some twenty years earlier, when he was only 65. His physician had put him to bed and tried to keep him there. Someone told him of another heart specialist, who took him out of bed and ordered him never to lie down. He is still going strong at 85, stands up most all day and sleeps in a chair!

My heart worked pretty well so long as I maintained certain positions, but gave trouble in others. "Let's look for the next source of poison," said the doctors. Drugs play almost no part in the work of a good heart specialist, except in brief emergencies.

This time it was the ductless glands they went after. Nobody knows yet very much about these ductless glands, the supra-renals, thyroid, pituitary and a few others. It is known, however, that under certain conditions they secrete chemical substances, known as hormones, which are carried into the blood stream and which have a decided chemical effect upon the heart. And apparently the secretion of these hormones is controlled by the sympathetic nervous system, about which we also do not know as much as we will some day, but much more than was known twenty years ago.

Every human emotion affects the sympathetic nervous system and starts the ductless glands to secrete their hormones. Fear, worry, anxiety, jealousy, grief, joy, surprise, anger, even love, stimulate the activity of one or more of the ductless glands and start the hormones on their way. Some hint of Nature's purpose in establishing this delicate machinery has been gained in recent years. The secretions caused by fear or its younger sisters, worry and anxiety, have a stimulating effect on the muscles of the legs; the natural man, when afraid, runs from that which he fears and his fear, acting through the hormones, lends fleetness to his limbs. Unless the chemical action of the hormones is absorbed by some such means they have a definitely poisonous effect upon the heart muscle. Most people feel an instinctive desire to pace the floor when worried or anxious; it would do them more good to run a mile at top speed. Into the blood stream of an angry man pour secretions which stimulate all of his muscles, including the heart. If he follows his impulse to attack the object of his anger with all his strength there probably would be no bad after-effects, but that being barred by civilized custom, the anger poisons get in their work on the heart muscles, and help to weaken them.

The man leading a calm, balanced life, with physical exercise and food intake properly proportioned to his actual bodily needs is in no danger of having his heart poisoned by these hormones; but more than one man has died from the emotional effect of suddenly discovering four aces in his hand in a poker game! When the bodily machine is out of balance, the effects of such stimuli upon the heart are out of proportion to the need for them.

In my case it was worry which was secreting its poisonous hormones and making my heart misbehave. I had got the habit of worrying about things which worrying couldn't help. It took me a year and more to change my mental habit. By that time my heart was under better control than it had been for a good many years. But one symptom persisted. That was pain.

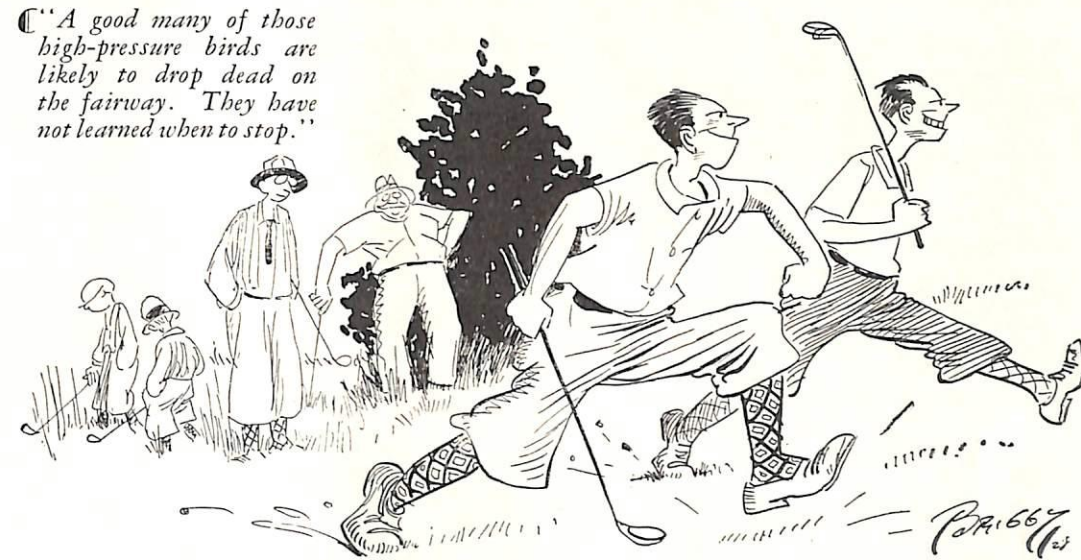
With everything else eliminated, the doctors began to look for a pus deposit, somewhere in my anatomy. I had had my tonsils and my appendix out some time before, so neither of

these two common sources of pus could be blamed. I had had my teeth X-rayed several times, a few cavities filled, one or two suspicious teeth extracted; still the pain continued. The X-ray disclosed nothing suspicious in the nasal and frontal sinuses. Then, one night, an upper molar started to ache violently. I spoke about it next day to a medical friend, a famous bone surgeon.

"There's something there which the dentists haven't found," he said. "Never mind what their X-rays show. I've learned that there are very few men who can make X-rays properly and also very few who know how to read them." He gave me the name of a dentist. "You go to him," he said. "He makes his own X-rays and knows how to read them." I went.

"You've got the equivalent of a rattlesnake in your upper

"A good many of those high-pressure birds are likely to drop dead on the fairway. They have not learned when to stop."



jaw," said the dentist, reading his X-ray picture ten minutes after I had got into the chair. "Let's take it out now."

Out came the molar, and with it a pus sac as big as a walnut! The pus from the root of this badly-filled tooth had eaten a hole through the bone into the antrum, the cavity above the roof of the mouth, back of the nose. It had entirely filled that space. For twenty years I had had intermittent discharges through the nose, which nose specialists had failed to account for; twenty years that poisonous pus had been defiling my blood-stream and getting in its deadly work on my heart. Within three days my heart pains, which had been so intense at times that I had feared I was going to die, left me, and only now and then, when I find myself overdoing, does a faint echo of them come back.

Teeth, I gathered from the heart men, are one of Nature's mistakes. Last Winter I was talking with Donald MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, about the Smith Sound Eskimos, who live on the north edge of Greenland. Until the MacMillan expedition discovered them, a few years ago, they did not know that there were any other people in the world. They have lived there, probably twenty thousand years, precisely as their primitive ancestors lived twenty thousand years ago. They eat only raw food, mostly meat, and violate all the rest of our accepted rules of health, from consanguineous marriage to bathing, but they are the healthiest people in the world, MacMillan told me, except for one disease. That is rheumatism of the heart, from tooth decay. If a Smith Sound Eskimo survives its first and only bath, at birth, he or she can count on living until sixty, barring accident, and then dropping dead from rheumatism of the heart. Which, after all, may not be such a bad way to go.

One of the first things the heart specialists discovered about my heart was that it was too big. The normal heart is about the size of one's fist. Mine, when first X-rayed, was nearly twice as large. Ten years before, while bathing at one of the New Jersey beaches, I had been caught in the undertow and was fighting for my life against the current when I was rescued by the life-guards. They thought I was dead when they laid me on the sand, and I was, in fact, much closer to death than I realized at the time. It was weeks before I was able to move about with my accustomed ease; and ten years later the X-ray disclosed the fact that the [Continued on page 48]



HENRY By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

*Love of His
Keeper and
His Jungle
Instincts tear
at a Tiger's
Heart*

*Illustrations by
Harold
Von Schmidt*

FOR four hours every morning, and for twenty minutes before a large audience at night, Fletcher was locked up with murder.

It glared at him from twelve pairs of amber eyes; it clawed the air close to him, it spat naked hate at him, and watched, with uninterrupted intensity, to catch him for one moment off his guard.

Fletcher had only his will and his eyes to keep death at bay.

Of course outside the cage, into which Fletcher shut himself nightly with his twelve tigers, were the keepers, standing at intervals around it with concealed pistols; but they were outside it. The idea was that if anything happened to Fletcher they would be able by prompt action to get him out alive; but they



had his private instructions to do nothing of the kind, to shoot straight at his heart, and pick off the guilty tiger afterwards to cover their intention. Fletcher knew better than to try to preserve anything the tigers left of him, if once they had started in.

The lion tamer in the next cage was better off than Fletcher; he was intoxicated by a rowdy vanity which dimmed fear. He stripped himself half naked every night, covered himself with ribbons, and thought so much of himself that he hardly noticed his lions. Besides, his lions had all been born in captivity, were slightly doped; and were only lions.

Fletcher's tigers weren't doped because dope dulled their fears of the whip and didn't dull their ferocity; captivity softened nothing in them, and they hated man.

Fletcher had taught tigers since he was a child, his father had started him on baby tigers, who were charming. They hurt you as much as they could with an absent-minded roguishness difficult to resist; what was death to you was play to them; but as they couldn't kill him, all the baby tigers did was to harden Fletcher and teach him to move about quickly. Speed is the tiger's long suit and Fletcher learned to beat them at it. He

knew by a long trained instinct when a tiger was going to move, and moved quicker so as to be somewhere else. He learned that tigers must be treated like an audience, though for different reasons; you must not turn your back upon them, because tigers associate backs with springs.

Fletcher's swift eyes moved with the flickering sureness of lightning—even quicker than lightning, for while lightning has the leisure to strike, Fletcher had to avoid being struck by something as quick as a flash and much more terrible.

After a few months the baby tigers could only be taught by fear, fear of a whip lash, fear of a pocket pistol which stung them with blank shot; and above all the mysterious fear of the human eye. Fletcher's father used to make him sit opposite for hours practising eyes. When he was only ten years old, Fletcher had learned never to show a tiger that he was afraid of him. "If you ain't afraid of a tiger, you're a fool," his father told him.

Fletcher's tigers could be taught only by fear, fear of the whip lash, fear of a pocket pistol which stung them with blank shot, and above all, the mysterious fear of the human eye.

"but if you show a tiger you're afraid of him, you won't be even a fool long!"

"Oh me, oh my, if I could wipe the tiger's eye!" is no idle wish on the part of a tiger trainer. Unless he can achieve it, he had better not try to train tigers. The first thing Fletcher taught his tigers, one by one in their cages, was to catch his eyes; then he stared them down. He had to show them that his power of mesmerism was stronger than theirs; if once they believed this, they might believe that his power to strike was also stronger. Once Fletcher had accustomed tigers to be out-faced, he could stay in their cages for hours.

The next stage was to get them used to noise and light. Tigers dislike noise and light and they wanted to take it out of Fletcher when he exposed them to it.

When it came to the actual trick teaching, Fletcher relied on his voice and a long stinging whip. The lion tamer roared at his lions. Fletcher's voice was not loud; but it was as noticeable as a warning bell, it checked his tigers like the crack of a pistol.

For four hours every morning, Fletcher who was as kind as he was intrepid, frightened his tigers into doing tricks. He rewarded them as well; after they had been frightened enough to sit on tubs, he threw them bits of raw meat. He wanted them to associate tubs with pieces of raw meat, and not sitting on tubs with whips; attempting to attack him, which they did during all transition stages, he wanted them to associate with flashes from his pocket pistol, followed by the impact of very unpleasant sensations. Their dislike of the pistol was an important point; they had to learn to dislike it so much that they would for the sake of their dislike, sacrifice their fond desire to obliterate Fletcher.

Fletcher took them one by one at first and then rehearsed them gradually together. It was during the single lessons that he discovered Henry.

Henry had been bought, rather older than the other tigers, from a drunken sailor. The drunken sailor had tearfully persisted that Henry was not as other tigers, and selling him at all was like being asked to part with a talented and only child.

"E 'as a 'eart!" Henry's first proprietor repeated over and over again.

Fletcher, however, suspected this fanciful statement of being a mere ruse to raise Henry's price, and watchfully disregarded its implications.

For some time afterwards, Henry bore out Fletcher's suspicions. He snarled at all the keepers, showed his teeth and clawed the air close to Fletcher's head exactly like the eleven other tigers, only with more vim. He was a very fine young tiger, exceptionally powerful and large; the polished corners of the Temple did not shine more brilliantly than the lustrous striped skin on Henry's back, and when his painted impassive face, heavy and expressionless as a Hindoo idol's, broke up into activity, the very devils believed and trembled. Fletcher believed, but he didn't tremble—he only sat longer and longer, closer and closer to Henry's cage, watching him.

THE first day he went inside, there seemed no good reason, either to Henry or to himself, why he should live to get out. The second day something curious happened. While he was attempting to out-stare Henry and Henry was stalking him to get between him and the cage door, a flash of something like recognition came into Henry's eyes, a kind of "Hail fellow well met!" He stopped stalking and sat down. Fletcher held him firmly with his eyes; the great painted head sank down and the amber eyes blurred and closed under Fletcher's penetrating gaze. A loud noise filled the cage, a loud, contented, pleasant noise. Henry was purring! Fletcher's voice changed from the sharp brief order like the crack of a whip, into a persuasive companionable drawl. Henry's eyes re-opened, he rose, stood rigid for a moment, and then slowly the rigidity melted out of his powerful form. Once more that answering look came into the tiger's eyes. He stared straight at Fletcher without blinking and jumped on his tub. He sat on it impassively, his tail waving, his great jaws closed. He eyed Fletcher attentively and without hate. Then Fletcher knew that this tiger was not as other tigers; not as any other tiger.

He threw down his whip, Henry never moved; he approached Henry, Henry lifted his lip to snarl, thought better of it, and permitted the approach. Fletcher took his life in his hand and touched Henry. Henry snarled mildly, but his great claws remained closed, his eyes expressed nothing but a gentle warning. They simply said, "You know I don't like being touched, be

careful, I might have to claw you!" Fletcher gave a brief nod; he knew the margin of safety was slight, but he had a margin. He could do something with Henry.

Hour after hour every day he taught Henry, but he taught him without a pistol or a whip. It was unnecessary to use anything beyond his voice and his eyes. Henry read his eyes eagerly. When he failed to catch Fletcher's meaning, Fletcher's voice helped him out. Henry did not always understand even Fletcher's voice, but where he differed from the other tigers was that he wished to understand; nor had he from the first the slightest inclination to kill Fletcher.

He used to sit for hours at the back of his cage waiting for Fletcher. When he heard far off—unbelievably far off—the sound of Fletcher's step, he moved forward to the front of his cage and prowled restlessly to and fro till Fletcher unlocked the door and entered. Then Henry would crouch back a little, politely, from no desire to avoid his friend, but as a mere tribute to the superior power he felt in Fletcher. Directly Fletcher spoke he came forward proudly and exchanged their wordless eye language.

HENRY liked doing his tricks alone with Fletcher. He jumped on and off his tub following the mere wave of Fletcher's hand. He soon went further, jumped on a high stool and leapt through a large white paper disk held up by Fletcher. Although the disk looked as if he couldn't possibly get through it, yet the clean white sheet always yielded to his impact; he did get through it, blinking a little, but feeling a curious pride that he had faced the odious thing; and pleased Fletcher.

He let Fletcher sit on his back, though the mere touch of an alien creature was repulsive to him. But, he stood perfectly still, his hair rising a little, his teeth bared, a growl half suffocated in his throat. He told himself it was Fletcher. He must control his impulse to fling him off and tear him up.

In all the rehearsals and performances in the huge arena, full of strange noises, blocked with alien human beings, Henry led the other tigers; and though Fletcher's influence over him was weakened, he still recognized it. Fletcher seemed farther away from him at these times, less sympathetic and god-like, but Henry tried hard to follow the intense persuasive eyes and the brief emphatic voice; he would not lose touch even with this attenuated ghost of Fletcher.

It was with Henry and Henry alone that Fletcher dared his nightly stunt, dropped the whip and stick at his feet, and let Henry do his tricks as he did them in his cage alone, with nothing beyond Fletcher's eyes and voice to control him. The other eleven tigers, beaten, glaring and snarling on their tubs, sat impassively despising Henry's unnatural docility. He had the chance they had always wanted, and he didn't take it—what kind of a tiger was he?

But Henry ignored the other tigers. Reluctantly, standing with all four feet together on his tub, he contemplated a further triumph. Fletcher stood before him, holding a stick between his hands and above his head; intimately, compellingly, through the language of the eyes Fletcher told Henry to jump from his tub over his head. What Fletcher said was: "Come on, old thing! Jump! Come on! I'll duck in time. You won't hurt me! It's my stunt! Stretch your old paws together and jump!" And Henry jumped. He hated the dazzling lights, loathed the hard, unexpected, senseless sounds which followed his leap, and he was secretly terrified that he would land on Fletcher. But it was very satisfactory when after his rush through the air he found he hadn't touched Fletcher, but had landed on another tub carefully prepared for him; and Fletcher said to him as plainly as possible before he did the drawer trick with the other tigers: "Well! You are a one-r and no mistake!"

The drawer trick was the worst of Fletcher's stunts. He had to put a table in the middle of the cage, and whip each tiger up to it. When he had them placed each on his tub around the table, he had to feed them with a piece of raw meat deftly thrown at the exact angle to reach the special tiger for which it was intended, and to avoid contact with eleven other tigers ripe to dispute this intention. Fletcher couldn't afford the slightest mistake or a fraction of delay. Each tiger had to have in turn his piece of raw meat, and the drawer shut after it—opened—the next morsel thrown exactly into the grasp of the next tiger, and so on.

Fletcher always placed Henry at his back. Henry snatched in turn his piece of raw meat, but he made no attempt as the other tigers did, to take anyone else's; and Fletcher felt the



"He's got to take my head in his mouth whether he likes it or not! His jaw ain't so big as a lion's, still I could get the top of my head in," said Fletcher to himself.

safer for knowing that Henry was at his back. He counted on Henry's power to protect him more than he counted on the four keepers standing outside the cage with their pistols. More than once when one of the other tigers turned restive, Fletcher had found Henry, rigid but very light on his toes, close to his side, between him and danger.

The Circus manager spoke to Fletcher warningly of his foolish infatuation for Henry.

"MARK my words, Fletcher," he said, "the tiger doesn't live that wouldn't do you in if it could. You give Henry too many chances—one day he'll take one of them!"

But Fletcher only laughed. He knew Henry; he had seen the soul of the great tiger leap to his eyes and shine there in answer to his own eyes. A man does not kill his god; at least not willingly. Besides, on the whole he believed more in Henry than he did in his fellow men. This was not surprising, because Fletcher had very little time for human fellowship. When he was not teaching tigers not to kill him, he rested from the exhaustion of the nerves which comes from a prolonged companionship with eager, potential murderers; and the rest of the time, Fletcher boasted of Henry to the lion tamer; and taught Henry new tricks.

Macormack, the lion tamer, had a very good stunt lion, and he was extravagantly jealous of Henry. He could not make his lion go out backwards before him from the arena cage into the passage as Henry had learned to do before Fletcher; and when he had tried, Ajax had, not seriously but with an intention rather more than playful, flung him against the bars of the cage.

Macormack brooded deeply on this slight from his pet, and determined to take it out of Fletcher's.

"Pooh!" he said, "You call yourself bloody plucky for laying your ole 'oof on 'Enry's scruff, and 'e don't 'alf look wicked while you're doin' it. Why don't yer put yer 'ead in 'is mouf and be done with it? That ud be talking, that would!"

"I wouldn't mind doing it," said Fletcher reflectively, after a

brief pause, "once I get him used to the idea. His jaw ain't so big as a lion's, still I could get the top of my head in."

The lion tamer swaggered off jeering, and Fletcher thought out how best to lay this new trick before Henry for his approval.

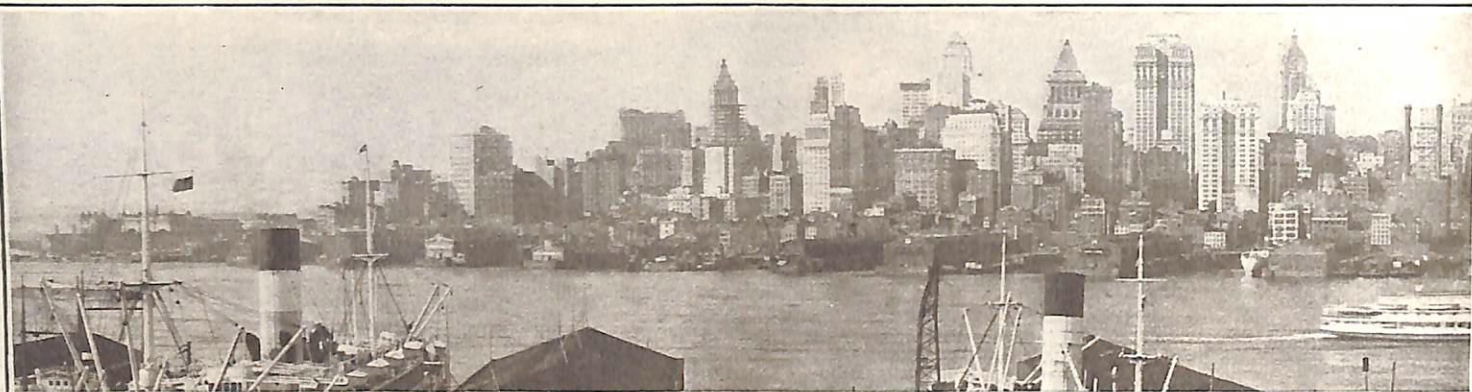
But from the first Henry didn't approve of it. He showed quite plainly that he didn't want his head touched. He didn't like his mouth held forcibly open, he wouldn't have anything put between his teeth without crunching. Fletcher wasted several loaves of bread over the effort—and only succeeded once or twice gingerly and very ungracefully in getting portions of his own head in and out in safety. Henry roared long and loudly at him, clawed the air, and flashed all the language he could from his flaming eyes into Fletcher's, to explain that this thing wasn't done between tigers! It was hitting below the belt! An infringement of an instinct too deep for him to master; and Fletcher knew that he was outraging Henry's instinct, and decided to refrain.

"It ain't fair to my tiger!" he said to himself regretfully; and he soothed Henry with raw meat and endearments, promising to refrain from his unnatural venture.

But when the hour for the performance came, Fletcher forgot his promise. He was enraged at Macormack's stunt lion for getting more than his share of the applause. He had the middle cage, and what with the way Macormack swaggered half naked in his scarlet ribbons, and the lion roared—that pulverizing, deep-toned, desert roar—and yet did all his tricks one after the other like a little gentleman, it did seem as if Henry barely got a round of his due applause.

HENRY jumped through his white disk—so did the stunt lion! He took his leap over Fletcher's head—the stunt lion did something flashy with a drum, not half as dangerous, and the blind and ignorant populace ignored Henry and preferred the drum.

"I don't care!" said Fletcher to himself. "Henry's got to take my head in his mouth whether he [Continued on page 55]



HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES

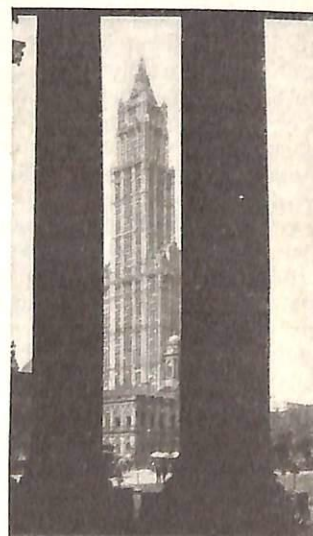
"SKYLINES and TOWERS"

(The ninth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment)

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES

AERICAN life is being dramatized in stone, or, maybe, melodramatized, since the softer, gentler aspects of the individual hearth seem to have been forgotten. We order ten or twenty thousand radiators for a building, but there is not one fireside to warm the heart and to invite the oldtime intercourse.

We are witnessing an architectural drama with a "punch" in it, for, in the presence of our massive structures, we shrink into pygmies, and are reduced to awesome silence in proportion to the way we have to crane our necks to glimpse the golden minarets or the coq d'ors at the top. We are standardized, and are shot through the ribbed steel cages, called skyscrapers, to unconscionable heights. The modern building is veritably a skeleton in armor, the latter being a dress of granite and brick thrown over the iron work, with the same attention given to curves and angles and setbacks that



(Left) The Woolworth Building, crammed between pillars of the Municipal Building.



(Above) The Flat Iron Building, the giant skyscraper of the 1900's.

was given to the hang of silks and brocades over the frame in the hooped skirt days.

This is an age of cement and concrete and steel; the human spirit is given so much space in which to move, and is charged a fortune for every cubic foot of its activity. We move among monuments that measure the prowess of the industrial world. "Bigger and better buildings" seems to be the slogan. Each structure in the Big City holds more mortals than many a healthy village can ever hope to get together, no matter how prosperous its factory conditions. And, as each tower rises toward the clear sky, the narrow streets below become darker, and the flow of life between the rows of brick and mortar is like the turbulent stream in a canyon.

The Pyramids are still the marvels of the world; their tenantry were the dead, and every angle of their sides was placed in relation to the sun and the moon and the stars. One approached a Pyramid from miles off, and it loomed in the open spaces—alone, majestic. There is something of the glory of Egypt and of Nineveh and Tyre in the modern architecture, but there are no vistas of desert sands. The buildings are huddled on real estate. And while the architects are proving to us that they can evolve beauty from necessity, it is nonetheless true that a forty-eight story office is a matter of making as much money out of small space as one can. In a crowded city one cannot set a

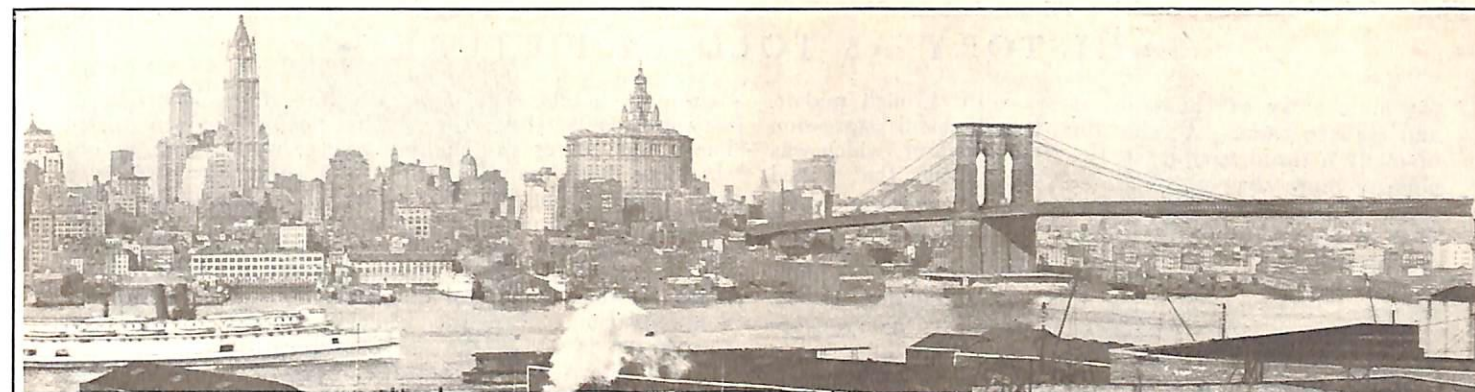


(Above) These ruins look as though they were once a medieval castle and its dependencies. They might be all that is left of a city in the far future. What they really reveal are the homes of ancient cliff-dwellers who, like us, dwelt in high places.

(Below) How flat the view of cities that never dreamt of towers and fifty stories piercing the skyline. New York before the Cleopatra needles loomed above Manhattan!



Brown Bros.



William Franke

building according to esthetic taste, one cannot have in view the laying out of formal gardens, of dignified approaches such as its proportions demand. So that these mammoth structures are really not seen at all by the man in the street; he looks at them in pictures, he marvels at the black and gold, the green roofs and terra cotta trimmings, but all he actually sees is the entrance, and he is chilled by the echoing cavernous runways of the halls.

The Eiffel Tower was long the marvel of Paris. That and the Brooklyn Bridge gave hint that some new substance had entered the building game which would likely revolutionize the housing problem—ribbed steel: yet the sky was rent by very few architectural curiosities. Tourists would take journeys to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, they would talk about the towers of Notre Dame, would marvel at Sir Christopher Wren's London designs. These were the ancient venerables before there were such titans as the Woolworth Building and the tower of the Metropolitan Life. It would have been considered heresy in those days to think of combining business with religion, yet today one's eye travels above floors and floors of sheer commercialism to the final spires of the Methodist Church in Chicago.

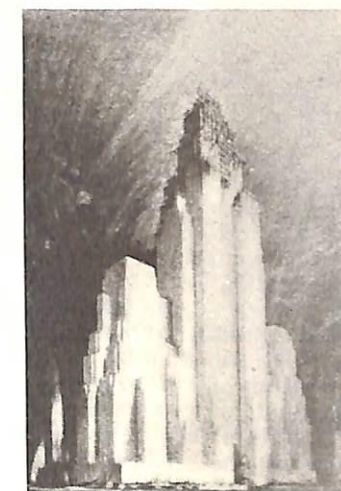
So, the masses of granite and marble rise as symbols of our activity in every direction—cliff-dwelling apartment houses, crag-like hospitals, sturdy hotels—and they rise with a speed that takes our breath away, such is the stride in the machines of building, in the engineering feats of excavation. Huge steel caissons are lifted and sunk by a power that is turned on and off through the mere twist of a lever; steam shovels toss aside with petulance geological strips that have rested in peace for centuries; streams of water are turned aside or drained while solid concrete bases are set upon the unchangeable foundations of the world itself. And above it all, people move with unconcern and idle curiosity. So mounts a modern building in a weary world. By the side of it, the pioneer with his log cabin seems very far away; yet our forefathers shaped beams with an adz from the forest primeval; and today, when we unearth such evidence of their craftsmanship in a New England farmhouse, we see the fine honesty of their building. Between such a log so hewn and a steel girder there is unfolded the whole history of our agricultural and industrial development. For, curiously, if we would find reason for the houses we build—and usefulness is one of the justifications of architecture—we must know something of the state of our culture, and the condition of our market. It is enough for us to believe that the present pyramid of stone we call an office building, such as the American Telephone and Telegraph Building or the New York Life

now towering over the past glories of Madison Square Garden—both in New York—represents the temper of the American Industrial Times. We are supermen in our conceptions, we want to feel our prowess—civically, co-operatively—by the evidence before us. As individuals walking in the streets, we may feel a suffocation as we find ourselves hemmed in by a mass of stone and brick, but we know that we have a massive city, and that at least is a compensation.

The tall building is a necessity in an era of congested population. The unfortunate thing is that we are trying to rebuild our cities that were never originally conceived on the basis of such large activity as they now face. The question of rehabilitation is one that involves the expenditure of vast sums of money. The problem of New York is unique, due to the shape of the island of Manhattan; the problem of other cities, where the growth may be in every direction instead of one, is merely a matter of confiscation of property for the future public good. This renovation of towns once laid out as small centers of population has prohibited the development of public squares such as one finds abroad; of noted boulevards. But the desire for city planning grew out of the desire for the City Beautiful—a slogan which came into being soon after the Chicago World's Fair, when the architects of the country, becoming conscious of European classic and Renaissance beauty, began advising America to copy what was at hand.

The historian shows us that the Colonial dweller planned the town to suit his immediate needs: the meeting house, the town hall, the school were grouped about the Common; and the homes were so fixed in relation to each other that family life might quickly unite for protection against Indian attack. That really was our first city planning: it was the stockade idea expanded to meet a more leisurely life than the trail blazers had. The successful man in those days drew upon the memory of what he had had in England when he came to build his mansion. So the houses of the well-to-do were manorial. They were solid and their oaken doors and balustrades are much coveted today. But when we deserted our forefathers, we became horribly imitative; we brought from Europe all sorts of bad taste, unfit for our surroundings; and we went through an architectural period as awful as were the cast iron dogs and reindeer that used to grace the lawns of our Mayors of the seventies.

I recall the cries of dissatisfaction that used to follow every ascent of the Statue of Liberty—a breathless climb for many. But today we are whisked to the forty-ninth story of a building in the twinkling of an eye; a slight brush of air to the eardrum, a



(Above) Architects dream of masses representing the future office building. Man bows before such stately piles.



(Above) The Eiffel Tower was the steel marvel of the Paris Exposition. It still retains its former glory.

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

rhythmic sway of the body as we rush through midair, and we are there. I remember the doubtful expression of many a timid soul as, in the cable elevator, which was nothing more than a wire basket on a string that jerked upward slowly, we foolishly crept to the sixth or tenth floor of a new building. Then we were told of the marvel of a plunger elevator that went with greater velocity. And now, entering the Graybar Building in New York—supposed to be among the largest office buildings in the world—the elevator is entirely enclosed so that you see naught but a bronze room, and you feel nothing but a tremor, and by an automatic button you are whizzed—at what speed only God and the elevator boy know—to your twenty-ninth or thirtieth floor between two heart beats. The elevator has made possible the skyscraper, and the mammoth pyramid tower.

They have been coming since the days of the Flat Iron Building, which was the marvel of New York in 1902. Then was raised the cry: "How it dwarfs the City Hall; how it puts to shame the old Fifth Avenue Hotel!" But when the Metropolitan Life lifted its tower, then the veteran skyscraper looked a dwarf beside it. And now the skyline of a city is marked by its giants, its mammoth monuments of prowess. They raise their beauty aloft, and only the gulls and the homing birds and the airplanes can really understand the poetry of their majesty. Unless, of course, you hunt for perspectives, or wish to journey far off and approach the City by night, when there blaze, in fairy network of lights, the myriad windows of industry.

There is nothing more majestic than this tier upon tier of human activity behind streamers of plate glass windows. There is nothing more awesome than the glance at its height upwards along a straight line from the side walk, as though the top would never come, but one would have to continue looking upward into the blue of the sky or into the stars. The sun scarce has a chance to warm the street below; it gives the towers a glory and then fades into the shadow of another building which serves to make the street a canyon. It blazes the windows until the eye is dazzled; it suffuses the stone with tints, and then in the sunset afterglow, the tower looks as though it were a shaft stuck into a lake of color.

It is in the twilight that these buildings take on a soft glow and a hidden meaning. It may be shortly that thirty-five or forty or fifty stories will be emptied of their human army of workers, and then this huge pile of brick and mortar and riveted iron will be empty save for a few caretakers and cleaners who watch it through the night. Such silent office buildings in the night time recall the romantic feel of owls hooting in the belfry of a rural church. There is something cruel and lonely about man's desertion of such monuments on the stroke of five or six—those corridors now responsive to a sigh which have rung through the day with the heavy tread of Business. Each floor becomes cavernous halls deserted; while somewhere those who are to fill them again on the morrow and still again on the morrow are scattered in various kinds of homes uptown, downtown, suburban—having pleasure, and resting and living their own lives. These skyscrapers are silent watchers in the dark, and in the morning are the magnets drawing back into their cavernous entrances and up through their relentless shafts to the various floors the human army.

"Architecture is not merely a dynamic drama but it has its stage set as well. In the twilight, from hidden recesses, dimmers and spotlights are set to show the rims of gold, the black greenness of marble; the shadowed perspectives of Corinthian pillars. And beacon lights dart forth the quarter hours, while huge dialed clocks, with hands upon which we might swing through the day with athletic vigor (Harold Lloyd used the idea in a movie!), mark the minutes in Roman incandescent outline.

This building process goes on with wild extravagance. Once upon a time we used to build for a few years only; if a house lasted two decades, it had served its life. Now we hear speculation as to how long a steel structure will last: a hundred, two hundred years? Certainly these

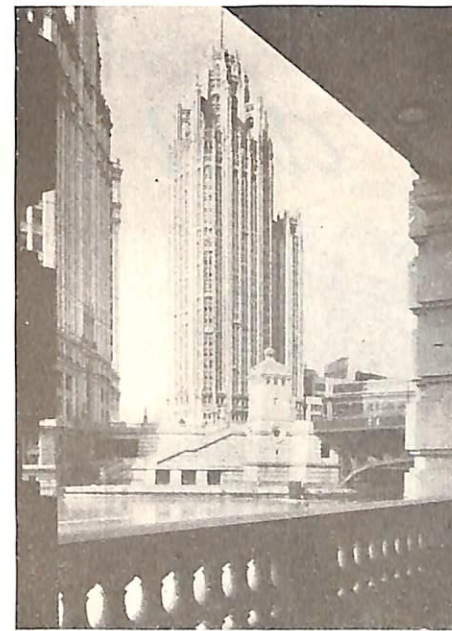
mammoth hotels, these new cathedrals, these Roman railway terminals, these towers that leap from ten-storied bases and quiver in the atmosphere like a lance of old straining in the earth, are not built for a day! And we hear other speculation, especially in an era when whirlwinds speed across the western plains, and tremors of earth disturbance shake the neighboring territory: what of these towers, should nature become displeased? An office building tied into a bowknot is not a comforting contemplation. But the geologist shows us how the foundation is not in the line of the earthquake, and the engineer shows us how the tower yields to vibration. And we have faith in their diagnosis. Yet, have you ever been on a fiftieth floor in February, and felt the tower give before the gale? I have been, and have chanted Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore": "And when the breezes blow, I generally go below!"

It is a curious thing about all this building, however, that while it represents in a way our massive activity, it is not distinctly creating either the craftsman or the true American style. The big building is a necessity due to overpopulation; now and again, as in the Lincoln, Nebraska State Capitol, you get a monument of beauty, alone and graceful. But merely because New York finds a beauty in necessity is no reason why all American cities should have skyscrapers.

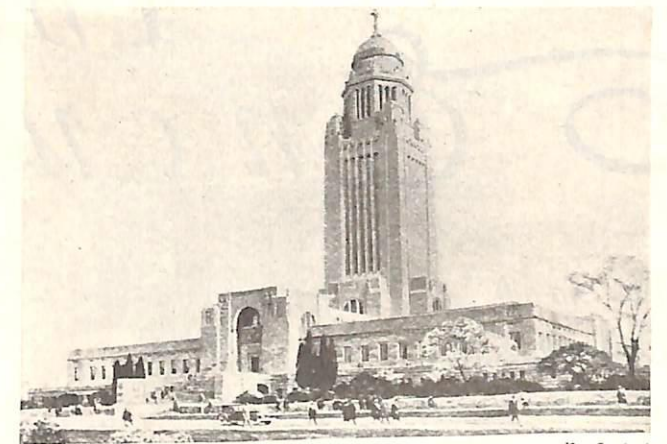
Railroads bear hither and thither stones from far-off quarries. Sometimes this is well, sometimes ill, for, if in a locality there is rock at hand, then local pride should make use of it. New York, for instance, blasts away the building material it could well utilize. Yet only in a few instances has it turned its excavation into a quarry—the buildings of the College of the City of New York have come out of the very heart of the city. It was not so long ago that quarries were associated with tombstones. But now they disembowel their slabs of stone and marble for towers representative of living industry: Marble for Fifth Avenue, Granite for Wall Street; while bronze is mined for the heavy doors that close man in.

It may be a one man's dream—this erection of a modern skyscraper; it may be a one man's financial venture. But after the architect has set his dream on paper and the cost has been reckoned, then an army of specialized workers is called in. All the building trades have a hand in its creation; the whole social and economic fabric flows through the iron work and brick and mortar; the rules of trade are heeded, the laws of supply and demand are tested, the renting agent and the contractor have offices side by side. There is a hole in the ground and a color print of what is to be. Then suddenly you notice full blown the giant in the air; the finishing touches are being given: a trace of chisel on the stone, the fitting of bronze on the doors. One has perhaps seen the hoisting of girders, one has seen the brick and stone masons snaking their way to terrifying heights. From the highest towers workmen sit on window sills, feet dangling in midair and gaze upon specks of human life below.

But the curious thing is that as Industry thus raises its head in pyramids of steel and stone and marble, Man says: "I will go and live elsewhere. I see the beauty, the power, the efficiency of the building itself, but as an individual, I am finding the streets impossible to exist in. I am witness to the failure of traffic in the streets. I see the failure of underground and elevated transportation. I will go to these Temples to work, but I will not live in them. There is no such place as Home here. Give me the suburbs." So we have the startling announcement that in New York last year over three hundred thousand families trekked to garden cities and other kinds of suburbs being evolved by architectural wit and real estate subtlety. The Giant Tower may have to carry its siren to call back from the countryside those who can only smile and sing and live outside the shadow of its height. Yet, I suppose, the minarets and the coq d'ors and the golden tips of aerial decorations get the pure sweeps of air from the country and the sea, and are bathed in the first scents of approaching spring. This the man in the street hardly has time to realize.



((Left) Chicago shows what can be done to make beautiful vistas and imposing perpendiculars out of commercial necessity. The Tribune Building stands a monument of majesty, and between it and the balustrade in the foreground might flow the Grand Canal of Venice itself! Modern architects plan buildings in relation to surroundings and thus create poetry.



((Above) Is this a Railway Terminal? Or is it an Exposition Building? No, it's the architect's notion of what the Capitol in Lincoln, Nebraska, should look like.



((Above) The Broadway Tabernacle will some day pierce upper Manhattan: the office type of Church gives the Gothic Cathedral a close competitive race for beauty.



((Above) Chicago's Methodist skyscraper church, whose spire towers above real estate and business. Thus the altar becomes the very heart of the office building.

((Above) The American Radiator Building in the heart of Manhattan—a monument of beauty in black and gold. At night it exudes light from its setbacks.



((Above) There are no rambling fronts to the new hospital designs. The New York Medical Center embattled above the Hudson River—the modern cliff dwelling for the sick.



((Above) Just a little idea of how the South has caught the big building fever. A skyscraper in Houston, Texas, where the Democratic Convention will soon be held.

The Encumbrance

It took a Modern Daughter to handle THIS situation

By E. B. DEWING

CHRISTINE WARD rose from a chintz-covered chair and paced up and down the sunny lounge of the Windsor Club, much as a person might pace a railroad station platform when waiting the arrival of a train of which they were impatient to be aboard. Not that her guests were late. She was early. She had arrived at the club early in order to collect her scattered wits. In refusing Andrew Bell for the last and final time she would have need of her wits. Bell sometimes had on her a most unexpected and unfortunate effect. Emotions, long buried in the grave of her dead husband, in Bell's presence had a way of rearing unregenerate heads and casting their shadow over the brightness of her resolve. She was quite set in her determination not to marry again. She couldn't, encumbered as she was by her big grown modern daughter. Helena was altogether too modern—her mother never felt safe about her—never knew what she might take it into her charming head to do next.

As it was, she read the most impossible books and attended the most outrageous plays and floated about at the most unseemly hours with a young mining engineer named Jimmie Dooling whom Mrs. Ward rather liked but could not approve. His conversation—his and Helena's—was altogether too free with words and subject matter which she regarded as distinctly taboo. Not that Helena's companionship with men was limited to Jimmie Dooling. Her taste in men was remarkably catholic and at twenty-two she considered it infallible. Helena needed care, she needed protection. Andrew Bell, in pressing his suit with her mother, said she needed a father's guiding hand. But as he'd never seen her, how did he know? And as his particular guiding hand might be at any distant point where an omnipotent government had need of his diplomatic services, Christine Ward couldn't make out how, even if she should marry him, her daughter's need would be fulfilled.

Yet it would be a good deal to say, no, to a man like that. He wasn't at all the sort that women in moderate circumstances were likely to turn down. And he was as attractive as he was important. Why, even charming young girls were quite mad about him. To his rare talent for making himself agreeable—politically and legally fostered—was added in his case a general richness of voice and manner oddly at variance with the lank sharpness which had often misled cartoonists to depict him as Uncle Sam. Senator Bell. Governor Bell. Ambassador Bell. He had as many ex-titles as a Russian Grand Duke.

Mrs. Ward stopped her pacing as she came opposite a long mirror. The image which shone back at her had remained



Bell was quite openly laying himself at the feet of the lovely daughter and Mrs. Ward wasn't liking it.

remarkably the same for more years than she cared to count. She was soft and slender, with a sleek little head and delicate ankles and feet. Even Andrew Bell, diplomat and millionaire, might, in his search for a wife, have gone farther and fared worse. She had thought of that. She wasn't meek. Her image told her there were other men. Her image lied. Not for her there weren't.

She had asked Bell to meet her here at the club and asked Helena to meet him. Once having seen the girl he would surely see just how things stood. Helena had a job in a publishing office in the next block. She was that sort of independent young woman. She wasn't at all self-conscious about it. She didn't feel herself emancipated. Not like her mother, who was old enough to have known better, and felt just a little emancipated at even belonging to a club.

Like a genie out of a magic box she appeared suddenly from the glowing little elevator which catapulted its passengers directly into the lounge room with no preliminary of foyer or hall. It was an appearance today concerning which Mrs. Ward found herself unduly critical. If she desired to prove to



Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

Andrew Bell that her daughter needed a mother's tender care, what better way than that she should be displayed to him in all the hazard of her effrontery?

The two women saluted at close quarters and then the elder's gaze traveled upward: "My dear, don't you think that your color is a little brilliant? If I wore as much rouge as that I should feel like a painted harridan!"

"You would," said Helena.

It didn't seem a point to argue at the moment. That she should wear a clownish face and the scantiest of garments was unimportant, of course, because she wore these things with an air which was discernibly innocent. And if her being so conspicuous was one bright and obvious reason why she couldn't be left at the mercy of a misunderstanding world...

"What about this man?" said Helena. She had a way of dismissing a subject and landing square in the center of another.

"You mean, Mr. Bell?"

"Yes, Mr. Bell. He seems to be something very special. I've noticed you always arranged that I wasn't there when he showed up to see you at home, but I suppose now the time has come when the bad news can't be kept. Are you going to marry him?"

"No," said Mrs. Ward. "And I'm sure that when he sees you he'll understand why."

"WELL have to find out about that," said Helena. "I think you'd be all kinds of a fool not to." Her hair was cut exactly like a boy's. In fact she always patronized a barber who did not cater to feminine trade. If the rest of her hadn't somehow matched, she would have looked a little skinned, a little compressed. As it was, she made her mother's very charming and up-to-date appearance sink to dull Victorianism. "I've heard a lot about Mr. Bell," Helena went on.

The next thing she heard was that he had arrived. The

"Is Helena home yet, Mrs. Ward?" Jimmie asked. "Yes, but she's gone to bed," came the answer. "Come round tomorrow." "You bet!" said Jimmie.



lounge being one of the Windsor Club rooms where masculine guests were permitted, Mrs. Ward requested that he be sent up.

"Helena, this is Mr. Bell. My daughter, Helena—"

There were times when preliminaries were of value. Andrew Bell had learned to appraise this value rather accurately. He belonged, by right of birth, as much as Mrs. Ward did, to a generation who took things slowly. But his success had been founded on the speed with which he could reach any desired objective. With Mrs. Ward this speed had failed him, with Helena it came to his rescue. He was on an intimately friendly basis with her almost in the same instant that her mother was murmuring her name. He found her delightful, and Helena basked in his admiration like a flower in the sun.

She had a way of seeming like a naughty but repentant little boy. Her speech, for such a forthright young woman, was exceptionally soft. That she had discarded so completely the trappings of her sex only set off the fact that she didn't need them in order to be completely devastating. Other times, other manners. All the women that he met with now were strange to Bell—they didn't conform to any standard of his upbringing. Helena, therefore, was no stranger than the rest. In fact, he felt tremendously at his ease with her. And all his pleasure he was at no pains to conceal or to dam up, because of the extraordinary effect he was aware his interest was having on Helena's mother. Mrs. Ward, who had always been in his presence so smilingly imperturbable—and he had adored her for it, too, even though it made him mad—was now a little mad herself. He was quite openly laying himself at the feet of her lovely daughter, and she wasn't liking it.

The cooking at the Windsor Club was much better than the cooking at most places catering to women, and Bell attacked his excellent fish with gusto. He never let his concern with delicate diplomacies destroy his appetite. Helena, too, enjoyed her meal. This man, this Mr. Bell, might be quite the most delightful person she'd ever met—even if he were a trifle old—but men might come and men might go and one must still eat. Her mother alone seemed indifferent to food. She was too preoccupied with what was going on.

"I've been so interested in your career, Mr. Bell," Helena was saying. "That's the trouble with politics, don't you think? Really first class minds have neglected politics and therefore left our government to a type of man who has used it wholly for his own personal advancement."

Bell was more direct. "You fill me with terror—a beautiful woman who has brains always does."

Helena blushed and dropped her eyes. Her mother was glad she had the grace to. Of course she was a very unusual

girl, but it was really a little too much for her to believe that a man like Andrew Bell was taking her seriously. From the fish they progressed to broiled chicken and salad, then an ice and coffee.

"I had an engagement to-night," said Bell, "but I think perhaps I can get out of it. I'm wondering if you both wouldn't give me the pleasure of having dinner with me?"

"I'm terribly sorry," Mrs. Ward began, "I have an engagement myself—and I can't possibly get out of it."

"Oh, Mother —" pleaded Helena.

"I have to return to Washington tomorrow, so it's my only chance," pleaded Bell.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Ward thought the

matter closed and found out her mistake.

"Then perhaps your daughter and I—I'll take the very best of care of her—"

"I'm sure you will," said Helena's mother.

Bell left, but not before he had arranged to call for Helena at seven o'clock. She left directly afterward. She had to get back to the publishing office. Her mother, also, had matters demanding her attention. She didn't return home until Helena was dressing.

"Didn't you have an engagement for this evening?" Helena asked.

"No, I didn't."

"Then why—"

"I thought you and Mr. Bell would have a better time alone."

"Oh," Helena's oh might have meant anything.

The two regarded each other blandly. Helena was even more striking in the evening than she was in the daytime. She always admitted that daytime cramped her style. There were clothes you couldn't wear—clothes, in fact, you had to wear. But in the evening her style went unimpeded. As her mother looked at her she wasn't at all sure that a man in Bell's position—of Bell's prominence—wasn't being a little rash in permitting himself to be seen with her. A dress of brilliant scarlet with fringe—unexpectedly revealing—stockings of the sheerest gossamer and slippers with gold heels. The door bell rang.

The Wards' maid left at five. They lived in an apartment which consisted of living-room, kitchen and bedroom. At the ringing of the bell Mrs. Ward went into this latter haven and shut the door. Helena smoothed out the powder on the tip of her nose and let her escort in. Her mother heard them talking for a moment and laughing. When they had gone she went out to the tea room where she usually dined. She was well accustomed to quiet evenings. Helena was often away. This evening she would devote to her personal correspondence.

She had long ago trained herself not to worry about what hour Helena would see fit to return, but tonight she couldn't get it out of her head. Jimmie Dooling telephoned. She had never so welcomed his voice. She had a wild impulse—which she mastered—to ask Jimmie over, on the excuse that Helena might be back any minute.

"Don't happen to know where she's gone, do you?" Jimmie asked when she told him Helena was out.

"No, I don't, except that she was having dinner with Andrew Bell."

There had been a good deal in the papers about Bell lately and Jimmie obviously didn't believe her. He made some smartish crack about thinking she was dining with President Coolidge.

"I'm really perfectly serious," said Mrs. Ward.

Jimmie murmured something indistinguishable and hung up. Mrs. Ward returned to her letter writing.

Eleven. Twelve. Freedom could be carried too far. That

was one side of it. Another was a long vista of lonely evenings which stretched into a vague future. Helena needed her, it was true enough, but was it wise for her to arrange her life so that she would have nothing to fill it except Helena? What was Helena doing now? Did she need her? She seemed more than capable of taking care of herself. She knew exactly what she wanted, which was more than her mother did. One o'clock. What if she wanted Andrew Bell? Men of that age were very apt to be unduly swayed by the charms of youth—particularly if they didn't have some woman to hold them safe from folly. And Bell didn't. She hadn't said she'd marry him. He was still perfectly free to make a fool of himself. And speaking of holding—no man of fifty could expect to hold a girl like Helena. An old man with a young wife made a spectacle as ridiculous as it was pathetic. He wasn't old now, but he soon would be, and there would be no one to grow old with him comfortably. Freedom and the younger generation . . . Every age has its own emotions—and its own hours, Mrs. Ward thought. Half-past one was a disgraceful one to be wandering about town at. She had given up pretence of writing now, but still sat before her desk. They were probably having supper somewhere. And so deep in each other's presence that hours meant nothing. Sitting at a little table with soft lights and music and dancing. Christine Ward wondered if Bell knew how to dance the Charleston. Perhaps Helena was teaching him. It was an absurd step for any one over twenty-five. Her eyes focussed on a worn place in the floor varnish—worn from the Charlestoning feet of Helena and Jimmie Dooling. She wondered if she could find Jimmie's telephone number. Yes, there it was, scrawled carelessly in the index under D.

At a quarter to two she gave it to a very supercilious telephone operator. There was a buzzing and presently a sleepy voice. "Hello?"

"I want to speak to Mr.

James Dooling."

"You are."

"This is Mrs. Ward."

"Has anything happened?"

At 2:30 Helena and Bell returned. "I hope you won't scold us for being so late," said Bell. "You see, your daughter and I are contemplating matrimony and this was our last wild fling!"



"No. Helena isn't home yet and—" she stopped.

"Curses!" said Jimmie.

"Yes, that's just what I think. I was wondering—"

"Yes?"

"Helena and you are pretty good friends, aren't you?"

"You bet—"

"Have you ever thought of marrying her?"

"Lots of times—"

"Ever asked her?"

"Why, not exactly—"

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand—"

"I said, why not?"

"People don't do things like that now, you know, Mrs. Ward." "What do they do?"

"It'd be kind of hard to explain, I'm afraid. They just sort of come to a point—a general understanding—decide they can't get along without each other, and there's no one else, and—" Jimmie had begun by being a trifle condescending. He suddenly lost all that—"Well, you see, I'm going off to Buenos Ayres next month—got a dandy chance—really—and I did sort of wonder if Helena'd like to come along, but—well—you see, I thought maybe if she would she'd tell me so. Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Ward. [Continued on page 57]

"We're going to have a showdown," Stella said. "Incidentally, we shall have to show how you, our dominant citizen, sold his soul. You see, I KNOW!"



Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

In which Our Heroine loses some
modern notions and Our Hero his heart

PULL yourself together, Martha," Stella said, as she turned the Ford in by the barn. "We don't want the folks to see that you've been crying. Better use a little powder. And remember, no talk. None at all. It's a good deal of a life-or-death mix-up we're in, girl."

Sitting in the car, behind the lilacs, Martha composed her face before her tiny mirror. She said—"You don't look any too good yourself, Stella. You'd better get a little more sleep, or you'll be flopping."

"No sleep yet," observed the older sister, grimly. "Oh, I know I'm a ruin. I'm strung up like a piano wire."

"Why don't you go to bed?"
"Bed? Child, I've got the biggest job on my hands, just about, that a girl ever undertook. There's more at stake than you know. And it's got to be done this evening. Come on in. You look all right."

Mr. Bagot was busy at the stand; a fact which enabled them to slip by with nothing more than a nod of greeting. Stella, hurrying upstairs, found her door ajar. She pushed it open. Her mother stood by the bureau, looking into the top drawer.

Stella remarked—"Hello, Mumsie! I just looked in for a moment. Have to run right out again."

"I was just tidying up your room." Thus the mother. "Making your bed and all." She had moved a step away from the bureau as her daughter entered, but now edged nervously back to it. "Stella, I couldn't help seeing this." And she touched the flat paper parcel that lay in the top drawer.

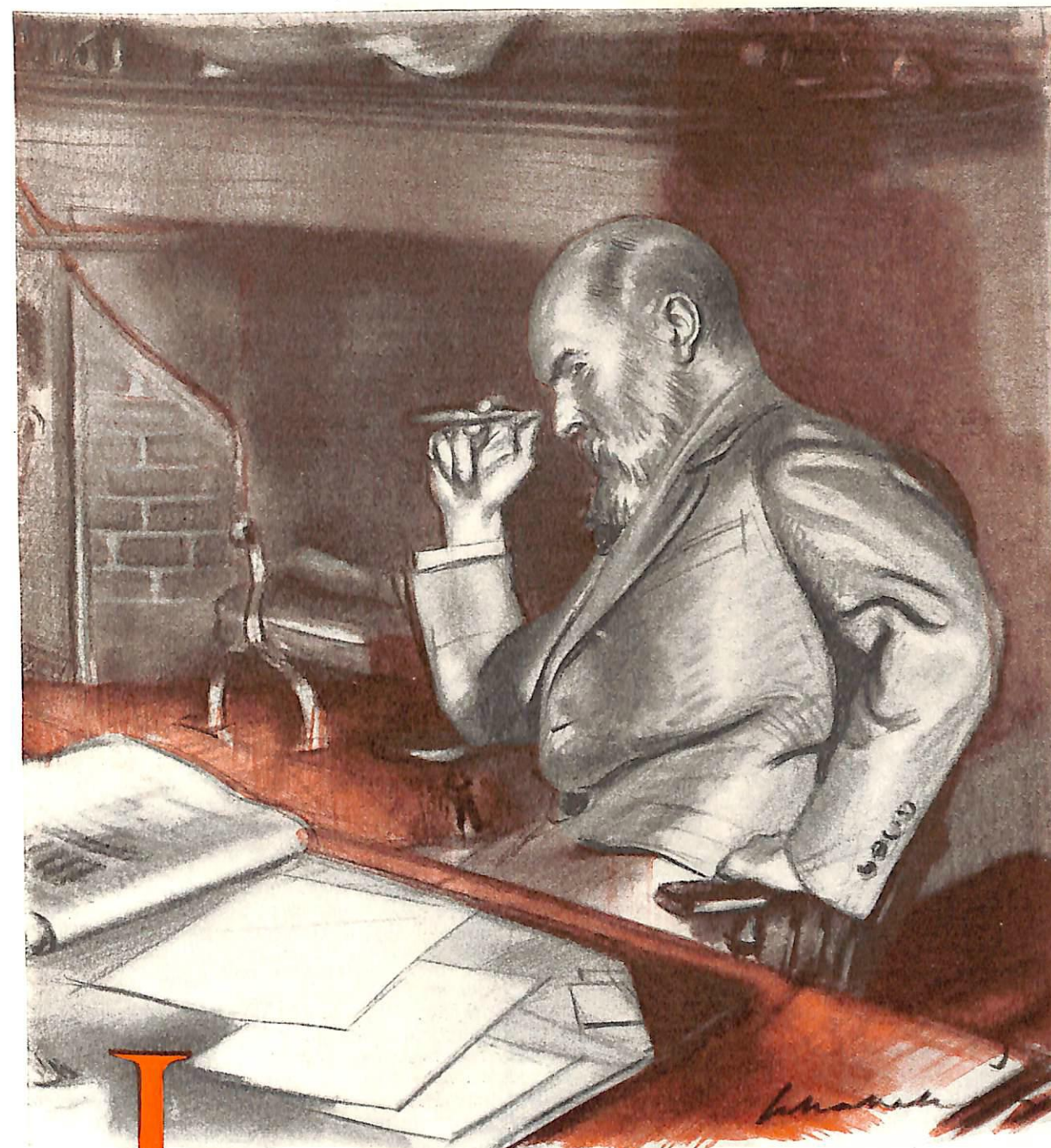
"That?" Stella contrived a bit of a laugh. "Heavens! I'd forgotten! It's exactly what I want."

"Whisky, Stella?"
The daughter was lifting it out. The mother moved unhappily toward the window. She looked old and tired. "I can't get used to these new ways," she broke out, and fumbled for her handkerchief. She was crying.

"Bless your heart, Mumsie," Stella said, "I'm not going to drink it! It's evidence. Oh, we're all more or less shot to pieces. Naturally. We've had a bad night, all of us. But when you learn all I'm trying to do I don't believe you'll be ashamed of your citified daughter."

She tore the wrappings off the bottle, crammed it into a shopping bag, and was gone.

The Harmer place was a spacious corner lot with shrubbery, a driveway and a huge square white house with a columned portico.



JAZZLAND

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Stella turned into the driveway and ran the Ford a few lengths beyond the old-fashioned stone horseblock and hitching post.

"A perfect evening," she thought, as she mounted the steps and rang the bell.

A white haired domestic answered the bell. Stella said, "Good evening, Emma. Is Mr. Harmer in?" She remembered Emma Horne from her own earliest girlhood.

She had to wait a few moments in the long living-room, sitting in one of the modern, overstuffed chairs that contrasted almost comically with the Sheraton table, the what-not of the eighteen-forties loaded with sea shells and china figurines, the dim, really fine old family portraits on the walls and the bell-pull of faded velvet hanging from a coil of wire. The present Joseph hadn't turned his attention, as yet, as so many of his neighbors had, to reconstructing the Colonial atmosphere within his home. Though, reflected Stella, why should he. This interior hodge-podge was not altogether inappropriate, when

you came to think it out, in the imposing architectural hodge-podge that housed it. Mrs. Harmer, of course, couldn't be pictured as undertaking to change anything. She was a wistful, silent little woman, one of the cowed sort.

A SLOW, heavy step sounded from the stairway out in the hall. Stella's nerves tightened. But her head was clear. She wasn't afraid of Joe Harmer. Even if she failed, if all she so desperately hoped to accomplish should go wrong, and he might prove too strong for her, she didn't have to live here in the town he so adroitly ruled. No matter how deep, how bitter her personal sense of loss, she could always turn a determined if dismal face toward New York. The Stella Bagot, slender and pretty, who rose at that sound from the stairway and stood rather tensely fingering the cover of a magazine on the Sheraton table, was by no means merely the daughter of the kindly but insignificant Pearce Bagot out on what was left of the old Bagot prop-

erty by the state road. She was, in truth, a trained young editorial person from New York. She represented a successful and vigorous publishing concern. She knew interesting and independent and even famous people. She was familiar with the various currents of thought regarding the social problems of the day. And by way of inner driving power she was stirred by a love so deep and so confused that she hadn't yet, herself, been able even to think consecutively about it. All she knew was that she had confessed it aloud to the man she didn't love; and that in making that unexpected admission she had brought much that she had thought of as her world trembling about her ears. She was, to a far greater extent than she consciously knew, set to act crisply and strongly. To fight. She might easily turn primitive, even savage. Joe Harmer, though a shrewd man, was hardly to be blamed for a failure to recognize all this. After all, in his eyes she stood there as just Pearce Bagot's daughter, who had drifted out of the life of the town.

HE GREETED her with a handclasp and a movement of the eyelids; then led her to his study across the hall, pushing the door partly to behind them. He drew up a heavy leather chair for her; himself dropping into the swivel Windsor chair before the desk. Then, impassively, he waited.

She looked at the strong, bearded face. He wasn't going to help her. But she didn't need help. She held the bag rather tightly in her lap, undecided as yet whether to let him know what was in it. Perhaps it would be better to have witnesses present when she opened that bag. "Mr. Harmer," she said, as casually as she could, with a momentary smile, "you may have heard why I'm here in Ackland."

The ruddy eyelids fluttered downward. That was all. He didn't speak. He knew, of course. None of the village gossip escaped him. And little indeed escaped the village gossips. She went on—"I've been sent to write a magazine article about the situation here. I'm working at it now, making myself acquainted with the backgrounds. And of course, I couldn't get very far without talking with you."

He reached a big, bony hand toward a box of cigars. "Mind if I smoke, Stella?"

"Oh, not at all. You've seen, of course, that the papers everywhere have given a great deal of space to the murder and also to the general situation in the town."

The lids fluttered.

"The whole country appears to be stirred. An odd angle is that people outside are particularly interested in the fight Ham Pew was making. I don't think many of you here in the town realize how deep that interest is. I've found one fact rather baffling, looking around . . . oh, talking with people . . . he appears to have had very little local support."

"Nobody ever questioned Ham's sincerity."

"But they weren't so sure about his judgment. Felt that he perhaps went a little far. That his zeal bordered on the fanatical. Isn't that about it?"

"Why, there may have been people who felt that way."

"Yes. Do you mind, Mr. Harmer, if I run back over that phase of it, for a moment? Here was a peculiarly lovely old town, a town that is rich in historical memories. And a beautiful town. The beauty, of course, is being destroyed."

"Isn't that rather a sweeping statement, Stella?"

"Is it? Take the state road, take any of the main roads running into the town . . . they used to be charming. Now they're beginning to be lined with hideous little shacks. They're ugly now. And rapidly getting worse. The charm of Ackland has been a real asset, Mr. Harmer. A practical asset. It has brought hundreds of thousands of tourists to spend money here. It is one of the real show places of New England. It isn't too late now to save quite a part of it. That's what Ham Pew saw. He knew, what few of our folks here seem to realize, that other towns and cities all over the country are taking up the zoning idea. It's just self-protection. Nothing impractical about it. And nothing fanatical. Really, is there?"

"Why—very likely not."

"He saw the roadhouses and dance halls creeping in, over-running the town, really. Corrupting it. That's what they do, of course. Certainly they bring in a great many undesirables. Ham Pew fought all that. And because he fought it, he was murdered."

"There again, Stella—if you don't mind—we don't know why he was shot. It was a frightful thing, of course. But we don't

know. We don't even know what he was doing at Jazzland that night."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harmer," Stella's eyes flashed, and her voice snapped, (she must control that, keep cool) "we do know. We know all about it."

"I wish I did," said he. "It has bothered me. It didn't seem like him."

"It was quite in character." This was better, quieter. "He had the best of reasons for being there. All that will come out at the trial."

The lids flickered.

"Mr. Harmer, you're not helping me."

"Glad to do anything I can, Stella."

"I'm afraid you haven't quite grasped my real predicament. Within the next few weeks I've got to write my article. I've got to deal with Ham Pew, his fight, his murder, and the outcome. Right now, it looks so unpleasant, so ugly, that I find myself in the position of being forced to paint a rather distressing picture of my own home town. I shall hardly enjoy doing that."

He smoked. The lids moved up and down.

"An unfortunate feature of the situation is that you yourself, Mr. Harmer, are bound to come off rather badly in what I shall have to say."

There was a long and smoky silence. Finally he said this—"That is a strange thing to say, Stella. I shall have to ask you what you mean by it. There are laws covering libel, you know."

"Understand this, Mr. Harmer. I am speaking only for myself and the work I am engaged in. Nobody else even knows I am here talking with you. I am speaking of nothing but what I personally know. Of what I know, understand. The Jazzland place has become something of a symbol of the evils that are creeping into the town. Ham Pew made it a symbol. Thoughtful, decent people are on his side. Those who are profiting through the debauching of a fine old town are on the other side. There's the plain truth."

"I can accept that only as a statement of opinion."

"An upright citizen is murdered."

"In a roadhouse."

"Yes! In a roadhouse! After he has been warned to let that roadhouse alone! The murderers run at large. A strong political party protects them. Homer Pew, simply because he took up his brother's fight, is beaten up. But those criminals are perfectly safe to stay openly in town."

"How do you know that?"

"I happen to know. I also know that you, as head selectman, as the unquestioned leading citizen of Ackland, have obstructed every move to close that dive, and I know why!"

"Come, come . . ."

"You have moved Heaven and earth to get the Age out of Homer's hands, first by trying to buy it; then, yesterday, by calling his loans."

"Now, really, Stella, if you force me to speak plainly . . ."

"Please, just this! There's really no good in wasting your time or mine. I came here to ask you two plain questions. The first is, Will you close up Jazzland, tonight, and close it for good?"

TONIGHT? No, certainly not. I believe you were present when I explained that situation with the uttermost care."

"Very good. The second question is, Will you renew those loans?"

"Really, my dear girl . . ."

"Will you?"

"I question whether Homer would thank you for bringing up his private business in such a connection."

The telephone instrument stood on the desk. Without further words, Stella reached for it and calling the police station asked for Wilbraham. "This is Stella Bagot," she explained crisply. "I am at Mr. Harmer's house. Will you please come here at once. I will wait. And please bring Mr. Pew. I must have you both here."

Harmer lit a fresh cigar. He was angry, no doubt about that. Too angry at the moment for words. She was glad of it. It would make him the easier to stir and run down and capture.

"We're going to have a showdown," she said, pushing the instrument away. "We're going to find out now, tonight, whether there's enough decent spirit left in this town to make a showing before the world. Whether or not we've sunk to



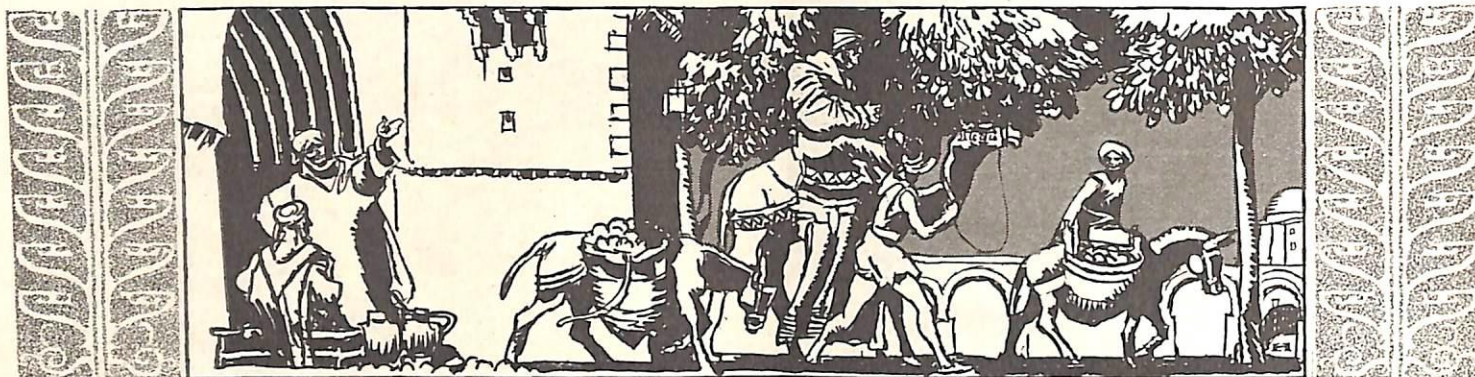
(The mother moved unhappily toward the window. "Whisky, Stella? I can't get used to these new ways," she was crying. "I'm not going to drink it," Stella said. "It's evidence.")

he ethical code and the esthetic standard of the hot dog merchant. Mr. Harmer, I tell you now, I'm flatly unwilling to paint this town as black as it begins to look under your leadership. The single redeeming note in the situation is the work of Ham and Homer Pew. One was murdered, the other beaten and until tonight moving about in literal danger of his life. Thanks to the newspapers the outside world already knows something of that. I shall, if I have to, tell them the rest of it."

She was leaning over the corner of the desk, talking with a low-voiced passionate intensity. He was smoking. The lids

fluttered and fluttered. Her quick eyes saw a few drops of sweat glisten on a hairy temple. She kept at him—"I shall have to show them how the old taste, the old sense of decency and honor have died in a degenerate community. How a crooked political ring, sodden with graft and ward-healing affiliations, strikes hands with bootleggers, thieves, murderers. Incidentally, I shall have to show how you, as our one dominant citizen, sold your soul. You see, I know. I shall spare nobody."

The doorbell rang. Slowly the swivel chair swung forward. Slowly the big, lumbering body was [Continued on page 49]



EDITORIALS

TO THOSE WHO KNOW THE SPIRIT OF THE ORDER A SHRINE PARADE IS A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY

WHY do flies dislike blue? If you paint a kitchen blue there will be few if any flies in it no matter how often the cook leaves the screen door open.

Yet the apiarists tell us to paint beehives blue because the bees will be healthier and happier. Perhaps because bees are high fliers they like the blue of the skies under which they fly.

These are matters for scientists to meditate over. Shriners, however little interested in the colors the flies and the bees like or dislike, have often wondered who designed the colors of the Mystic Shrine. Green, yellow and red! What a joyous color combination! Not a cold color in the lot! Every one of them with a warmth which might indicate a Shriner's heart, every one of them with a kaleidoscopic cadence reminiscent of a yellow cat having a fit in a green bowl of tomato catsup!

Clad in the uniform of these colors, bankers and chiropodists, railway presidents and newspaper reporters, college professors and plasterers, philanthropists and pinocle players, mingle in Patrols, Bands, Chanters and Divans with joyous happiness which knows no station in life outside of the Shrine.

Let carping critics rave, let temperamental artists tear their raven locks, let exterior decorators tirade over our sartorial sacrilege! The ensemble is awe and mirth inspiring; a Shrine parade is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to those who know the spirit of the organization.

SHRINERS ATTAIN MANY YEARS BUT THERE ARE NO REALLY "OLD" MEN AMONG THEM

WE ARE told by delvers into statistics that in the middle ages the expectant life span was twenty-five years; the age to which the average new born baby lived. In 1901 the average had been raised by the medical profession to forty-nine years, a big jump. The latest statistics made in 1926 give each child born a life expectancy of fifty-seven years.

According to that rate, the man of one hundred years will soon be common in the Shrine and on the street. Today, a man of sixty, without any special weakness of a vital organ, has a fair chance to live another twenty or thirty years.

Whether those extra twenty-five or thirty years are worth while to the man living them, depends almost entirely on the man. At that advanced age he is not in first-class trim physically. He can no longer box, play baseball, crank flivvers or do cross country running. To be happy he must have habits which will give him mental rather than physical enjoyment.

Above all, he must be young at heart. He must have a youthful and a tolerant outlook on life. He must have

developed the philosophy incorporated in Holy Writ in the words "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

If he thinks he is all in at sixty, he is right. If he thinks there is a lot of vim and vinegar in the old boy still, he is just as right! Of four hundred famous men, whose records he delved into, one investigator found ninety had reached their highest accomplishment after they had passed seventy-five. Notable among these were Galileo, Bancroft, Goethe, Lamark, Verdi, Spencer, Titian, Jefferson, Handel and a long list of others still living.

The accomplishments of these men were not physical. Each of them had some work, some happiness hobby which he could follow even though his muscular force had waned.

First is necessary the youthful outlook. Second is needed a piece of interesting work which can be done without great physical exertion.

Who shall say that the Shrine has not taken many a man past middle age, out of himself and given him the youthful mental outlook which has saved his happiness for many years? Who shall say that the joyous foolishness of the Shrine has not taken many an elderly man away from his lonesome fire-side corner and with its joyous laughter added many productive years to his life?

Shriners attain many years. But is there an old man among them? Do not their jolly smiles belie their white locks? Do not their kindly fun wrinkled faces belie their polished bald heads? Does not the kindly work of the Crippled Childrens Hospitals stand as a monument to the youth eternal of the typical Shriner?

Hayne must have had a Shriner in mind when he spoke of:

"Low gurgling laughter, as sweet,
As the swallow song i' the south,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth."

SPEECHES ARE NECESSARY AT SHRINE CEREMONIALS BUT THEY SHOULD NOT BE LONG DRAWN OUT

THERE is an ancient wheeze of a chorus girl who rejected the suggestion that she buy a book for her friend's birthday present explaining "She's got a book!"

Most every Shriner in the organization has heard a speech; thousands of them! He has heard speeches about the flag, about our glorious organization, about this, that and the other, until thoughts of a speech make him writhe. Speeches, like surgical operations and hair cuts, are a necessary evil.

There are a few spots in a Ceremonial where a speech cannot be avoided; be it said to the praise of good Shriners, they usually suffer in silence! But those who plan a Shrine program should hold constantly in mind the real reason why a Noble attends a Ceremonial. The fact is that he comes all dressed up, wanting to be amused.

Will the speech amuse him? Is there any part of the program outlined which is not amusing? This question should be the acid test of any Shrine program.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

I DON'T like cranks! Every old Shriner is entitled to not like a few things. If he likes more things than he does not like, he is all jake, for we are happy according to the things we count. If we count the things we like, we are happy. If we count the things we do not like, we are miserable. The reason Shriners are all happy is because they all count the things they like.

The things I don't like are so few, and the things I like so many, I can afford space to tell the things I don't like. I don't like cranks, as I said at the outset. I don't like artichokes; I always feel as foolish as the foreman of a filbert factory when eating them. I don't like a fellow who gets into an elevator with an umbrella under his arm so that the steel ferrule jabs me right where the gold band fits around a cigar. I don't like to hear a few cold fried oysters and warm dill pickles called a "Traditional Banquet" for the close of a ceremonial. And if you will let me come out the same hole I went in, I don't like cranks!

This aversion to cranks is deep rooted and sincere on my part. I first began to dislike cranks when I was a small boy. When I was a shaver we got our water from a pump outside the kitchen door; I hated the crank on that pump.

Did you ever go out on a cold morning and stand on an ice and snow covered cistern top and turn the crank of an old-fashioned chain pump? In my day, the boy of the family was the official pumper. Even now that I am old and get all my exercise winding an eight day clock, I still look back with horror on that pump.

All chain pumps lose their suction over night. Every winter night that pump gave up its watery ghost; every winter morning, I went out with a tea kettle of water to pour down its throat and then pumped like all possessed, balanced on that icy platform. There was always a little hummock of ice

under the spout so a boy could not set his water bucket down and devote himself to his pumping. After slipping all over that pump platform and spilling cold water in my shoes I made up my mind that when I grew up I would never force my nice little boys to man the pump. I have neither boys nor pumps but I still hate cranks.

I grew older and committed matrimony. I bought a "Why pay rent?" and eventually got my nose above water. Then, of course, I had to have an automobile. It was one of those brass-bound automobiles with oil lamps. We kept it in an overgrown corrugated tin sardine can. There was no "heat" in the garage, of course.

I used to drain that car every winter night. To get her started in the morning I filled her up with warm water which I lugged from the house. Then I primed her, like I used to prime that old pump, only here I used gasoline. After pouring a tea kettle of hot water on her manifold I took my daily dozen at a crank again. It was a modern reproduction of that old hated crank!

Like the old pump Lizzie would sputter and cough. Finally she would break into the cheerful roar that was both her road song and her battle cry. It gives me symptoms of lumbago to remember cranking both the old pump and the first flivver!

My old hatred for cranks, dormant in my bosom or my bean or wherever we store dormant hatred, was revived by the flivver and intensified with the passing years. So there is no Shriner in North America or even in algebra who hates cranks more than I do.

A man is a crank or a genius depending on the horse power of his hallucination. We meet them everywhere; sometimes we mistake the genius for the crank; especially are we oldsters apt to make that mistake.

There are a certain number of cranks to every thousand ordinary people. As there are six hundred thousand Shriners in the county, of course there is a [Continued on page 48]



(Arabian Nights' settings greet the Shriners in Florida's sunshine.



the best, such as providing for more concerts and entertainment generally. There have been changes in the time of certain features and the parade will be fourteen blocks shorter than first announced. In all essentials the mammoth show, if not "the greatest on earth" certainly the best of its kind, will be run off in accordance with the advance proclamations that have impelled many thousands of Nobles and their families to make the trek from all points of the compass.

The Temples of Mahi, Egypt and Morocco, all of the 28 Florida Shrine Clubs and 20 Florida municipalities have coordinated their efforts in the spirit of "one for all, all for one" in a manner that will cause the Nobility long to remember "America south of Cairo," and their brief sojourn in Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables and Opa-Locka on the banks of "the new Nile." Those who tarry also in Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, Tampa, Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, Pensacola and many another Floridian garden spot will find themselves well rewarded.

In the convention locale corn, wine and oil, honey and camel's milk will flow abundantly. There will be dancing in the streets. Sounds of revelry will be heard by day as well as by night. Special guides, duly anointed with wisdom and guile, will contrive that the velvety hours between sundown and sunrise are not wasted; and what the tropical moon sees in those velvety hours as the palm leaves rustle she will never, never tell.

Shrinedom's pilgrims are on the march ashore behind the iron horse and in gasoline buggies; on the face of the waters they crowd stately galleons. Only old men and children remain behind to guard the temples and mosques of inland oases. As all roads once led to Rome so now do they all end in Miami.

Nobles, you and yours are not only "at the end of the rainbow" in the Council City. You may even find the crock of gold. Captain Kidd's buried doubloons lie hidden thereabouts and perhaps you will spy them out through the glass-bottomed boats as you float above the Marine Gardens. But though you find not such earthy treasures you will carry away in unstinted portion golden memories of a golden land where the old Spanish pleasantry "my house is yours" was made a living thing. By their deeds shall ye know them.

Over the portals is the admonition:
Prepare to smile all ye who enter here.

And with mighty gusto will the swelling hosts respond. The melody of their bands and chanters from great caravans will rise above the roar of the surf; the uniforms of the Arab Patrols, the Mounted Guards and the Legions of Honor will match the colors of the tropical foliage; the inmates of the visiting Harems.



shaking off the dust of deserts, will respond to the come hither glances of their many friends; even the Slaves will make merry and for the nonce call no man master.

In Miami the Shrine has a setting truly appropriate for the rituals and costumes it has adopted from the ancient Levantines. Director General Pridgen, in planning the decorations, has taken advantage of the exotic surroundings of the city to create a genuine oriental atmosphere. In a latitude just south of Egypt's Cairo the Miami area has the climate and the foliage found along the banks of the Nile. The camels, the fezzes and all the trappings of the Order "belong" there as they never can in the northland.

Only the symbols of an ancient civilization were needed to make a Garden of Allah. And so Mahi Temple has provided reproductions of Egyptian art to blend with the flowers and palms of Bayfront Park. Thus the handiwork of man merges into the natural beauties of the scene.

Parades will penetrate the Garden of Allah through an entrance having four columns, each 30 feet high, supporting an entablature. These columns and their bas relief are adaptations of the Hathoric column of the Temple of Dendera. A similar structure marks the southern exit at Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler street.

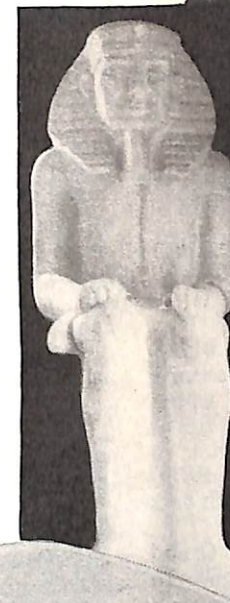
Between the arches is the Avenue of the Gods, lined with



(Past Potentate Henry R. Pridgen, Director General of the Shrine Convention.



(Noble E. Ballard Donnell, Illustrious Potentate, Mahi, the Convention's host.



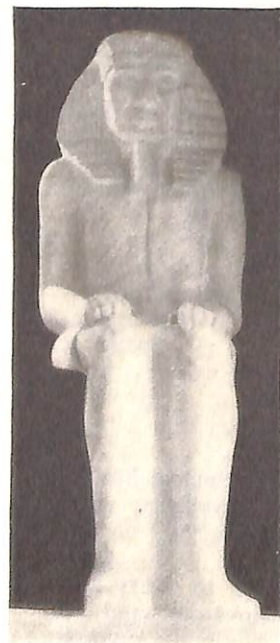
colossal deities. They are reproductions of the statue of Khephren, a Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty who ruled about 2775 B. C. His place in history is that of the builder of the second pyramid. His statue, found in the so-called "Well of the Sphinx," is now in the National Museum in Cairo. In choosing this particular figure the committee was influenced by artistic merit. Despite the traditional heaviness of Egyptian art, it has impressive simplicity and beauty of line.

Midway in the Avenue of the Gods is the Imperial Potentate's reviewing stand, built in the Egyptian style of Khephren's time. From just such a throne perhaps the monarch watched his slaves toiling to [Continued on page 77]

(The call to prayer! Is it the edge of the desert?—No, just a perfect setting for the Shrine Convention—the Garden of Allah in Miami.



MIAMI Welcomes the CONVENTION HOSTS



WITH arms hospitably outstretched in greeting, Miami stands before its opened gates—garbed, adorned and ready for the fifty-fourth annual session of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine. The 33 convention committees of Mahi Temple and its associated bodies have striven mightily for three months to the end that there be no errors either of commission or of omission; how well they have wrought remains for the visiting representatives of the country's Nobility to say. Director General Henry R. Pridgen, Potentate E. Ballard Donnell, Secretary F. E. Kane and all other toilers in the vineyards have done their excellent best to make the events of May 1st, 2nd, 3rd and the preliminary ones of April 29th-30th among the most successful in the history of Shrinedom. Except for some minor modifications the program is substantially as printed in The Shrine Magazine for April. All changes have been for

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE ROBERT A. ALBERTS
Salaam Temple
Newark, N. J.

Noble Robert A. Alberts, the newly elected Illustrious Potentate of Salaam, reaches his high post after many years of fruitful toil in the cause of the true faith. Throughout 1928 he will lead a temple organization of nearly 9,000 Nobles, with jurisdiction over thirteen counties, representing the bulk of the State's population and a very large slice of

its geographical area.

Noble Alberts was the unanimous choice as leader of the Hudson County contingent in the drive for several million dollars for Salaam's mosque. The results were so gratifying that 500 Nobles tendered him a complimentary dinner on May 3, 1922. Moreover, the Hudson County Shrine Club was there organized and the guest of honor by acclamation elected its first president. Each year thereafter he has been reelected. A personal friend of the late President, Noble Warren G. Harding, Mr. Alberts made him an honorary member of the Club.

He has been prominent in the Old Bergen Reformed Church of Jersey City, the Historical Lincoln Association (president in 1919), Roosevelt Memorial Association, and Realty Condemnation Commissioner for the New Jersey Supreme Court. He is First Vice-President of C. B. Howitt & Bros., Inc., of New York City.



NOBLE JAMES H. ROWLAND
El Karubah Temple
Shreveport, La.

Past Potentate James H. Rowland of El Karubah, over whose destinies he presided for eleven years, is the new Grand Master for the State of Louisiana, thus rounding out a Masonic career that has been distinguished as well as replete with lots of hard work.

This year will be the Grand Master's busiest, even for him. In addition to the many duties that fall to the lot of a Grand Lodge head, he is chairman of the local board of governors of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in Shreveport, the first one in our coast-to-coast system of hospitals. Then, too, he is secretary of the Scottish Rite bodies in Shreveport and Recorder of El Karubah.

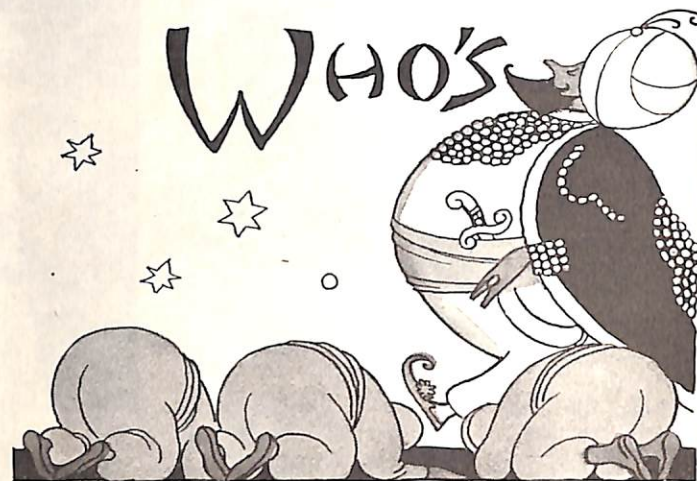
Noble Rowland also went through the State commandery chairs, Knights Templar, and so is Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Louisiana.

The Masonic annals of Louisiana, renowned as they are, take on added luster from the rôle played therein by Noble Rowland. The Nobility wish for him many more years of distinguished service.



NOBLE A. F. HEGENBERGER
Antioch Temple
Dayton, Ohio

Internationally famous as navigating officer of the first successful non-stop flight from California to the Hawaiian Islands, and the man whose perfection of the earth inductor compass contributed so materially to the Atlantic flights of Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd, is Noble Hegenberger, Lieutenant in the Army Corps and a member of the Dayton Field staff. He has also served as Chief of the Instrument and Navigation Branch of the Army Air Corps.



The first important test of the "drift compass," as the earth inductor compass is generally called, was made by Lieutenant Hegenberger in 1923, at the opening of the Boston Airport. Late on a September afternoon an airplane emerged from the haze and made a graceful landing at the new port. In it was Hegenberger. He had flown from Dayton to Boston on a non-stop flight of more than 100 miles an hour, at an altitude of over 7,000 feet, through fog and cloud banks and out of sight of land all the way. The only means he had of finding Boston was through his compass and that he did literally to the yard.

Had anything happened to Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland on the historic trans-Pacific air journey Noble Hegenberger could have taken the stick himself, since he is one of the best pilots in the service as well as an aeronautical engineer and navigator of note—and an officer from whom future achievements are expected. Thus far his rare talents have done as much for the development of commercial aviation as for military flying.



NOBLE WILLIAM S. KIRKE
Ararat Temple
Kansas City, Mo.

Bill Kirke is the new Potentate of Ararat. Of course, that makes him one of that city's leading men. But as an active worker in the craft and as owner of the California Produce Company he has been both prominent and popular for many years. A long time ago he worked out the system which feeds 5000 or more growling Shriners in a few minutes, all of which was good practice for

the initiative he displayed in getting supplies every day for the Kansas City bread lines of 1914-15.

The way in which he jumped to the aid of the Kansas City Star in that emergency is still being talked about. Noble G. B. Sykes, Secretary of Public Relations for the Order of DeMolay, tells it like this:

"When the truck from The Star appeared at 'Bill's' place he pointed to several sacks of potatoes—'Take 'em, there's no charge,' he said briefly. The driver looked at him in astonishment. 'I mean it—take 'em,' reiterated Bill.

"The driver threw the sacks into the truck and started to climb into his seat. Right after him came Bill. 'I'm going with you,' he vouchsafed. They drove to the next place. 'I'll do the talking,' the driver was told and this is what he heard: "'C'mon and kick in with some of your merchandise. We fellows can't let The Star do it all. You've got some stuff you can give away that will go good in that soup. Haul it out here and let's throw it on the truck.'

"He got the stuff. Visits to other commission men soon had the truck loaded to capacity and a dazed driver started for the cooking kitchen.

"This same routine was followed by 'Bill' Kirke for more than two weeks—until there was an easing in the work situa-

WITHIN THE SHRINE



tion and the soup lines were no longer thronged with worthy patrons.

"Known, liked and respected by every dealer at the market, be it said to their credit that they responded nobly. Any who might have been inclined to demur were squelched when they heard, 'C'mon, kick in.'

"Colonel Nelson and The Star played host at a big banquet given to Bill at the Hotel Muehlebach in appreciation of his work."



NOBLE E. M. STATLER
Ismailia Temple
Buffalo, N. Y.

Noble E. M. Statler is not only a Knight Templar and a 33rd degree Mason but a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor. He was made a member of the famous order, founded by Napoleon, in Buffalo last July by Dr. Marcel Knecht, representing the President of France, "for great service to mankind and distinguished patriotism." He received the cross and red ribbon

to the standard accompaniment of a kiss on either cheek—much to the suppressed amusement of seventy-five hotel men.

Noble Statler started work when he was nine years old, in a glass factory in Bridgeport, Ohio. But, even then, he liked the hotel business, and he started work as a bellboy in the old McLure house, in Wheeling, West Virginia, when he was twelve. He is now one of the great hotel men of the world, and a pioneer in that happy slogan—"Every room with bath!"

Noble Statler is a member of Ismailia Temple, Buffalo.



NOBLE K. H. GILLETTE
Al Malaikah Temple
Los Angeles, Cal.

Noble Gillette becomes Potentate of Malaikah's 11,000 members after serving twenty years in the Shrine, in which he has held official posts for ten, including the presidency of the Temple's well known band. In 1925 he was President of the National Shrine Directors' Association. He is in both the Knights Templar and the Scottish Rite.

The new Potentate was born on August 9th, 1879 in the frontier settlement of Minden, Nebraska. Among the first to extend to him the hand of fellowship as soon as he was deemed lusty enough to receive the homage of the villagers was Buffalo Bill Cody, the famous Indian Scout, who occupied a tepee within ten feet of the Gillette house.

Always a railroader and a veteran of the Santa Fe, Noble Gillette for the past four years has been in charge of the

company's Los Angeles terminal. He belongs to the Jonathan Club and the California Country Club.

Inaugurating his regime with an imposing floor ceremonial on January 17th, which conducted 200 candidates across the hot sands, Potentate Gillette plans a most active year, including entertainments by uniformed bodies in Pasadena, Glendale, Long Branch and other points where there are Shrine Clubs. Al Malaikah's stirring traditions have a safe custodian in Potentate Gillette.

NOBLE ARTHUR L. LEE
Mecca Temple
New York City



Noble Lee has many claims to distinction, beginning with the fact that he is Illustrious Potentate of Mecca, mother temple of Shrine-dom. Up to the last count in December he had been honored with honorary memberships by probably more temples than any other person not a potentate or in the Imperial Divan. These temples are LuLu, Philadelphia; Syria, Pittsburgh; Damascus, Rochester; Moslem, Detroit; Al Koran, Cleveland; Karnak, Montreal; Cairo, Rutland, Vt.; Sphinx, Hartford, Conn.; Tigris, Syracuse, N. Y.

In 1923 Mr. Lee was elected Eminent Grand Warder, Knights Templar, and is now Eminent Grand Senior Warden. He is one of the officials in charge of preparations for the Grand Encampment in Detroit this year, and belongs to the Past Commanders Association, Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine. His Scottish Rite affiliation is with the New York Consistory. He is Grand Lodge Representative in New York of the Grand Lodge of Oklahoma. His Blue Lodge is Harlem, No. 457, New York City, where he was raised on June 6th, 1904.

Noble Lee's civic activities extend beyond Masonic circles. His duties for several years as vice-president and general manager of a leading New York City hotel has made him well known in national hotel circles. Noble Lee whose son is also in the hotel business, took a prominent part in building the new Jamaica Hospital, of which he is president. As president of the board of trustees of the First Baptist Church of Jamaica he was very influential in getting the money for a new edifice costing \$195,000, starting with a fund of only \$10,000.

Noble Lee is a champion commuter, with a home on Long Island, a summer home in the Adirondacks and an olive grove and turkey ranch in California. He finds time every morning for a brisk horseback ride.

NOBLE J. TOM OWENS
Hella Temple
Dallas



Hella Temple, Dallas, has in its new Potentate, J. Tom Owens, a big man physically and mentally, according to his friends. He's particularly big in the matter of golf ethics, they declare, and is an ardent devotee of the ancient and honorable game. Raised in the lumber business, the Hella potentate has been keenly active and directly connected with the growth of the Southwest during the last two decades. He greatly aided the project of a magnificent church building in Dallas, recently completed.

Incidentally, equipment of the church includes one of the finest pipe organs in the South, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Owens.

Dr. Carl C. Gregory, the pastor, is the very active chaplain of Hella Temple.

Within a month after becoming Potentate of Hella, with scant time to shake down in the new duties, Tom had to receive the Imperial Potentate (always some job) which he did like a seasoned veteran.

With the IMPERIAL POTENTATE

AFTER the reception of Akdar in Tulsa on February 21st Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar continued his tour and visited twenty-two Temples and one Shrine club in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina up to and including March 21st. He was royally received by the Nobility from first to last, many of the programs being elaborate and some unusual. It is understood that up to March 21st he had visited 112 cities and doubtless almost as many Temples during his year in office. The Imperial Potentate was accompanied throughout this tour by his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar, and with Miss Dunbar on part of the journey was Mrs. George K. Fox, wife of the Potentate of Moolah Temple in St. Louis. Noble Walter S. Sugden of Sistersville, W. Va., Past Potentate of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, accompanied the Imperial Potentate on the entire journey.

On February 22nd the members of the Imperial party reached Muskogee, Okla., to be the guests of Bedouin Temple. They had been met at Tulsa and accompanied by motor by Potentate and Mrs. James L. Powell, and other members of Bedouin Divan. There was a formal reception at the Severs Hotel, followed by a banquet with Potentate Powell as toastmaster. The Imperial Potentate delivered a stirring address on Shrinedom, after which, in behalf of the Temple, Past Potentate Walter G. Gibbons presented the Potentate with a fine traveling bag. Miss Dunbar and Mrs. Fox were entertained, meanwhile, by the ladies of Bedouin with a dinner bridge party at the Muskogee Town and Country Club.

The Imperial party had been met in Muskogee by Past Potentate James I. Phelps, Potentate Claude M. March and Recorder and Past Potentate Leslie H. Swan, all of India Temple, who acted as escort to Oklahoma City on February 23rd. Following an early luncheon the Imperial party visited the \$1,300,000 Masonic Temple and Shrine auditorium and then drove to Guthrie to inspect the \$3,000,000 Scottish Rite Temple, returning to Oklahoma City in time for the elaborate banquet at the Oklahoma Club, which was attended by the Imperial party, the past potentates of India and many other prominent Nobles and their ladies. In the evening the ladies of the Imperial party and wives of members of the Divan and past potentates witnessed a theatrical attraction in the Shrine auditorium.

The Nobility gathered in Harding Hall nearby. India Temple's Band of 50 pieces under the direction of Noble Joe Kasparek led the grand entry, followed by the Patrol of 50 members commanded by Cliff Myers,



On his visit to the Shreveport Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children a Southern live oak tree was dedicated in honor of Imperial Potentate Dunbar, and a bronze tablet placed thereon to commemorate the event.



Noble Dunbar and Noble Sam P. Cochran, Chairman Hospital Board.



The Imperial Potentate with Past Imperial Potentate David W. Grosland.



The Imperial Potentate with one of Noble Fred Sparks' circus celebrities at Macon, Georgia.

first lieutenant. Nobles James I. Phelps and Bert M. Hart escorted the Imperial Potentate. Special selections were sung by India's quartet, Nobles Eddie Albright, Jack London, Vernie L. Rudd and Edward Crawford. Tom B. Reed, captain of the Patrol, then made the Imperial Potentate an honorary member. Noble Kasparek did likewise in behalf of the Band. Potentate March gave the Imperial Potentate a beautifully framed certificate of honorary membership. After an address by Noble Gus A. Paul, Past Potentate James I. Phelps presented India's gift to the Imperial Potentate—a sterling silver pitcher and six goblets.

Upon reaching Dallas, Texas, the next day, February 24th, the Imperial party was escorted to the home of Noble Sam P. Cochran, chairman of the Hospital Board of Trustees. At noon the visitors were luncheon guests at the home of Mike H. Thomas, and the afternoon was given to golf at the Dallas Country Club. In the evening Potentate J. Tom Owens was host at a formal dinner. Then came an elaborate musical and vaudeville program in the Fair Park Auditorium, attended by several thousand Shriners. The Imperial Potentate played on a gold cornet, which was then given to him by the Dallas Band House. He and his daughter also received beautiful gifts from Hella Temple. Past Potentate John L. Degrazier and Noble John P. Bounds were in charge of the program.

In Dallas the Imperial Potentate was met for escort to Fort Worth by Potentate Robert A. Stuart, Assistant Rabban A. B. Spencer, Past Potentate Jake F. Zurn, W. S. Cooke, John Waldrop and Al Levy, together with Harley Spelman, chairman of the entertainment committee. In Fort Worth that night at the Hotel Texas short speeches were made by the Imperial Potentate, the Imperial Deputy Potentate and Nobles Henry Rabe, W. L. Childs and John T. Lomax. Past Potentate A. L. Shuman made the address of welcome and gave the distinguished visitor a beautiful clock. The party then returned to Dallas by auto. There the Imperial Potentate broadcast two cornet solos over station KRLD, which had been arranged by Past Potentate Jim Forrest, radio supervisor of Dallas.

On February 27th Noble Dunbar reached San Antonio, escorted by Potentate John T. Lomax and Past Potentate Henry Rabe of Alzafar. On arrival the officers and uniformed units of the Temple formed the escort to the banquet hall of the Scottish Rite Cathedral, where breakfast was served. The forenoon was spent in sight-seeing, followed by luncheon at the St. Anthony Hotel. In the evening there was an informal dinner, followed by a reception and dancing. [Continued on page 71]

What the HOSPITALS Are Doing



Things are never done half-heartedly in Texas. So when Arabia Temple at Houston gave its own crippled children a party it was a good one.

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of February, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	223
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	205
Number of beds occupied by patients.....	771
Number on waiting lists.....	1844

FROM many points the evidence comes; and it is always the same—little boys and girls who were without hope of ever being big and strong like other children cured of deformities because of the Shrine hospital work and returned to gladden the homes of parents too poor to pay for medical and surgical treatment. Little spines straightened, and legs and arms, too, to such good effect that about 7,400 crippled children are cured by operations or treatment in a single year at the fifteen hospitals or units that make up the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children. More than \$7,000,000 has been contributed by the Nobility to this good cause since the first unit opened in Shreveport, La., in September, 1922.

But with a waiting list of 1,844 children, sorely in need of the treatment that only the Shrine hospitals and units can give them, there remains much to be done. In fact, the inauguration of this great humanitarian activity by Shrinedom revealed what even governments did not know, namely that there were no reliable censuses of crippled children, and that their number was appalling, many of them being in the care of parents or guardians who had no funds for treatment. Shrinedom's attack on this menace to humanity has influenced other organizations and individuals, as illustrated in the gift of Mr. W. W. Burgess of \$350,000 in Greenville, S. C. The great crusade will go on, led by an enthusiastic host of 600,000 Shriners, with their numbers swelling year by year.

Even on the high seas comes support for the cause. On March 9th the International Mercantile Marine Company issued a public statement for national circulation which said:

"Illustrations of Masonry's hold on the hearts of its followers are constantly being brought to our attention. The latest example of the good fellowship that flourishes wherever two or three are gathered together comes from the new Panama Pacific Liner California, which arrived at New York recently from the coast, completing her maiden trip."

The statement then tells how Noble Charles E. Burden of New York, a life



Two little patients, with congenital dislocated hips, out on the sun porch at San Francisco Unit of the Shriners Hospitals.

Noble Frank Marisch, organizer and Scout Master Troop 112, of the San Francisco Unit.

member of Mecca Temple, called meetings of all Master Masons aboard, made speeches about the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children and took up a collection for the hospital in San Francisco.

At the second meeting, which took place while the California was steaming along the west coast within sight of Mexico's lofty mountain, Noble Burden and 100 other Masons from 21 States, one territory and Scotland and Ireland, organized S.S. California Masonic Club No. 1.

* * *

Noble Frank Marisch, whose picture ap-

pears on this page, is organizer and Scout Master of Troop 112, San Francisco, formed on December 11th, 1926, in the Shrine hospital there. Scout training is given in the hospital every Tuesday.

Frank tells them funny stories and tales of adventure and daring. His entranced auditors are around him in all stages of mobility; some bed-ridden, some in wheel chairs, and the lucky ones able to stand and to walk unaided. He runs off a motion picture for all the patients at frequent intervals and at other times he is an off-season Santa Claus, loaded with candy and other goodies. One time he borrowed a big elephant from the Orpheum Circuit and put it through its paces on the lawn.

All members pass the regulation "cub" tests, first aid, etc., and every day they are alert for the chance to do a good deed.

Other troops in San Francisco take a keen interest in their temporary shut-in comrades. In fact, on organization night 250 participated in full uniform. Of the 112 troops in the city it was the only one to be visited by James E. West, National Boy Scout Executive on his recent trip. He greatly encouraged them by revealing the fact that he was born a cripple, became an orphan while still very young, and as a cripple spent several years in public hospitals. He found their Scout work worthy of official praise.

Eighteen boys in the troop have been cured, and each one upon leaving was given a complete Scout uniform, including a pair of especially fitted shoes.

Noble Marisch is a prominent member of the Olympic Athletic Club. For fifteen years he was on its football and Rugby teams, and six years on the swimming and diving teams. [Continued on page 80]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

MAY, 1928

39

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

A special committee of Aahmes boosters recently staged a celebration at Los Banos for all members of the 32° Scottish Rite and Knights Templar, as well as the Shriners residing in Merced County and adjacent territory.

Recorder Bob Abernethy is also secretary of the Association. William P. St. Sure, new chairman of the entertainment committee, is working out a good program and already has put forth something snappy at a stated meeting. The formal reception and ball in honor of the new Potentate, Ezra W. Decoto, was held in the ivory ballroom of the Hotel Oakland.

Potentate Abernethy has appointed Noble Hans Vejby as chairman of activities for southern Alameda County. He will make all arrangements for visiting delegations from the district to temple headquarters in Oakland.

CABBA, MOBILE, ALA.

The Nobility here were all set to welcome Shriners from all over the jurisdiction to the Imperial Council session in Miami. Naturally, all arrangements had been made to entertain the visitors.

The first delegation was expected from Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio, on April 25th. On the 28th the boys from El Maida, of El

ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH

Abdallah engineered an impressive Ceremonial on March 15th, with all the uniformed bodies taking part. Potentate John McFarland was in charge, and there were new settings in the First and Third Sections.

CABU BEKR, SIOUX CITY, IA.

A grand march was one feature of the Potentate's ball, and there were favors for the ladies. This always is one of the social events of Sioux City and Potentate Clyde G. Cummins and his assistants maintained the splendid traditions of the past. Recently the Band and Chanters delighted Nobles and the general public with a Sunday concert.

"An Equal Chance" was run off on March 20th, while the Band and Chanters participated in the rest of the entertainment. A big jollification made April 13th notable. "Nothing but food, frolic and fun," promised Dr. George Ingledue—and so it was.

All these events were the prelude to the Spring Ceremonial on April 20th. The supplementary social features included a dance. Recorder Linder E. Brostrom reports a successful Ceremonial throughout.

CACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

Members are rapidly becoming accustomed

to their greatly enlarged facilities in the beautiful new Mosque, and the auditorium, seating 5000 persons, already has become an essential part of Richmond's social and civic life. In addition to the lodge facilities and general club quarters there are 44 bedrooms, each with a private bath. The clubhouse facilities include four spacious lounges, bowling alleys, poolrooms, a swimming pool, hot and cold baths, exercise room, etc.

The Spring Ceremonial will be held on May 29th and the Anniversary Ceremonial on June 11th.

AFIFI, TACOMA, WASH.

Shrine night in March was a gala affair, enjoyed by the ladies as well as the Nobles. On the 10th there was a buffet supper dance, with special decorations, and peppy music by Sutter's Orchestra.

On March 31st a big Spring Ceremonial was held in Wenatchee, jointly with El Katif of Spokane. Wenatchee is at the Western end of the Cascade tunnel, about midway between Tacoma and Spokane, which meant an all-night rail ride for both delegations, which used special trains. Afifi pilgrims were escorted by their Band and Patrols, Patrols from Grays Harbor, Vancouver and Yakima, and Chanters.

CAINAD, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

The regular March meeting falling on St. Patrick's Eve, the affair was pretty much in the hands of the Irish, with boys wearing green ties. The special program was arranged under the chairmanship of Arthur Patrick O'Leary.

April fool party was ladies' night, held on March 31st, with a large attendance. The slogan was: "If you have smiles prepare to use them now." W. Frank Watson was chairman of the program committee.

Potentate Lou Chakes has been on a junket with the Temple's quartette to Cairo, Metropolis, Paducah and Lebanon. Lou addressed several gatherings. Bruce A. Campbell was one of the speakers at Lebanon.

The Patrol, Band, Drum Corps and Chanters have pooled their social activities, with big times hereafter looming prominently in the offing.

The Potentate has appointed about 600 representatives in 232 towns where it has members, running the gamut from Albion to Xenia and Zeigler. Officers of this group

[Shrine News Continued on page 46]



Just a sleighful of Islam Temple's large party of 103 winter sport excursionists at Lake Tahoe, California.

Paso, will drop in for a few hours, and the next day it will be Hamasa, of Meridian, Miss

CABOU SAAD, PANAMA CANAL ZONE

An informal Panama-Miami club will help do the honors at the Imperial Council session, and the visitors from the Canal Zone will meet dozens of Abou Saad members or former members who now live in Florida. These Nobles who have preceded them to the mainland will extend the right hand of fellowship to the Zoners. The group developed from the suggestion of Noble Howard Gibbons, who spent five years in the Zone, supervising the construction of coaling stations at Balboa and Colon.



Noble Eli H. Thorn, Potentate, El Mina Temple, Galveston.

Historic old Ashton Villa, El Mina's new home in Galveston.

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.



Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for sev-

eral days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

"cures" have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25c a large tube.

COMMITTEES of the IMPERIAL COUNCIL

1928-1929

MAY, 1928

41

JURISPRUDENCE AND LAWS

Thad B. Landon.....Ararat Temple
Albert B. McGaffey.....El Jebel Temple
Frederick I. Dana.....Palestine Temple
Albert H. Fiebach.....Al Koran Temple
Fontaine Johnson.....Ben Ali Temple

DISPENSATIONS AND CHARTERS

G. F. Olendorf...Abou Ben Adhem Temple
Thomas P. Bradley.....Aad Temple
William F. Taylor.....Khartum Temple
Walter D. Cline.....Maskat Temple
O. W. Burdats.....Osiris Temple

FINANCE AND ACCOUNTS

Lou B. Winsor.....Saladin Temple
James C. Burger.....El Jebel Temple
Harry E. Sharrer.....Orak Temple
John S. Fouche.....Alhambra Temple
Tom S. Rishworth.....Osman Temple

JURISDICTIONAL LINES

George T. Matthews.....Moolah Temple
Richings J. Shand.....Ansar Temple
Julian Price.....Oasis Temple
George G. Beers.....Pyramid Temple
Alfred G. Arvold.....El Zagal Temple

IMPERIAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS AT ANNUAL SESSION

Clarence M. Dunbar.....Palestine Temple
Frank C. Jones.....Arabia Temple
Leo V. Youngworth...Al Malaikah Temple
William S. Brown.....Syria Temple
James H. Price.....Acca Temple

CONSIDERATION OF DESIRABILITY OF CHANGING MANNER AND TIME OF MEETINGS OF THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL

Percy E. Hoak.....Za-Ga-Zig Temple
Allan McCants.....Hamasa Temple
William G. Speed.....Boumi Temple
Walter W. Morrison.....Aleppo Temple
A. G. Myers.....Oasis Temple

REVISION OF RITUAL

James T. Rogers.....Kalurah Temple
James H. Price.....Acca Temple
Lee E. Thomas.....El Karubah Temple
Thomas S. Currie.....Karnak Temple
Victor Wankowski.....Al Bahr Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....Palestine Temple
Frank C. Jones.....Arabia Temple

CREDENTIALS

A. A. D. Rahn.....Zuhrah Temple
Shirley Christy.....El Zaribah Temple
Fred C. Goldsmith.....Zorah Temple
Sam H. Baker.....Hillah Temple
Walter G. Gibbons.....Bedouin Temple

GRIEVANCES AND APPEALS

Charles E. Ovenshire.....Zuhrah Temple
Louis M. Cole.....Al Malaikah Temple
Albert B. White.....Nemesis Temple
James H. Rowland...El Karubah Temple
John J. McMurray.....Jaffa Temple

MILEAGE AND PER DIEM

Harry E. McLain.....Syria Temple
Harry B. Roberts.....Egypt Temple
George M. Ransom.....Bedouin Temple
Robert A. Kincaid.....El Jebel Temple
Robert E. Simpson.....Oasis Temple

TRANSACTIONS OF IMPERIAL OFFICERS

J. Putnam Stevens.....Kora Temple
Frank C. Roundy.....Medinah Temple
Henry F. Niedringhaus.....Moolah Temple
James A. Rogers.....Palestine Temple
Edwin C. Forrest.....Elf Khurafeh Temple

NECROLOGY

Hugh M. Tate.....Kerbela Temple
Charles A. Welsh.....Gizeh Temple
Clifford H. Bradt.....Kismet Temple
Adam P. Leighton, Jr.....Kora Temple
Gerald D. Bliss.....Abou Saad Temple

NOMINATION OF EMERITI MEMBERS

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James S. McCandless.....Aloha Temple
John B. Orr.....Mahi Temple
Charles Miller.....Korein Temple
R. H. Kaufman.....Al Amin Temple
Carleton E. Hoadley.....Pyramid Temple
David W. Crosland.....Alcazar Temple

GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL

Arthur S. Evans.....Ziyara Temple
James R. Johnson.....Omar Temple
Norman A. Boyd.....Kalurah Temple
George F. Eisenbrown.....Rajah Temple
Preston Belvin.....Acca Temple

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1927-28

CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Potentate

FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Deputy Potentate

LEO V. YOUNG WORTH, Al Malaikah
Imperial Chief Rabban

ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial Assistant Rabban

THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial High Priest and Prophet

JAMES H. PRICE, Acca
Imperial Recorder

WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer

EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial Oriental Guide

CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master

JOHN N. SEBRELL, JR., Khedive
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master

DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Marshal

LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Captain of the Guard

HUGH M. CALDWELL, Nile
Imperial Outer Guard

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING

Mike H. Thomas.....Hella Temple
George S. Meredith.....Aahmes Temple
Ernest C. Hueter.....Islam Temple
Frank J. Herman.....Jerusalem Temple
George H. Rowe.....Ismailia Temple

PROTECTION OF EMBLEMS OF THE ORDER

Edward H. Merritt.....Mizpah Temple
D. W. Michaux.....Arabia Temple
Arthur H. Brown.....Al Bedoo Temple
Walter S. Davidson.....Al Azhar Temple
William J. Murray.....Moslem Temple

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H. T. Phinney.....Abdallah Temple
Jake F. Zurn.....Moslah Temple
George A. Stebbins.....Media Temple
Harry A. Manley.....Ali Ghan Temple
Arthur W. Milne.....Zem Zem Temple

CLANDESTINE SHRINES

Hugh R. Robertson.....Alzafar Temple
Edward B. King.....Afifi Temple
John A. Morison.....Kismet Temple
George M. Hendee.....Melha Temple
Francis H. Appleton.....Aleppo Temple

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Sam P. Cochran.....Hella Temple
W. Freeland Kendrick.....LuLu Temple
James R. Watt.....Cyprus Temple
Forrest Adair.....Yaarab Temple
Oscar M. Lanstrum.....Algeria Temple
John D. McGilvray.....Islam Temple
Arthur W. Chapman.....Khartum Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....Palestine Temple
Frank C. Jones.....Arabia Temple
Leo V. Youngworth...Al Malaikah Temple
Esten A. Fletcher.....Damascus Temple

PUBLICATION OFFICIAL SHRINE MAGAZINE

James E. Chandler.....Ararat Temple
George Filmer.....Islam Temple
Arthur H. Vincent.....Medinah Temple
Fred O. Wood.....Ararat Temple
Julius P. Heil.....Tripoli Temple
Frank C. Jones.....Arabia Temple
Clarence M. Dunbar.....Palestine Temple

ELECTION TELLERS, JUDGES AND CLERKS

Les E. Walton...Abou Ben Adhem Temple
Robert E. Lee.....Tadmor Temple
Fred W. DeLaney.....Mahi Temple
Clarence A. Hale.....Kem Temple
M. R. Schwer.....Al Kaly Temple
George T. Bryan.....Hejaz Temple
William J. Parker.....Damascus Temple
Peter Kooi.....Kalif Temple
W. L. Childs.....Arabia Temple
W. E. Gragg.....Calam Temple
Arthur L. Lee.....Mecca Temple
Thomas C. Law.....Yaarab Temple
J. Tom Owens.....Hella Temple
Frederick A. Nicholson...Cyprus Temple
George W. Robinson.....Kerak Temple
Charles F. Northup.....Tigris Temple
Verner U. Young.....Orak Temple
Hal F. Rambo.....Akdar Temple
George W. Talbott.....El Riad Temple
E. E. Sterrick.....Tangier Temple



A Modern Form of Common-Sense

If you wake up some night and find a
burglar in your room---???

HERO stuff? Melodrama? Not likely!
You'll probably observe the technique
of this profession of which you've heard
so much, and tell him, if he knows you're
awake, to go right ahead and help himself.

The sooner he's through the better you'll
both like it.

For you can later replace the stolen valuables
with more of the same kind of work that pro-
duced them in the first place. And melodramatic
heroics are out of date.

BUT—the most dangerous of today's thieves,
burglars and stick-up men are fiendishly clever.
They know you—and your habits—in advance.

If you are *known* to be armed—they avoid
you. They know that the man who would de-
cline to interrupt them when they see him first,
might act quite differently if he got the drop on
them from a dark room or the head of the stairs.
And with the new, heavy-penalty laws, second
offenders cannot afford to take a chance.

Make no mistake. They're not "gallant rogues".
They're dope fiends and vicious killers.

Own a Smith & Wesson. Talk about it as a
matter of course. Let it be known that you are
not only armed but armed with the most depend-
able and accurate revolver ever made. The ears
of the underworld are everywhere. And the pos-
session of a Smith & Wesson commands respect.

A 32 or 38 calibre S. & W. Safety makes accidental discharge by adult or child impossible.

Our Descriptive Booklet "G" will interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.
THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

Shriners Start Building \$7,000,000 Home for MEDINAH ATHLETIC CLUB



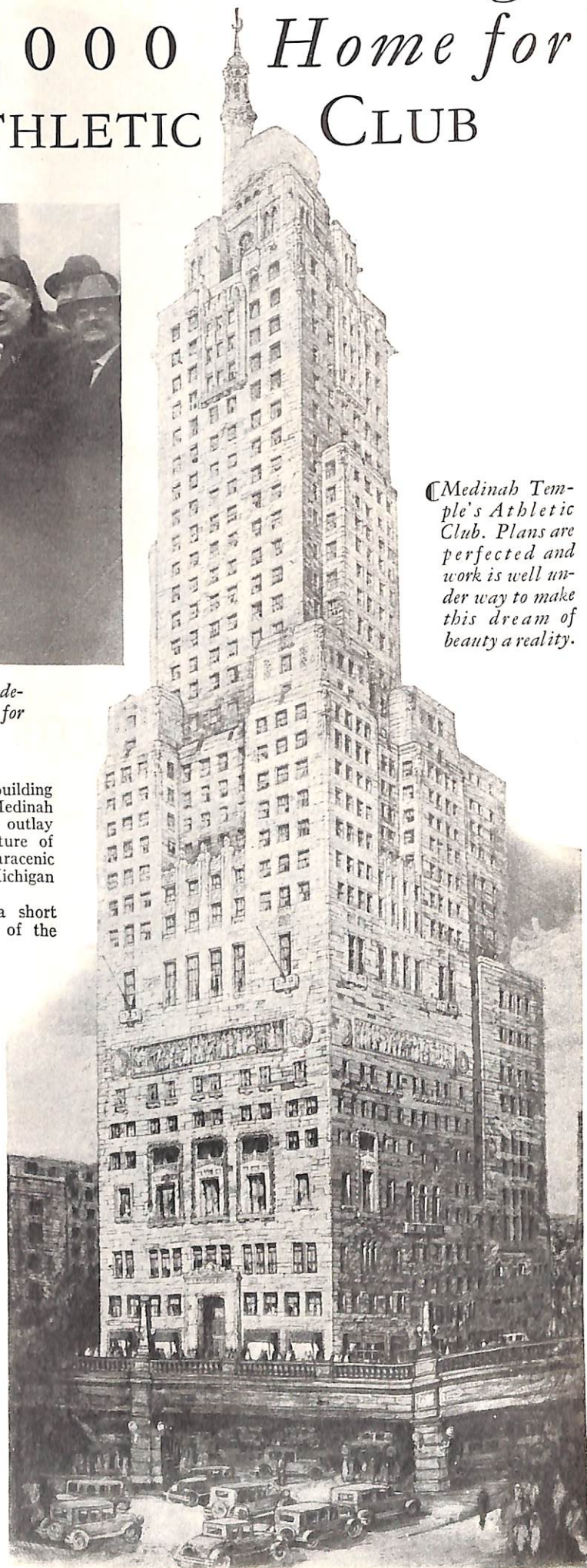
Mayor Thompson of Chicago turning the first spadeful of earth at the ground-breaking ceremonies for Medinah Temple's Athletic Club.

SHRINERS in Chicago once more are in the grip of a building fever. This time the epidemic is confined to the members of Medinah Athletic Club, which is erecting a home that will represent an outlay of more than \$7,000,000. It will be a steel and stone structure of magnificent proportions, featured by the monumental type of Saracenic architecture in the form of a huge tower rising 526 feet above Michigan Boulevard, three blocks distant from Medinah Temple.

Construction work started early last December, following a short ceremony at the site, at which Mayor Thompson, a member of the Mosque, turned the first spadeful of earth, using for the purpose a substantial steel implement presented to the Club by Past Potentate Edwin E. Mills. Incidentally, Noble Mills plans to have the spade gold-plated and placed among the archives of the Club.

The building is to be completed before the end of this year. It will have forty-two stories, and will be surmounted by a gold tile dome and minaret. Its great height will make it plainly visible for long distances in every direction. All that the latest developments in decorative art, modern equipment and ingenious ideas of arrangement can offer will be embodied in the structure. The ground floor on Michigan Boulevard will be arranged for stores from which a substantial revenue will be received. Twelve floors will be devoted to club purposes, and the remainder will be utilized for guest rooms. Four hundred and twenty-eight rooms will be provided each with a bath. Many of these will be permanently occupied by members, and the others will be available for visiting Shriners and their families.

The main entrance will open on a huge reception hall from which an imposing double stair will lead to a five-story hall in which will be all the facilities of a well appointed club, including a reception room for visitors. A great marble stairway will lead to the grill, lounge, dining-room, and women's club quarters, which will have its own lounge-parlors, beauty parlor, Turkish bath, dining-room and private elevator. Above this will be a ballroom with a seating capacity of 1,500 and accommodating 1,100 dancers. It will have a large spectators' gallery, and its marbles, velvets and huge crystallized torches and chandeliers will be reminiscent of the settings for Balthazar's fetes. Connected with this will be a lounge, smoking room, boudoir, ladies' rest room, and upstairs on the mezzanine floor, will be several private dining-rooms reached by a promenade overlooking the ball-room lounge. On the next floor will [Continued on page 59]



Medinah Temple's Athletic Club. Plans are perfected and work is well under way to make this dream of beauty a reality.

MAY, 1928

43

"SPORTS AND SLEEP are a fine combination for success"

Says

Julius P. Heil

"Eight hours a night on a Simmons Mattress and Ace Spring fit a man for the most strenuous days—full of activity", continues Mr. Heil.

AND these are strenuous days. Competition is keen. There are a hundred-and-one things to do—so many that there's scarcely time for each. Truly this is an age of high tension—when energies must be at their peak—minds clear and alert!

Sleep—proper sleep, makes that possible. And Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring makes proper sleep a matter of course. Constant experimenting—years of finding out how—has resulted in these products by the world's largest manufacturer of Beds and Bedding.

Note how the Beautyrest is made: a center-core of hundreds of resilient springs—that follow the outline of the body—supporting it, resting it. Covering the springs at top and bottom are thick layers of finest mattressing. Attractive tickings add to the attractiveness.

The Ace Spring, too, is mechanically and scientifically correct. Each tempered coil is of just the right "springiness." "Governor" springs prevent side-sway, yet permit utmost flexibility—assuring utmost comfort.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons



Julius P. Heil—a world traveler, hunter and all-around sportsman—is also a keen, successful business man—Vice-President of The Heil Company, Milwaukee, with branches throughout the United States—Simmons equipment gives him the sleep he knows is necessary.

Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



The Simmons Ace Spring—an extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-cover additional.

The tailored good looks of the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring in combination—is visible assurance of its comfort and durability.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—hundreds of close-packed, springy wire coils—each permanently anchored in its individual pocket. Over this thick layers of mattressing—what could be more restful!

SIMMONS BEDS SPRINGS MATTRESSES
(BUILT FOR SLEEP)



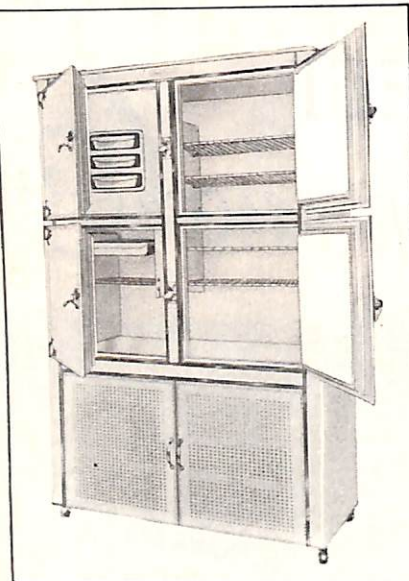
SHRINE
SERVICE



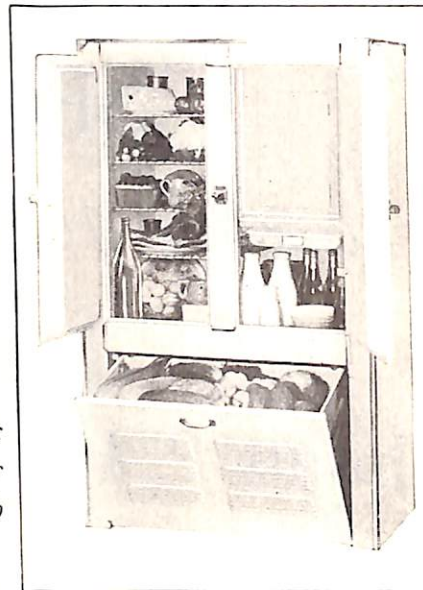
Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Choosing the New Refrigerator

*How the Scientific, Automatic
Cooling Plant, 1928 Model, Lowers
Food Costs and Safeguards Health*

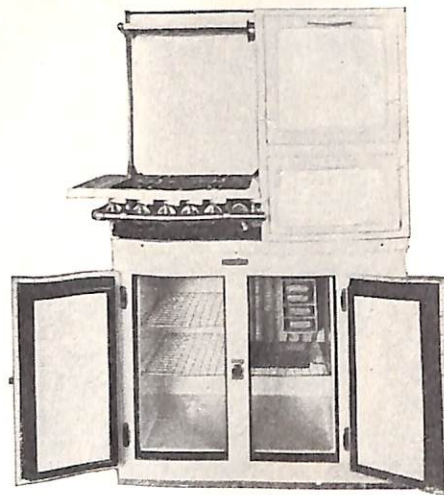


(Above) Automatic refrigeration replaces moist, fluctuating temperatures of the melting icecube with uniform dry cold, safeguarding health by lessened food spoilage.



(Above) The new home storage plant makes for less frequent, economical quantity marketing, at lower cost, and provides commodious storage space for perishables.

(Left) This compact range-refrigerator proves gas will equally chill the chest or cook the chop.



THE invention of artificial heat lies in the dim dawn before history when Prometheus is credited with bringing fire from heaven to aid man keep warm and cook his food. But the invention of artificial cold is so recent as to be within the memory of many of us. It was Bacon, the great philosopher, who first pointed out "what a useful thing it would be if man had the same command of cold as he has of heat." Like a true scientist, he began to experiment, but his attempt led to fatal results; he caught his death of a cold by descending from his carriage one winter's day and stuffing snow into a dressed chicken to see if it would keep longer!

Today every family of average means can have safe home refrigeration installed in sanitary, attractive food compartments whose temperature can be always controlled to the desirable margin of 40°-50° F. This modern economical food service, automatic night or day, is as different from the old-fashioned hungry "ice chest" as electric lighting is from the primitive dangerous oil lamp. Going, if not gone, are the days of the intermittent iceman tracking the kitchen floor, the "no ice" when unexpected guests arrive, and above all, the really unsafe conditions in the box due to melting ice with its attendant moist air and ever varying temperature.

Automatic refrigeration has these important advantages: 1. It provides dry uniform cold instead of moist fluctuating temperatures. 2. It permits a longer period of food preservation. 3. It enables food to be bought in larger, hence more economical quantity. 4. It safeguards health by lessening food spoilage, particularly of milk, meat and moist foods. 5. It affords a wider range of cooling and refreshing dishes, foods and beverages in the menu. 6. It saves time and effort by reducing the need for frequent marketing and purchasing. 7. It saves labor and attention by doing away with personal ice delivery, opening doors, talking, wiping up after the iceman. 8. It saves time and cleaning effort by not requiring scalding of traps, waste pipes, etc., or attention to overflowing drip pan. 9. It makes for more flexible and efficient kitchen construction, since its location is not affected by window exposure, relation to stove, etc., as is the usual refrigerator. 10. It is the latest and most efficient development in the desirable "mechanization of the household."

Automatic refrigeration is of two chief types: (1) that using electric current; and (2) that using commercial gas. With either type there is a mechanism utilized with

Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

*—In Your Household Problems—In
Your Travels—In Your Investments—
In Your Shopping*

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

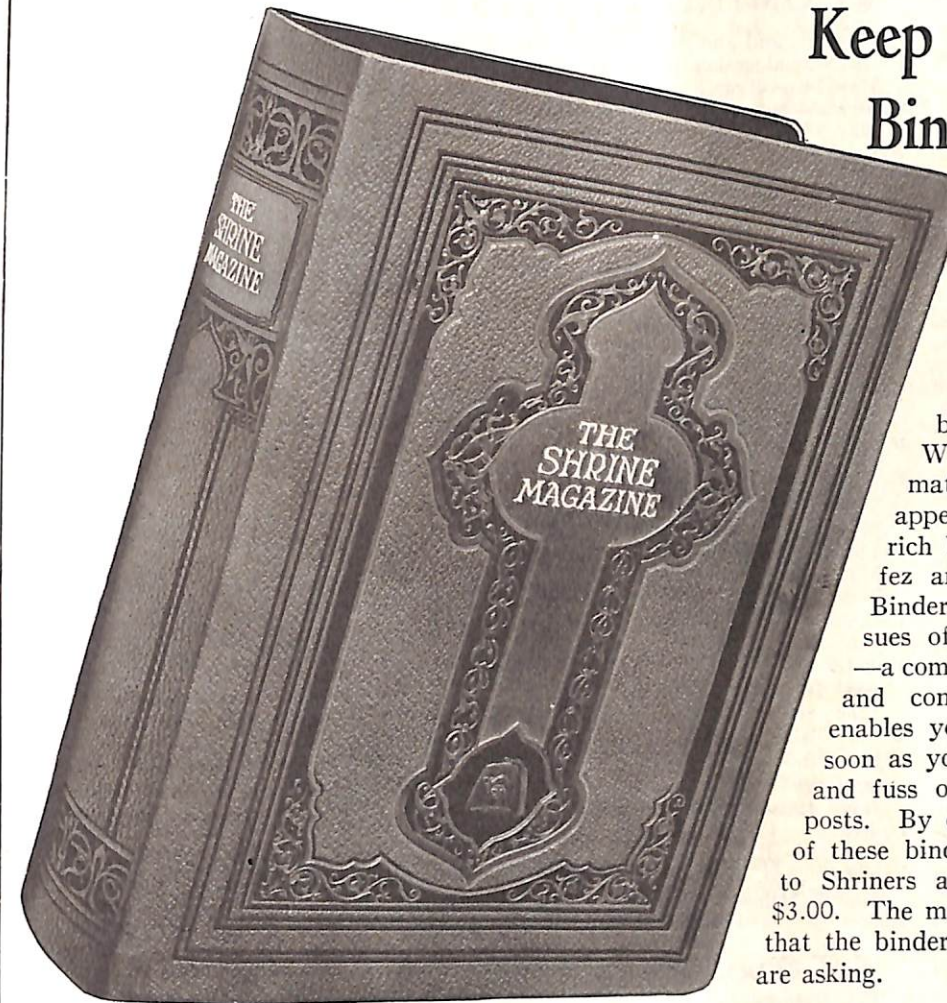
Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.

some form of refrigerant which generates cold. In a typical installation of the electric type, we have a small motor, a compressor, and a frost or cooling coil and tank. This frost coil and tank are placed in the small compartment of the refrigerator usually filled with cake ice. The motor and compressor may be located on the top of the cabinet, be concealed in its lower portion, or installed separately in basement or elsewhere. By a simple and repeating cycle of operation, the refrigerant (usually a harmless gas) is cooled under pressure, expands, and thus extracts the heat from foods and refrigerator; it is then cooled, again expands, and so on continuously. The moment the cold falls below a certain pre-determined degree of temperature, the current automatically sets the mechanism to operate, which it continues to do until the pre-determined temperature is once more established. Then the current shuts off once more. Thus in its operation the automatic refrigerator functions exactly like an automatic pump on a water system where the pump "goes on" the moment the pressure falls below 40 pounds, or at whatever point it may be set.

In the type of refrigeration operated by gas, we find the paradox of using and burning heat to generate cold. In such automatic refrigeration there is no motor, fan or compressor, indeed, no mechanism whatever. The refrigerator is kept cooled by the evaporation of a liquid which absorbs heat as it evaporates. Here, too, we find a continuous cycle of a refrigerant being continuously evaporated, condensed being continuously evaporated, and this constant evaporation puts the chill in the chest! In place of the motor and compressor of the other type, we find utilized a trickle of water and a small gas flame, both of which are kept constantly under automatic control. The cooling chamber with its convenient trays is similarly located in the usual ice space.

Quite the most interesting feature of the pre-type of automatic refrigeration is the presence of freezing trays and compartments in the cooling mechanism. These trays are like shallow egg-cartons or narrow drawers which freeze uniform cubes of water or other liquids. One or two trays of supply cubes provide a constant source of supply of purest ice for drinking water and cooling summer drinks, thus doing away with all the messy labor [Continued on page 47]

Keep This Attractive Binder Upon Your Library Table



Every Shriner will welcome the opportunity to preserve each copy of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE in the attractive binder pictured on this page. While made of a special patented material, it has all the charming appearance of fine leather with a rich brown finish, tooled border, red fez and gold lettering. The Shrine Binder is designed to hold twelve issues of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE—a complete file for one year. A simple and convenient binding arrangement enables you to insert each new issue as soon as you receive it without the bother and fuss of punching holes or adjusting posts. By contracting for a large number of these binders we are able to offer them to Shriners at the unusually low price of \$3.00. The moment you see one you'll agree that the binder is worth much more than we are asking.

The First Two Volumes of The Shrine Magazine Are Now Ready for You!

The first two volumes of The Shrine Magazine have been permanently bound in special binders similar to the one pictured above. Volume One contains every issue published in 1926; Volume Two contains all issues for 1927—both constitute a complete file of the magazine since it was founded. The price of each volume is \$6.00 or \$12.00 for the set. These volumes are not made up in a loose

leaf fashion, but are bound permanently exactly the same as a book. The set will last a lifetime due to the durable method of construction.

If you anticipate maintaining a complete file of The Shrine Magazine now is the time to start it as these bound volumes will be published at the close of each year. But we must have your order without delay as the edition is limited.

Send Your Order Now—Use the Coupon

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 328	
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.	
Enclosed find remittance of \$..... Please send me the following:	
<input type="checkbox"/>	1 Regular Shrine Binder (\$3.00)
<input type="checkbox"/>	1 Permanent Volume One (\$6.00)
<input type="checkbox"/>	1 Permanent Volume Two (\$6.00)
Name.....	
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Please print name and address	

We guarantee
delivery in per-
fect condition

Your money
back if not
completely
satisfied



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 38]

are Frank E. Hatch, chairman; Walt Marsh, peppist; J. M. Gucker, scribe. "Get your man" is the slogan.

CAHMED, MARQUETTE, MICH.

Ahmed will hold its Spring Ceremonial on May 25th. Potentate Robert M. Weidemann, Recorder Fred J. Schultheis and all the other workers are preparing for a big time.

CAL AZHAR, CALGARY, ALBERTA

Festivities lasting two days marked this Temple's first 1928 Ceremonial, led by the new Potentate, Noble E. B. Curlette. There were members present from all parts of mid-western Canada, and some of the comments were: "Just like old times;" "haven't laughed so much for years." The Ceremonial was fully up to the notices broadcast by Director Charlie Comba. Twenty-five brave novices were safely conducted over the shifting sands. There were card parties, luncheon, entertainments and dances for the ladies.

Perhaps the most enjoyable element was the reunion of Nobles who came from remote points and had not seen each other since the last gathering.

In the Patrol William McFarlane Campbell has been reelected captain. Others retained are Secretary David Johnson and Auditors Bills, King and Hall. Frank Williams has declined to continue as first lieutenant and is succeeded by Harry Minchin. Charlie Comba is the new second lieutenant.

The Temple now has band instruments and uniforms costing \$4,500, all free of debt. Some time ago Noble Harry Robie found players for every instrument, and under the able leadership of Bill Leggett the Band has become one of the best in Western Canada.

Noble H. J. Robie is the new Chief Rabbah and Noble R. A. Brown is Assistant Rabbah.

CAL BAHR, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The quarterly meeting of this Temple on April 13th was very short as to business transacted, but had quite an entertainment, to which the ladies were invited. The principal feature was a play, "Mazie Puts It Over," written by Mrs. V. F. Safranek and put on for San Diego Shriners by the Drama Department of the San Diego Women's Club. The play is a sequel to a previous one, "Love's Follies," by the same author, and has quite a mention of the Shriners Hospital at San Francisco.

The annual May Party at Powam Lodge, Mesa Grande, was held this year on April 28th and 29th.

On May 15th Al Bahr will hold another of its pleasant dancing parties.

Members of Board of Governors Shrine Directors' Association whose pictures were not shown in the April Issue.



Past Imp. Potentate F. C. Roundy, Medinah.



Noble Edw. S. Stetson, Kora.



Noble Geo. W. Adams, Abba.



Noble Sydney A. Gaines, Maskat.



Noble S. W. Brinson, Khedive, Dir. Gen.

COMING EVENTS

May 1st, 2nd and 3rd—Miami, Fla., fifty-fourth annual session of the Imperial Council.

May 14th—Tripoli, Milwaukee, Dedication of new Mosque and Ceremonial.

May 15th—(tentative) Sahara, Pine Bluff, Ark., dedication of Temple and Ceremonial.

May 16th—Damascus, Rochester, Ceremonial.

May 18th—Al Bedoo, Billings, Mont., Ceremonial.

May 18th—India, Oklahoma City, Ceremonial.

May 19th—Ararat, Kansas City, Ceremonial.

May 21st—Al Kader, Portland, Ore., Ceremonial.

May 24th—Sudan, Ceremonial at Raleigh.

May 24th—Wahabi, Jackson, Miss., Ceremonial.

May 25th—Ahmed, Marquette, Mich., Ceremonial.

May 25th—El Jebel, Denver, Ceremonial.

May 25th—Elf Khurafah, Saginaw, Mich., Ceremonial.

May 26th—Tigris, Syracuse, Ceremonial.

May 29th—Acca, Richmond, Southside Ceremonial, Farmville, Va.

June 1st—Moslem, Detroit, Ceremonial at Bob-Lo Island.

June 2nd—Moolah, St. Louis, Ceremonial.

June 8th—El Zagal, Fargo, No. Dak., Ceremonial.

June 9th—Nile, Seattle, Wash., Ceremonial.

June 9th—Crescent, Ceremonial, Camden.

July 10th—Ismailia, Buffalo, European cruise.

Aug. 3rd—Islam's Oriental tour starts from San Francisco.

August 14th—Nile, Seattle, pilgrimage to Alaska.

CAL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

This Temple will hold its annual Spring Ceremonial on May 18th, and indications are that the class will be the largest on record. Montana's youngest temple is making a systematic canvass for candidates, with early reports indicating success. Potentate Frank B. Connely is very confident. Noble Leon Shaw reports that the auditorium seats 7,000, thus permitting the entire function to be held under one roof.

CALCAZAR, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Plans for a Spring Ceremonial have been made. It is expected that about 100 candidates will be taught the real meaning of "Shrine sunshine."

CAL EE, SAVANNAH, GA.

Members of this Temple, operating as the Shrine Country Club, are now in charge of the Thunderbolt Casino. The executive committee of Alce Temple has approved the leasing of the Casino for an indefinite period.



Past Potentate Lou Cornelius, Saladin, Grand Rapids, with a fine bull moose which he brought down.

CAL EPPA, BOSTON, MASS.

This Temple expects to have one of the largest delegations at the Imperial Council session in Miami, inasmuch as more than 1,000 reservations had been made by members before last Christmas. Fifty or more cars will be used in special trains from Boston, led by Aleppo's Drum Corps of 226 members.

Despite pressing personal engagements, a large proportion of the famous Aleppo Drum Corps appear for the popular Monday evening rehearsals, which are broadcast for 30 minutes to the Westinghouse station WBZ and WBZA of Springfield and Boston. The pickup is made from the bandroom, goes by Western Union wire to the Statler Hotel in Boston, and is then relayed to Springfield. The rehearsal attendance varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

This feature gives great popularity to Shrinedom with the general public. At a recent broadcast Leader Louis Harlow spoke about the Shrine hospital achievements.

CAL HAMBRA, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

A minstrel show for the benefit of crippled children befriended by the Shrine was given under the auspices of Alhambra on April 10th, 11th and 12th. All three performances were well attended by the general public. S. Russell Dow, Potentate of the Temple, issued a public statement about the national hospital work being done by the Shrine.

CAL IGHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

The annual Potentate's reception and ball this year in honor of the new one, Potentate G. Guy Shoemaker and Mrs. Shoemaker, was an event which drew an attendance of 200 Nobles and ladies. Dr. and Mrs. Shoemaker headed the Divan in the receiving [Shrine News Continued on page 50]

MAY, 1928

CHOOSING THE NEW REFRIGERATOR

[Continued from page 44]

of the ice pack and the ice chipping.

Automatic refrigeration can be purchased in a size to suit any demand. It can be installed in the present refrigerator, in a new one, or the entire mechanism and cabinet can be purchased as a complete unit. Some readers have asked if it is wise to place a new automatic in their present refrigerator. This depends: if the present model is well insulated with good tight-fitting hinges, and is in good condition, an automatic installation should be a success. On the other hand if the old refrigerator lacks sufficient insulation, or if it is of a poor design, it could not be expected to give satisfaction, no matter how excellent the automatic installation itself. Just as a heating system proves more efficient in a well insulated house, so a cooling system will give most dependable and least costly service in a well insulated cabinet. All the points that make for good service and low operating cost in a refrigerator using ice are equally true when applied to a refrigerator using automatic cold. The cabinet must be rightly designed so that the best direction is given to the air currents which really chill the food; the box should be well insulated with hairfelt, flax, and particularly with a layer of true cork through whose microscopic air cells no heat can pass; the lining should be seamless, free from cracks and crevices, easy to wipe and keep clean; last, the doors also should be adequately insulated and fitted with such hinges and hardware as always to be well fitting and tight.

Another question asked by readers in regard to the electric automatic, is whether it should be chosen in a model where the mechanism is self contained, or is it preferable to install motor and compressor separately. That again depends on conditions; if the purchaser is a renter, likely to move frequently, then the self contained automatic naturally is easier to install and move from place to place. On the other hand, where the residence is a permanent one it seems very desirable to place the motor and compressor in the basement. The advantages of such an installation are, (1) less heat dissipated into the room air, (2) less vibration noise in the kitchen, and last, (3) greater efficiency of operation, because the cooler the air surrounding the compressor, the easier it is to dissipate and throw off the heat it has extracted or pumped out of the refrigerator.

It should always be borne in mind that even the most perfectly operating and dependable automatic will give better food service and cost less to run if it is utilized in the best way. That is, there is a real science of food placement in any refrigerator, thus, milk, butter, moist foods must be located at the coldest level, etc.; nor should the doors of the automatic be opened more frequently than those of any other type. The manufacturer is doing his share in giving the household safe and dependable food preservation. It is up to the home manager to do her share in better understanding the science of refrigeration applied to food storage and how continuous cold air prevents the growth of bacteria.

Mrs. Frederick will be glad to answer special questions on choosing refrigerator installation if readers address her care SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Get rid of money worries for good!



TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room.

"Everything's going pretty well with me —now," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school..."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1 1/2% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed that. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of \$100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

WOULDN'T you like to make your life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't you like to get rid of money worries for good?

You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable Phoenix Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in your later years.

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MY HEART AND YOURS

(Continued from page 13)

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A morning thrill!*

Then all day Face Fitness
from the

*Aqua Velva
After-Shave!*

A tingling splash of Aqua Velva when the shave is done! Your skin feels smartly awake,—and looks it! Then all day a face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving—just for that! Eighty-eight years of finding out what things are best for beard and skin preceded it.

It tones up facial tissues. Helps to heal razor nicks—usually too small to see. Protects the skin. Keeps it flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Keeps it as Williams lather leaves it,—supple, Fit!

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**Williams
Aqua Velva**
For use after shaving

strain on my heart at that time had dilated it, while my abandonment of former physical activities, following that accident, had softened the heart muscle so that its tone was almost gone. Now, with the general toning up of my entire muscular system, the latest X-ray of my heart shows an organ not much above normal size.

Many persons fear heart failure because of a slow and comparatively weak pulse, but the greater danger is from a rapid, strong pulse, indicating that the heart is overworking in the effort to throw off some poison or that it is pumping against tensed arteries. Nervous tension, which is almost normal to mental workers, tightens up the arteries, putting greater pressure on the heart. I can run my pulse up from 70 beats to the minute to 95, and often do, by simply sitting at my desk doing a difficult piece of writing. "Many persons have been killed by the ill-advised effort to stimulate a slow-beating heart, which ought to be let alone," a heart specialist told me. It is when the heart is thumping that the danger is the worst. And that is the time that it needs a charge of dynamite.

I mean that literally. Nitro-glycerine, which is what puts the "mite" in dynamite, is one of the emergency heart remedies which some specialists advise their patients to carry with them at all times. I never am without a little vial of nitro-glycerine pellets, each containing a two-hundred-and-twenty-fifth of a grain of the drug. Not once a month do I have occasion to use one, but when I feel my heart pumping violently, as if against an obstruction, and at the same time have a recurrence of the old pain, a single pellet does the trick. It relieves the tension on the arteries and at the same time stimulates the heart. But like digitalis, which is almost the only other drug which finds a place in the modern treatment of the heart, nobody should use it upon himself without the advice of a first-rate heart specialist.

I am setting down some of the interesting things about the heart which my doctors and my own experience have taught me, not for the purpose of frightening anybody but for precisely the opposite reason. Most of the heart troubles of middle age are nothing to worry about. Indeed, worrying about them or about anything else is the worst thing a man can do. But whenever a man above forty begins to feel as if he were not quite up to the mark, or even if he does fool himself into thinking that he is "just as good as he used to be," it can't do him any harm and it may do him a lot of good to hunt up a heart specialist and have a general inspection made.

I say a heart specialist, because most physicians in general practise are not equipped with the instruments by which alone a true

picture of heart conditions can be presented for diagnosis.

Moreover, most heart troubles are symptomless in their early stages. At least, the symptoms don't spell "heart" to the patient nor to the ordinary physician. Often cases which have been diagnosed as merely stomach upsets prove later to have been heart troubles. A good many heart disorders, of the milder types, do come from the direct pressure of the distended stomach upon the heart, from which it is separated only by the thin wall of the diaphragm. Deaths from "acute indigestion" are often the result of too much pressure upon the heart by a gas-inflated stomach; so, too, are many attacks of palpitation of the heart.

There is one combination of symptoms which indicates gradual heart failure; that is the combination of shortness of breath, tenderness or pain located in the region of the liver, and swelling of the feet. Many persons cannot climb stairs without panting, but that alone may not signify heart trouble. But when one pants in going up a short incline, feels sore under right ribs, and has puffy feet which are not cold, he or she needs to consult a heart specialist.

Heart disease, according to the statisticians of the life insurance companies and others, is on the increase in America. Whether that is literally true, or whether it is merely more generally recognized and properly labeled is a question. Many ailments, like acute indigestion, now classed as heart troubles, were formerly not so regarded. Then, too, the average of longevity is much greater than it used to be, and men remain in active work to a greater age than they did a generation ago; for that reason there is a larger number of men living at the age when heart troubles begin to be serious matters.

If I had gone to a modern heart specialist ten years before I did, I probably would never have had any heart trouble at all. That is, if I had had the good sense to follow his advice. He would have told me to change my diet, reduce my weight, clean out every possible source of pus infection, stop worrying, get out of doors more and exercise.

Doctors used to think they had to lie to their heart patients. So many men and women who have no fear of a slow and lingering death are terrified at the thought of sudden death. But the best heart specialists today tell their patients precisely what is the matter with them, explain how their mental and physical activities affect the heart, and teach them how to live with their hearts. They find that the patient quickly gets over the first shock of learning that he has heart disease, and usually lives many years longer than the man who has it and doesn't know it.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE *(Continued from page 31)*

small proportion who are cranks. They are with us, and we cannot ignore them. Like the pump and the flivver, they have to be turned by somebody.

It's the same way when you are dealing with a cranky Shriner. He is the way Allah built him. He will only turn for certain reasons. You get out of him exactly what you put in. He will give you an argument if you prime him with one, he will give you kindness if you prime him with kindness; best of all, he will give you cooperation in the work of the Temple if you prime him with cooperation.

There never was a crank to whom you did not have to make concessions. I had to

make them to that old pump and flivver. I have to make them to the cranks I occasionally have to deal with today in several organizations to which I belong. But I have yet to meet one with a Fez on his bean who would not respond promptly to the kind of priming I put into him before I tried to turn him.

Somewhere in each wedding cake there is a ring; whoever is to get married next gets it in their slice of cake! I have a suspicion that there is a moral concealed somewhere in this meandering screed. I hope it goes to the fellow who is next in line to turn a crank. It's a Shrine moral and as such, of course, is kindly.

JAZZLAND *(Continued from page 29)*

lifted from it. As he moved toward the door Stella saw, under the light, that the beads of sweat were on his forehead now.

Homer came in, looking drawn and puzzled. Wilbraham followed. Harmer said, huskily, "Take chairs." And swung back into his own seat.

Stella leaped again at him. "Mr. Harmer, I ask you again, before these gentlemen, Will you close Jazzland tonight?"

He sat motionless.

"Will you renew Homer Pew's notes?" Homer started; stared. The old man was watching him. "Forgive me, Homer," Stella brushed on, "for bringing up such a matter. I happened to know about it. It is a factor in the situation. Mr. Harmer, I take it that your answers, if you gave us any, would still be in the negative. Very well. Now, Mr. Harmer, I said a little while back that the murderers have been running at large, protected by a political machine. I happen to know that these men were on friendly terms, today, with at least one member of your local police force."

Harmer startled them all by suddenly swinging forward and banging a big hand flat on the desk. "Stella Bagot, if you know anything about those gunmen it is your duty to give your information at once to the selectman."

"Miss Bagot has done better than that, Mr. Harmer," put in Wilbraham, coolly studying the bearded face. "She has caught them, two of them."

"Caught them?"

"The murderer, and one of his pals. The identification is positive, and I think will stand in court. I am prepared to go before the grand jury tomorrow."

"And let me give you fair warning—" Stella—"That if any of the queer political influence which has been so strong in this county of late is brought to bear to help those murderers, there is one definite thing I can do. I will publish the whole story in a magazine of national circulation that is, fortunately, altogether out of your reach."

Harmer was still leaning forward, pressing that big hand on the desk. "We seem to have grown a bit heated here. I'm sorry, of course, that you've permitted yourself to take a rather hostile attitude toward myself. But that isn't important. After all, however we may differ in detail, we all, I am sure, have the interests of the town deeply at heart. We are all eager for justice to act."

"Are we?" Stella was blazing now. The other two were watching her; Wilbraham with a keen question in his eyes, Homer in frank confusion. "You, Mr. Harmer, are head of the selectmen. You're a pretty properly constituted authority. Yet this very evening you talked over the telephone right here, from this home, with one of the men now held for murder. You told him not to call you up, but to communicate with you through Neddick. You—"

"That is a lie!" cried Harmer. "You are bringing a charge!"

"Yes, I'm bringing a charge!" she answered him. Homer had leaped to his feet; but Wilbraham sat motionless watching. "And it is not a lie. I heard it myself, heard exactly what he said and what you said. You can thank the telephone company for that. I was trying to call you. From the railway station. The man was there, too, in another booth. The operator plugged me in on your line, by mistake. Then I saw the man. That's how we were able to catch them."

The vigor had gone from Harmer's face. The shrewd eyes were dull and sunken.

"And that's not all. Mr. Harmer, you knew that man. You knew the voice. You knew that that *(Continued on page 51)*

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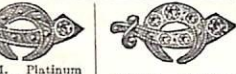
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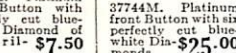
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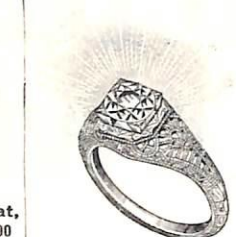
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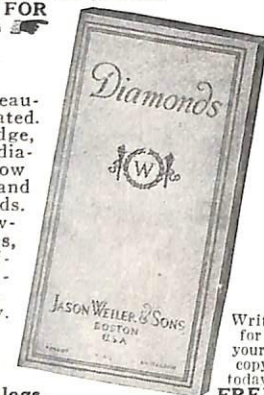
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46]

line and also led the grand march. A fine concert was played by the Band, under the direction of Noble Gerard Everstine.

The Drum Corps, led by Noble Ralph Rizer, rehearses every Wednesday. The Patrol, captained by Noble Jannie Lamp, drills every Friday. The Chanters are doing fine under the direction of Noble Elvin E. Schartel.

Ali Ghan is flourishing, making a gain last year of 58 members, bringing the total to 868.

CAL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

An outstanding special event in Portland was Potentate Hugh J. Boyd's formal ball, held in the Masonic Temple, and attended by Governor and Mrs. Patterson, the Divan, Past Potentates and the Nobility. Both ballrooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Noble Harvey Wells, chairman of the committee on cards, assisted by George Earl Henton and A. H. Averill, arranged for those who did not care to dance. There was a dance and card party in the Shrine auditorium on April 13th. The first of a series of bridge parties for the women of Al Kader was held on March 21st and the second on April 11th.

CAL KALY, PUEBLO, COLO.

Al Kaly devoted March 16th to an official Ceremonial which put a good sized class of novices through their paces. The Ceremonial Director, H. C. Benjamin, and S. Bernheim, Assistant Director and Stage Manager, were assisted in the work by twenty efficient helpers. There were new settings for the First Section. Following the banquet there was a parade by Billy Barber and his motorcycle marshals. Then came the awe inspiring initiation of the novices.

One of Al Kaly's diversions is the "Cheese Knife Lunch Club," which meets every Friday noon, with an attendance of about sixty-five Nobles. A rare good time is the rule at these luncheons and Noble Sonneborn avers that the club does not "pretend that the destiny of the country, state, city, county or the waters that flow through the Royal Gorge rest upon its shoulders." Senator Alva B. Adams is one of the group's leading verbal duellists.

CAL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Temple is gratified over the great success of its experiment in light opera and may attempt even more ambitious programs in the future.

Potentate Gillette was recently initiated as a member of the Breakfast Club, a well-known Los Angeles organization. The proceedings were broadcast by radio station KFWB. Several members of the California Supreme Court participated in the speaking, including Chief Justice Waste.

CALMAS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the Washington auditorium, which seats 6,000 persons, Almas, on March 3rd, gave a unique revue, a fashion display that cost \$20,000 to put on. It also featured exceptional divertissements. There were five sections to the show. The stage settings alone cost several thousand dollars and there were one hundred changes of costumes. Broadway performers in the city at the time appeared in several numbers. It was one of the big things Almas has done.

Despite the relative low prices, the cash returns were considerable for the reason that there was no producer's cut.

Noble Frank Simon, the able director of Antioch Temple's Band at Dayton, Ohio.



A popularity contest for women conducted through the newspapers for some time in advance augmented the public interest to the benefit of box office receipts.

CAL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

The possibility of building a new Temple across the corner from the City Hall is being considered. The matter is in the hands of a building committee consisting of Nobles W. R. Rogers, Jr., Bruce C. Jones and F. E. Adams. The Temple owns the property in question, with plenty of room for a temple on Poplar street without disturbing the income producing property now on the Cotton avenue side.

CALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A diverting "bobtail" ceremonial was put on at the regular monthly business session March 8th. There was a large delegation present from the gulf coast areas.

CANEZEH, CITY OF MEXICO

Having rounded out in 1927 the most successful year since the granting of its charter in 1907, Anezeh is already well along in its work this year, under the direction of Potentate M. M. Muñoz, who paid a tribute to Past Potentate Howard E. Hickman upon assuming office, saying that "he has made history for Anezeh Temple."

Potentate Muñoz's Divan consists of Nelson O. Rhoades, Chief Rabbani; Gayle A. Steel, Assistant Rabbani; Edgar H. Skidmore, High Priest and Prophet; Oriental Guide, Herman A. Gallant; Treasurer, Edmund Kirby-Smith; First Ceremonial Master, B. E. Simmons; Second Ceremonial Master, Ernesto F. Lopez; Marshal, Angel Caso Cacho, Jr.; Outer Guard, Emanuel V. Mistretta; Lieutenant of the Arab Patrol, John P. Baxter; Director, William A. De Gress.

The Nobility in Tampico, members of Anezeh, continue very active, holding ever before their eyes their splendid record of last Autumn's Ceremonial there, at which 88 novices were initiated.

Although the local Widow and Orphans Benefit Fund is only a few months old, it has more than 100 members and is growing rapidly.

CANTIOCH, DAYTON, OHIO

"An Equal Chance" was shown in Memorial Hall on March 12th, following a musical entertainment. Antioch Band gave a concert under the personal direction of Frank Simon. Two comic reels were also run off. A juvenile dancing revue came next through the courtesy of Noble Fenton T. Bott, staged and directed by Miss Virginia Bott.

On March 26th the Shrine dance was held at the Greystone, and a card party with the Dayton Shrine Club as host. [Shrine News Continued on page 52]

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 49]

voice was, for a time, the only clue to the murderers. You kept quiet. How will that look, in print, on every newsstand in the United States? You know, and I know. We know what decent people will think of a man who will permit himself to be dragged into such a criminal mess just to protect a few thousand dollars."

Homer strode to a window and back. Stella was springing the catch of the bag in her lap. "You said, on Friday evening, that you couldn't move against Jazzland without real evidence. And you confessed yourself unable to find any. Well, how about this?" She opened the bag and set the pint bottle of Scotch on the desk. "Is that real evidence? I bought it at Jazzland last night. Bought it without the least trouble from Albert the headwaiter. And he had no notion as to who I might be. He just coolly sold it. For four dollars, cash. Is it evidence? Isn't it?"

Harmer sank in the swivel chair. His fingers, which had been gripping the arms, went limp. There was color now just over his cheek-bones, but his forehead was white and wet. During the silence that fell, his breathing was the only sound in the room. Finally he raised a shaking hand; let it fall; cleared his throat; asked brokenly—"What do you want me to do?"

They were there for another quarter-hour. Stella, her task done, found herself spent and restless. Wilbraham took command of the situation in his quietly efficient manner. Homer didn't talk at all. And at last they went out. Joe Harmer, haggard about the eyes, escorted them to the door, and even made an effort to speak of the pleasant weather. He stood there a pitiful figure of a strong man who had overreached. Stella hurried down the steps and to her car. Her knees felt weak. She knew that she must catch hold of some physical support. She didn't want these men to know that she had collapsed. She could sit a moment in the Ford and get her breath. When she reached it, however, she couldn't, for the moment, lift herself in. She steadied herself and looked back. The front door was slowly closing.

Wilbraham and Homer were walking toward her. She couldn't talk. With an effort she got into the car and sat there. With a sense of hurry, she started up the motor.

Wilbraham smiled. Homer stood, very white, lips compressed, pushing a twig about with his foot. Suddenly impatient, she wished he'd say something. But he didn't. Whatever he might be thinking, he apparently couldn't.

So she said—"Well, that's over! I'll have to dash along. Goodnight." If she'd waited there a moment longer she'd have gone off into another of those silly hysterical attacks. As it was, out in the street, she sobbed aloud. But there was nothing in that.

She didn't know how she got the car into the barn and pulled the big door across and snapped the padlock on, nor how she got by the lilacs to the front steps. Then she found herself, leaning against a post. She dragged herself within. The family were sitting in the living-room. Just sitting there. Not reading. Not talking. Her mother had the mending basket out. Martha was over by the window, sitting on her foot, staring out into the dark.

She must, she thought, keep up appearances. These good people had been worried enough. So she paused in the doorway and brushed her hair out of her eyes and smiled. "I'm going straight to bed," she remarked. She even managed a nervous little laugh. "I just don't dare begin to talk now. But I've got a tremendous lot to tell you tomorrow. [Continued on page 53]

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

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Virgin Grain \$5.00
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CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Among the many pilgrimages to Miami few will be more elaborate than Arabia's motor caravan, since throughout March and April 300 applications were received from all over Texas by Noble Arch C. Fulton, caravan chieftain.

Invitations to stop off en route and be entertained were received from Nobles in Morgan City, La., Biloxi, Pascagoula and Long Beach, Miss.

ARARAT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

An outline of the jollifications planned for this year was spread before the boys at the new Divan's first smoker, held on March 7th. The big annual Shrine party was held in Convention Hall on the night of March 20th. The Band and Chanters gave a combined concert for nearly an hour. Then came the grand pageant, spectacular drills, a ballet corps, and a harem revue. Dancing began at 9:30.

Director George M. Saunders of the Ararat Harem is teaching his Nymphs some new burlesque dances. His associates this year are Wm. S. Balch, Fred Geiss, Hope Robbins, Fred Barrett and George Rixey. In the Mounted Guard this year Joseph Hoover is vice-president, Willard Frommer is secretary and Frank Morgan holds on as treasurer.

Under the direction of Noble H. O. Wheeler the Band played its Easter concert in the new auditorium for the families and invited guests of Nobles. There was also an Easter dance and bridge the next night in the Pla-mor ballroom.

BALLUT ABYAD, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

The Spring Ceremonial was held on March 23rd, with a large attendance of Nobles from various parts of the State. Potentate Alexander I. Riedling was in command.

Ballut Abyad now owns a building lot in an excellent location, and the Potentate urges the starting of a building fund for a new temple.

BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Potentate Burns' first formal dance was carried off in Ben Hur's usual great style. It was held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral.

The Spring Ceremonial on April 20th measured up to the traditions of the Temple and the candidates had no cause to be disappointed after they had made their way across the torrid desert.

BENI KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Vice-President Ray F. Jacquet of the Temple Gold Band has been chosen president, succeeding A. R. Comrey. H. J. Callahan is the new vice-president. George H. Crumb and Jesse A. Gates continue as director and secretary-treasurer respectively. Walter L. Chatfield is quartermaster and P. A. Holman is librarian. Frank H. Kinchloe succeeds Robert Williamson, Jr., as chairman of the publicity committee.

Harry L. Minsker has been reappointed Captain of the Patrol, a post he has held since its formation in 1903. His officers are: C. E. Griffin, president; H. D. Truslow, vice-president; F. L. Ulsamer, secretary-treasurer; E. A. Fruth, first lieutenant; R. E. Whitteker, second lieutenant; E. L. Ballard, property officer. Past Potentate Harry McClellan Anderson has been chosen Major of the Band and Patrol, making him com-

(Noble Ernest E. Birdsong, Jr., is the new Recorder of Wababi Temple, at Jackson, Miss.)



mander-in-chief of all the Temple's uniformed bodies.

Potentate Dice plans some important Ceremonials, perhaps including an excursion afield, since the two pilgrimages outside of Charleston last year were so successful.

CAIRO, RUTLAND, VT.

A class of 150 recruits were sworn into the Shrine army on April 20th. The day was given over to the business meeting and to dinners at Hotel Berwick and the Hotel Bardwell. The Ceremonial came in the evening, in the armory, presided over by Potentate Norman G. Knapp, of Poultney, Vt.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

Members of this Temple, with others in New Jersey, have been cooperating actively with representatives from the Order of Elks, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs in a survey conducted by the Special Commission on Crippled Children. The survey revealed the fact that there are 10,000 children in New Jersey without educational facilities because of physical defects, although mentally alert. The result has been the passing by the New Jersey Assembly of several bills introduced by Mr. Muir of Union County to correct this situation. All bills were passed by unanimous vote.

CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Cyprus Temple circus was a great success. It was a real circus, too, with tanbark, sawdust, ring master, elephants, acrobats, clowns, trapeze performers, fierce animals, tight rope walkers, and all the other attractions of Jack Robinson's well-known circus.

An interesting feature was the circus edition of the Albany Times-Union edited especially by members of Cyprus Temple, with Mayor John Boyd Thatcher acting as telegraph editor. Potentate Nordin J. Shambrook ruled the sanctum of managing editor Dan Carroll for the day. After the paper was out Shriners sold copies on the street.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Nobility of "the city of quality" was host to their families and to all Rochester Masons and their families at the showing of "An Equal Chance" on March 7th. Noble Reynold E. Blight, of Al Malaikah Temple, the national lecturer on this presentation, appeared in person and spoke. Potentate Hobart H. Todd presided at the business meeting in Gothic Hall which preceded the lecture in Convention Hall.

Noble Edward C. Widman, chief clerk of the city engineer's department, who is correspondent for Damascus, reports that the film was very well received.

The Temple's Shrine Club continues its very successful weekly luncheons, to which [Shrine News Continued on page 54]

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 51]

We've won, all along the line," she said. Step by step she got upstairs. Endless, those stairs. It seemed to her that she'd carried it off pretty well before the family. But she didn't feel victorious. She felt beaten. She was nearly undressed when Mrs. Bagot tapped at the door.

"Are you sure you feel all right, dear?" she asked, almost timidly.

Stella regarded the worn, patient face. Suddenly she found herself crying. But what of it? Why not just be honest?

"The plain truth, mumsie, is that I feel awful. I've had a rather terrific twenty-four hours. But it's over, and we can begin living again." Her blurred vision rested on the covered glass by her bed. "There's that fool bromide."

"I left it," said her mother, hesitantly. "I thought perhaps you'd—"

"I'll take it now. If I don't do something I'd likely be screaming all night. Keeping all of you awake."

Mrs. Bagot busied herself about the room, picking up scattered articles of clothing and adjusting the windows. Stella lay quietly in bed, following with her eyes. The older woman was taking a good deal of time. Stella understood. They were not a demonstrative family, not outspoken. But something—so ran her steadily quieting thoughts—had to be said. Or done.

She called softly—"Mother!"

Mrs. Bagot came to the bedside.

"Mother . . . I've been through a good deal that . . . I haven't quite played the game with you and Dad, but . . ."

She couldn't go on with that. She reached up impulsively, drew the grey head down, and kissed it.

Mrs. Bagot slipped out, softly closing the door.

Stella moved. Opened heavy eyes. Was she never to have a real sleep? It did seem to be daylight, but . . . The door appeared to be opening.

"Well, how about it?" Martha's voice.

"What did you wake me for?"

"Don't be cross. It's ten minutes past one."

"One! Heavens!" Stella sat up. The midday sunshine streamed into the room.

"Homer Pew's downstairs."

"Who?"

"Oh, cut out the Harvard indifference! I said Homer Pew. He's been calling up all morning. Mother wouldn't let me wake you. We've finished dinner. He doesn't look as if he's slept or eaten."

"Where are my slippers?" Stella complained. "Who's—"

"Your slippers, my dear, are right in front of your feet. If I were you I'd take a quick cold tub. You've had a good fifteen hours."

"I needed them," said Stella, with dignity. "Who did you say was downstairs?"

"It doesn't matter. But he might feel he couldn't wait. Better hurry." With which concluding remark Martha sailed out and banged the door.

Mrs. Bagot sat in the little straight chair by the center table. Homer sat by the window. Stella, very shaky, pausing in the doorway, noted the strips of plaster, still on his forehead. Then she made herself go on in and take his hand. He said, "Hope you're feeling all right," rather stiffly. And she said, with a quick laugh, "Oh yes! As soon as I can shake the sleep out."

Martha called from the back hall—"Mother! Moth-er!"

Mrs. Bagot, with an, "Excuse me, please," went out there.

Homer, still with that stiffness, spoke quickly. "Stella . . . rather an important matter . . . If I could speak with you alone . . ." [Continued on page 55]



Too busy to keep well!

The medical profession admits frankly that a high percentage of ill health is due to a condition that might so easily be prevented

WE Americans, what a hurly-burly race we are! Getting up by the alarm clock; racing through our meals; hurrying from this appointment to that as though our lives depended upon it.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52])

there have been visitors from most States in the Union. On March 26th the Club gave its annual ladies night and entertainment in the Powers Hotel, with an attendance of 600.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Led by Dr. W. M. Rowlett, Potentate, a large delegation, accompanied by Egypt's Band of 80 pieces, went to Sarasota on March 11th for Shrine Day in Manatee County. There were 400 men in the Tampa contingent. Their numbers were greatly augmented as they passed through Palmetto and Bradentown.

At the subsequent parade in Sarasota there were seven Bands, three Drum Corps and 40 floats.

Noble B. M. Reed is president and founder of the Egypt Temple Shrine Band.

The Orlando Shrine Club recently sponsored a style show and beauty contest in which Egypt Temple's Shrine Band, Divan and Chanters, headed by Dr. W. M. Rowlett, Potentate, participated.

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

March festivities opened with a smoker on the 12th, following the regular meeting. Potentate George D. Begole, Charles E. Lounsbury and the Patrol were in charge. Five days later came the Ides of March dance, and then an April fool party on the 31st.

Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger introduced Noble Reynold E. Blight, who gave his lecture with the film "An Equal Chance." The Band gave a concert, John S. Leick, conductor, F. H. Willis, soloist. An interesting feature was "The Evolution of Yankee Doodle," by the El Jebel Saxophone Sextette, directed by James M. Rees. This is a fantasia by Lake, depicting the landing of the Pilgrims after storms at sea, Indian dances, the minuet, "on the levee," the waltz period, the syncopated period, grand opera, and finally "the spirit of 1917."

A complimentary dance was held on April 10th.

EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

El Kalah temple is establishing a new record for activity since moving into the new Masonic temple. James S. (Jimmy) Hibbert, Illustrious Potentate, started his reign with a grand potentate's ball which was a decided success. Then followed the grand ball given the night of St. Patrick's day under the direction of the Band and Patrol. This was well attended and a really brilliant event.

The Band gave a demonstration of what it could do and the Patrol, in exhibition drills, reflected well the effort that has been put forth by its new captain, H. Eugene Glenn.

Fully 1500 of the faithful witnessed the desert wanderings of more than 50 novices here on March 28th. All points of Shrine-ism in Utah, and some of surrounding States, were represented in the gathering. Noble George H. Dern, Governor of Utah, acted as Chief Rabbah. In charge of the initiation were F. C. Schramm and Milton E. Lipman, all under the direction of Potentate James S. Hibbert.

In the afternoon a visit was paid to the Temple's ward for crippled children at St. Mark's Hospital, and the film "An Equal Chance" was shown. There was a big banquet in the evening.

(Noble W. L. ("Barney") Smart who has been Recorder of Morocco, Jacksonville, Florida, since 1914.



EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

A large group from here went to Wenatchee in a special train on March 31st, to cooperate with Afif of Tacoma in the Ceremonial which took in 125 new members.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Visitors to Galveston generally remember the stately Ashton Villa, almost in the heart of the city, the first brick building erected in Texas, furnished with imported draperies and hangings, and sometimes called the old Brown Homestead. That capacious structure is the new home of El Mina, and on February 28th Imperial Potentate Dunbar spread the mortar for the dedicatory marble slab.

Other notables who assisted in the ceremony were Noble Frank C. Jones of Houston, Imperial Deputy Potentate; E. H. Thornton, Potentate of El Mina; W. L. Childs, Potentate of Arabia Temple, Houston; Joseph Seinsheimer, emeritus member of the Imperial Council.

For some time El Mina considered its quarters inadequate, principally because of limited parking space thereabouts. On Dec. 13th, 1927, the members authorized a committee to act in regard to the proposed purchase of Ashton Villa, at one time the social center of Galveston. It has four lots and faces Broadway, down which runs a tropical esplanade for several miles. The committeemen were Nobles W. H. Calvert, chairman, M. C. Boden, W. H. Schneider and E. H. Thornton.

The very large rooms have been renovated with an eye to club features and conveniences, including rooms especially furnished and set aside for women.

In the Civil War Ashton Villa was headquarters for the Confederate generals of that area.

El Mina's old home will be converted into a modern business property, to yield nice revenue for the Temple's coffers.

Complying with the earnest request of the East Texas Nobility, El Mina held its Spring Ceremonial in Beaumont on March 24th. Many of the Temple's members came from that part of the State. This affair followed the spring reunion of the Texas Consistory in Galveston March 10th-23rd, and a special train took the members and their ladies to Beaumont.

EL ZAGAL, FARGO, N. D.

"Gorgeous" was the term applied to the Shrine ball in the Masonic Temple in Fargo on March 3rd. Equally pleasing, but for members only, was pipe night on the 31st. It was a "for he's a jolly good fellow" time.

Three affairs were given for the general public—a Sunday afternoon concert on March 11th, a symphony orchestra program on the 25th, and a Chanters concert on April 9th. Another party for members and their ladies was given on April 16th.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

90JAZZLAND [Continued from page 53]

She led him out and around the house. They walked slowly up the deep-shaded lane toward the woodlot. There were pines and oaks and hickories and beeches out there. The first old gold of the golden rod was breaking out in the occasional patches of open ground.

"It's rather difficult to say." Thus Homer, studying the ground as he walked. "But I've got to try. Yesterday morning . . . well, you talked pretty frankly with me down in New York, and yesterday when I saw you with Mr. Hallam . . ."

"Oh," said she, quick, confused, "I'm so glad you brought that up! I've so wanted a chance to—"

"Please! I'm having a devil of a time getting this out. I didn't even lie down last night. I want you to know that—"

"But Homer, if you'll just let me—"

"Please, Stella!" It sounded a little as if they were quarreling. "I've got to apologize to you for what I've thought, and—"

"But Homer, you see, what happened—"

He talked her down. Doggedly, like a boy reciting a bitterly learned lesson. "I know, I'm not altogether what they call modern, Stella. But there's one thing I do know—"

"Homer, now really, if you'll just let me explain—"

"I didn't come out here to let you explain anything, Stella. I came to ask you if you'll be my wife. If you love the other man and don't love me, all you've got to do is say so. But if there's a chance for me, I want to know it. I want to know it right now. Which of us gets you, that man or me? Whom do you love?"

He stopped, and was picking at the ragged bark of a hickory tree.

"I love you," said Stella.

THE END

90HENRY [Continued from page 17]

likes it or not—that'll startle 'em surely!"

He got rid of all the other tigers. Henry was used to that, he liked it; now he would do his own final stunt—walk out backwards into the passage which led to the cages, and Fletcher would hurry out through the arena and back to Henry's cage, give him a light extra supper, and tell him what a fine tiger he was.

But Fletcher called him into the middle of the stage instead and made him take that terrible attitude he had taught him for the new trick. His eyes said: "You'll do it this once for me, old man, won't you?"

Henry's eyes said: "Don't ask it! I'm tired! I'm hungry! I want to get out!"

But Fletcher wouldn't read Henry's eyes any more. He forced his head into the terrible open jaws, and Henry's teeth, instinctive, reluctant, compelled, closed on Fletcher's neck.

What Henry minded after the momentary relief of his instinctive action was the awful stillness of Fletcher. It wasn't the stillness of the arena—that was nothing, a mere deep indrawn breath. Fletcher lay limp between his paws, as if the trick were over, as if all tricks were over. He wouldn't get up, he didn't look at Henry. Henry's eyes gazed down unblinkingly into the blank eyes of Fletcher. All Henry's soul was in his eyes watching for Fletcher's soul to rise to meet them. And for an age nothing happened, until at last Henry realized that nothing ever would.

Before the nearest keeper shot Henry, Henry knew that he had killed his god. He lifted up his heavy painted head and roared out through the still arena, a loud despairing cry.

His heart was pierced before they reached his heart.



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 54)]

[EL ZARIBAH, PHOENIX, ARIZ.]

A popularity contest in the 144 counties of Arizona to pick a "Miss El Zaribah" to accompany the delegation to Miami was an interesting affair worked up by Potentate Cliff Carpenter. The 144 successful county aspirants were guests of El Zaribah in Phoenix.

[HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.]

Hadi's uniformed bodies backed the show "Patricia," which played to 5000 persons here in three performances, their part of the profits being about \$1500. Noble Frank Holland wrote the book, music and lyrics, a sweet love story of golf and a girl. Virtually the entire cast was chosen in Evansville, the prima donna, however, being Miss Vada Bradburn, a high school student of Sturgis, Ky. Noble Holland has put on "Patricia" in ten different cities.

[HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS]

Potentate Tom Owens has already begun pilgrimages to various Shrine centers outside of Dallas. He makes it a point to take as large a delegation of officers and members as possible. One enjoyable meeting was held recently in Sherman, where 40 Shriners and their wives from Dallas accompanied the Potentate and were guests at a banquet. One of the speakers was Will Leslie, Mayor of Sherman.

[ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO]

Islam's many duties and good works include an abiding interest in the order of DeMolay; and so, of course, there is an Islam Temple Chapter of that organization. The boys of "Islam, Jr." have one of the best DeMolay degree teams in California, which they demonstrated in a special drill following Islam Temple's business meeting on March 8th.

[ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.]

Potentate George H. Rowe of Ismailia announces the Temple's most successful charity achievement—when the Buffalo Nobles staged their annual Shrine Follies for 1928 on March 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th. Fully 12,000 people attended four performances in the auditorium of the Buffalo Consistory. The cast of 250 performers was under the professional direction of Charles Adams of the Miller Company.

About \$30,000 was gathered for the charity coffers of the Temple. Noble William Pollock was general chairman of the event. Noble Edgar Kleindinst managed the talent and Noble J. Jay Fuller directed the publicity. The Buffalo Times featured the show in a 16 page color section.

The European trip plan is well under way. About 100 reservations have been

Potentate Walter E. Winslow acted as honorary ringmaster at Zubrah Temple's annual circus.



made, and 150 are expected. The travelers will tour Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium and France. Potentate Rowe will lead the group, leaving Buffalo July 12th for Montreal, sailing the next morning for Liverpool.

Ismailia Temple has extended an invitation to the New York State Council of Shrine Temples to be its guest at the annual field day in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

[JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.]

Jerusalem's Band led the musical talent that assembled as a special feature of the Electrical Exposition held here recently at the Delgado Trades School. The Band played for the public the opening night of the show, under the direction of Dr. S. H. McAfee.

[KAABA, DAVENPORT, IOWA]

Noble D. Fred Scribner, Potentate again for 1928, is perfecting his program for the year, and it is an ambitious one. A very interesting feature of the election was that for the first time in Kaaba's history the Divan was reelected from the Potentate all the way down, with the exception of the Recorder, Wm. R. Johnson, who was made Recorder Emeritus. The new Recorder is A. D. Peirce.

Others reelected were: Harold F. Thuenen, Chief Rabban; Frank A. Johnson, Assistant Rabban; Wallace F. Peterson, High Priest and Prophet; Albert F. Duerr, Treasurer.

[KEM, GRAND FORKS, N. D.]

The brilliant auxiliary features attending a Shrine jollification were enjoyed by Nobles and their wives recently at the Potentate's annual review. Featuring this part of the program were the formal entrance of Potentate W. H. Alexander; review of the uniformed bodies, music by the Kem Band, Drum Corps, Bugle Corps and the Kem Patrol. Dancing and a buffet supper followed.

[KERAK, RENO, NEV.]

Ladies night was observed on March 10th. The entertainment committee arranged a program for the ladies while their Nobles were in session. After the Shrine meeting the ladies constituted themselves hostesses at a bridge and five hundred party.

[KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.]

Shriners living in and around Newport News, Va., have reorganized the Peninsula Shrine Club, outlining a program of activities for the year. The majority of club members will be from Khedive Temple.

The film "An Equal Chance" has been shown here to the members, bringing forth a great demonstration of approval. Noble Reynold E. Blight lectured on the film.

[Shrine News Continued on page 60]

THE ENCUMBRANCE

[Continued from page 25]

what's the big idea?" he suddenly asked. "Nothing."

There was a pause and then—"You don't think anything's happened to Helena, do you?"

"No, I don't." "Well, if she don't get back soon, let me know. I'll be worrying."

"A little worrying's a splendid thing," said Helena's mother, and hung up.

She felt better now. A man—even Jimmie Dooling—could be a great comfort. She had heard that Buenos Ayres was a most delightful place. And not hot at all. Besides, Jimmie wouldn't be living there forever. He might as well be, of course, if there was any foundation in this strange idea of hers that Helena and Bell were serious.

At two-thirty she heard Helena's key in the door and voices. And there was Helena, safe and sound, with Bell looming up behind her. Her reaction to strain was so great that for a moment she hated them both. That didn't last. Her emotion didn't alter in intensity but changed in kind. Bell looked remarkably fresh, considering the hour. His high white collar was a little limp at the edges but otherwise he showed no sign of wear. He was a remarkably handsome man, not flabby, like most men of fifty, but taut and fine. Their eyes met. Christine Ward was aware that she couldn't possibly be looking her best. Her fingers were inky and her hair was disarranged. Helena's hair was as smooth as a short-haired dog's.

The older woman turned from her desk. "Did you have a good time?" She really hadn't meant to be caught like this.

"Marvelous!" Helena leaned over with a swift birdlike motion and left a mark of red on her mother's forehead. "He's a peach."

"I hope you won't scold us for being so late," said Bell. "You see your daughter and I are contemplating matrimony and this was our last wild fling."

Then Helena was gone into the bedroom and the door slammed.

The world tottered. Her strange idea—only an idea—had been correct. It wasn't safe to have ideas like that—they took root and sprouted. "I think you're both wild enough without that," Mrs. Ward managed.

"Oh, Miss Helena's not wild. She has some very sensible notions about you. Your future. She feels you need someone to take care of you—"

"Yes, she must." Helena's mother found that almost funny. She certainly needed it more than Helena, who in a few brief hours had captured Ambassador Bell. It was really a most brilliant match. What could she say? The necessity of saying something was clear. "Well, I'm sure I hope that Helena will be very happy."

"Oh, I don't know that she's looking for happiness, exactly, but this young Dooling—from what she's told me—he seems a very fine chap. It will be a great pleasure to help him if I can. I've never had a son of my own, of course. And I suppose it's rather late for you and me to think of such things. We'll have each other—"

The world tottered again and righted itself. She was aware that Andrew Bell was bending over her, and then suddenly she found herself in his arms. The telephone had the lack of tact to ring loudly. She took the receiver off the hook, reaching for it awkwardly with a hand hurriedly disengaged.

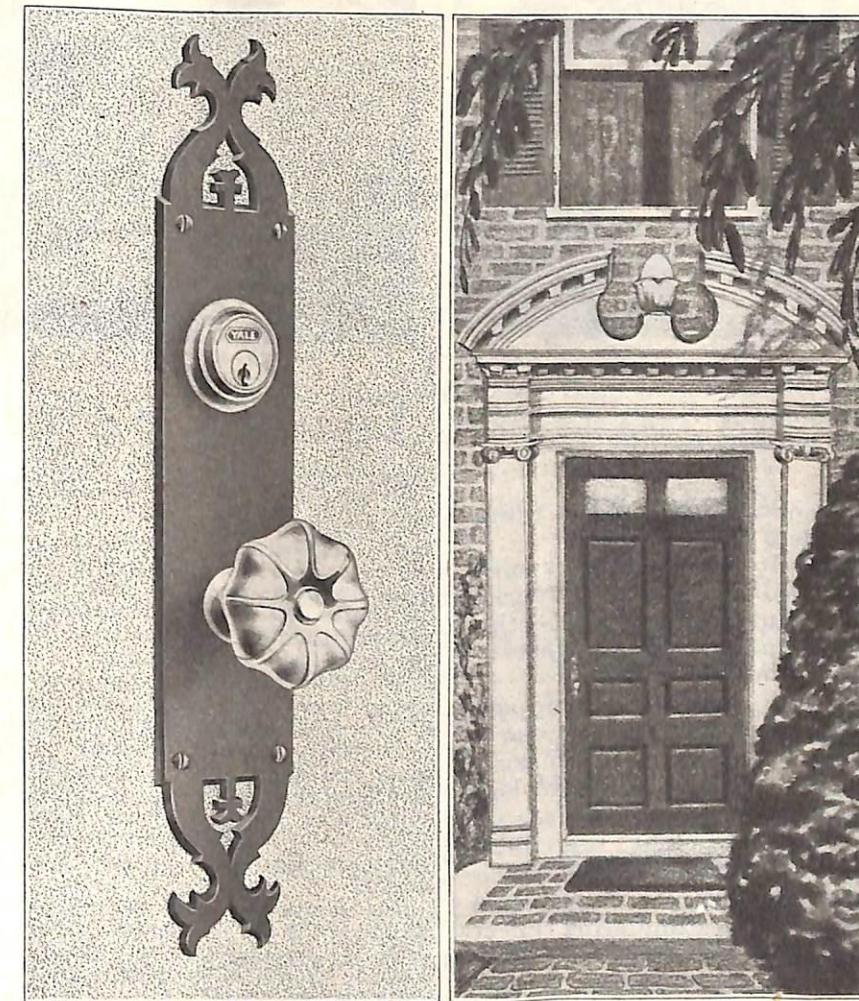
"Is Helena home yet?" came a worried voice.

"Yes, but she's gone to bed. You come around tomorrow."

"You bet!" said Jimmie.



Masterpieces
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YALE Builders' Hardware on

your door is the criterion of refined discrimination throughout the home. Such approved taste and design charmingly enhance the sense of fitness. Then, too, the artistic perfection is supplemented with sturdy durability. Those who specify Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware purchase for a lifetime, as Yale has most effectively combined beauty, security and permanence.

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Let us send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco—enough to give you several hours filled with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking—enough to introduce you to the mellow cheer, the solace and contentment that are making so many men call—

Old
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"the best pipe smoke ever made!"

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in its rich fragrance. Taste its ripe tobacco flavor. Enjoy it awhile. Then notice how mild and cool and how extra smooth Old Briar is.

Only the choicest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, could produce Old Briar Tobacco. And only quantity production makes it possible at such a sensible price.

In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2

"Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least"

United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va.

Special Offer Send 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense—and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco.

Tear out and Mail this coupon with coin or stamps—to United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

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8-5-28



Noble A. G. Bainbridge, Jr., Chief Rabban and Gen'l Chairman of Zubrah Temple's circus at Minneapolis.

Half the SECRET is you Chew it..



And the other half is—an amazing new laxative principle: tasteless, supremely mild, yet wonderfully effective...

SLIP one of these little white tablets in your mouth.

Enjoy its cool delicious mint flavor while you *chew it* for a few minutes. Instantly—the clogged, inactive system starts to cleanse and *purify* itself!

This is Feen-a-mint: apparently just a delicious mint chewing gum—actually an amazing new laxative principle! For when chewed thoroughly, it mixes its tasteless medicinal ingredient with the mouth fluids, which carry it directly into the digestive tract for its stimulating effect upon inert intestines.

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know.

You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

FEEN-A-MINT

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORP.,
Dept. 8M, Newark, N. J.
Send me a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name _____
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SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



(The delectable scarlet-hued strawberry is America's favorite fruit.)

Sun-Ripened Strawberries

"STRAW-BER-RIES, fresh straw-berries, who'll buy?"

The musical calls of the berry huckster along with his shaky wagon, have almost disappeared from our city streets. But the scarlet hue is just as cheering when viewed from the fruit shop which informs the buyer that "berries are ripe."

The strawberry abounds in fruit acids similar to citric acid, and also contains salts of lime, so that it is especially good for those of a bilious or gouty tendency. Indeed many celebrated "cures" of rheumatism are laid to eating these berries in quantity. The foreign trick of using a grain of cayenne pepper in the sugar sprinkled on, is said to counteract any chance of the berry disagreeing.

The epicure does not like her berries washed, or if so, then always *before the hulls are removed*, and in a wire shaker which is allowed to stand until the berries are again well drained. Remove hulls with a kitchen tweezer to save stained fingers; and to avoid acid taste, never, never use anything but silver if the berries must be cut or mashed. Cooking improves all small and slightly unripe fruits and a slight simmer is better to bring out flavor and color than mistaken heaping with sugar for several hours.

I, for one, advocate the true old-fashioned shortcake as worthy of being chosen as our American National Dish. Other countries do not know it; but surely every strawberry lover is its champion and its defender against that flavorless counterfeit, the shortcake made with cold sponge cake. It is ideally made by using a light baking-powder crust with at sweetening, cut into large individual biscuits. The perfect berries should be heavily sugared and left in a bowl on ice for several hours; another bowl of the less perfect fruit should be well mashed, buried in sugar and similarly chilled. As the biscuits come from the oven they should be pulled apart, and a big spoon of both kinds of berries poured over the lower section, then the top crust added as a lid. Again,

—Who'll Buy?

smother this lid with more berries and juice. Whisk immediately to

the eater—who will need no false whipped cream to perfect it—for the contact of iced berries on piping buttered biscuit gives the delectable combination of the true shortcake.

Strawberry Frosted Pie: Use a rich puff pastry and bake in a single undercrust. When cool, fill with ripe perfect berries; pour over the usual "boiled frosting" such as used for cake, to completely cover the berries. Let pie chill thoroughly before serving. (This cuts into convenient sliced sections when baked in oblong dish.)

Strawberry Compote: Prepare a light sugar syrup flavored with lemon juice. When the syrup is boiling, gently add whole perfect berries. Remove from fire, serve very cold.

Strawberries combine especially well with more bland foods, such as rice, bananas, etc., and when the price is high may be extended by using more of the neutral material. These two recipes appeal to children:

Strawberry Stuffed Bananas: Have sweetened mashed berries and very ripe bananas. Slice each banana in half lengthwise and scoop out cavity from one section. Fill with berry pulp, place halves together, add spoon of whipped cream mixed with more crushed berries and juice.

Strawberries and Rice Mold: Steam 1½ cups brown rice until tender. To rice add 1½ cups mashed berries sweetened with ½ cup sugar. Blend well, pack into fancy mold, and chill. Serve with rich cream or simple custard sauce.

The flavor of the strawberry, perhaps strangely, mingles pleasingly with that of oranges, particularly tangerine oranges. A quite "partified" but inexpensive ice for summer refreshment use is made by serving several perfect fruits as garnish to a tangerine sherbet, served in fancy cup decorated with berry leaf or spray. For a more elaborate coupe, fill glass one-third full of vanilla cream, next layer of straight orange ice, top with halved fresh berries, and garnish with whipped cream tinted pink

with berry juice and sprinkled with minced hazel or walnuts.

This dish is a glorified breadpudding, simple but delicious.

Strawberry Bavarian: Use fancy mold of box type. Have ladyfingers and frost the rounded side of each in colored icing, white and pistache green. When the icing is dry and hard, arrange these as the side lining of the mold, using the colors alternately, and leaving the bottom bare. Make the bavarian mixture of 1 quart ripe berries mashed through a fine sieve and combined with 2 cups powdered sugar, and 2 table-spoons powdered gelatin, dissolved in cold water; have 3 cups heavy cream beaten until firm. Combine strawberry pulp with cream, continually beating until the mixture begins to set. Fill into lined mold and chill. Carefully unmold and garnish with whole berries and garland of leaves around base of mold.

SHRINE SERVICE LEAFLETS

These leaflets, prepared by Mrs. Frederick, will be of great value in your Homemaking activities. Send a self-addressed envelope, and add postage according to leaflets selected.

1. The Company Meal that Comes in Cans—2c
2. Helpful Housecleaning Hints—2c
3. Taking the Blue Out of Monday—2c
4. Equipping the Kitchen Built-for-Two—2c
5. What to Serve with Salads—2c
6. Frosty Drinks—2c
7. A Dozen Sandwiches—2c
8. Quick Breads—2c
9. The Homemakers Road Map—4c
10. Feeding Through Babyhood—2c
11. "Choosing the Child's Camp" Directory—10c
12. Canned Milk in Cooking—2c

SHRINERS START \$7,000,000 HOME

[Continued from page 42]

be the billiard and card rooms and facilities for other informal pastimes. Also on this floor will be the offices of the President, Directors, Secretary, general offices, telephone switchboard and rest rooms.

Above this will be a series of staggered floors weaving together bowling alleys, hand ball courts, gymnasium, turkish bath, locker rooms, and a large swimming pool with a terraced lounge as a gallery for spectators during aquatic tournaments. There will be a rifle range and facilities for golf practise. The rest of the tower will be composed of guest rooms. A seventy-car garage will be provided in the space below the Michigan Boulevard level.

The club was organized in July, 1925. Less than four months later it had paid \$1,000,000 for the site on which this home is now being erected. The by-laws provide for 3,000 resident, 500 perpetual and 2,000 non-resident memberships. Of these 2,700 resident and more than 400 perpetual memberships have been sold for \$2,800,000. The non-resident memberships have not yet been offered for sale. The officers of the club took plenty of time to consider plans to finance the project. This part of the program was completed three months ago. Contracts had already been awarded, and construction will be pushed rapidly. It is planned to have the formal opening next Winter.

The officers of the club, who also constitute the Board of Directors, are: President, Thomas J. Houston, Imperial High Priest and Prophet; Vice-Presidents, Paul C. Loeber and Edward H. Taylor; Treasurer, Henry R. Kent, and Secretary, Thomas E. Kennedy. The Directors have the benefit of the advice of a Board of Governors of twenty-five members.



The new Shrine Temple in Kansas City is Mohawk-equipped—throughout.

FOR LODGE AND HOME

To please an institution so exacting as the impressive Shrine Temple in Kansas City wasn't easy. Floor covering standards were high and specifications rigid. Its officials knew what they wanted and were determined to secure it. And they did—through Mohawk.

That its fabrics were finally chosen as most in keeping with the dignity of this classic edifice—and most certain to retain their full beauty through years of hard wear—is a source of pardonable pride to the Mohawk Carpet Mills. It is one more stamp of approval affixed to Mohawk creations.

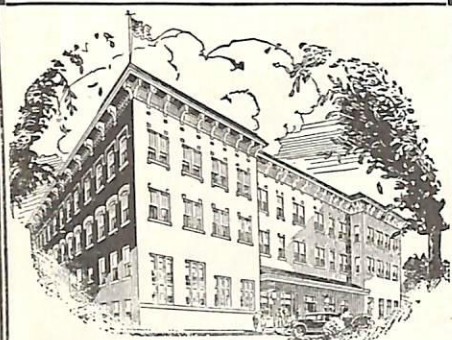
In your Home, as well as in your Lodge, you can assure yourself of perfect floor-covering satisfaction—by insisting upon Mohawk. For there is a Mohawk weave and grade of weave to suit every requirement—and every purse.

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS
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MOHAWK

CARPETS AND RUGS





This illustration shows the main building of the McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic at Excelsior Springs, Missouri—the largest institution in the world devoted to the treatment of piles and other rectal troubles. (Only curable cases are accepted.)

A Treacherous Affliction Healed Without Surgery

THE old theory that piles could be healed only by surgery has been wholly disproved. This treacherous affliction which slowly but surely undermines the health of its victims can be healed—totally and successfully—without recourse to surgical aid.

Patients From All Parts of United States and Canada

For 27 years, Dr. A. S. McCleary and his associates have made an exhaustive study of rectal diseases. During that time, more than 13,000 patients from all parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries have been satisfactorily treated. Scores of these had been given up as incurable and many others were chronic cases of long standing.

Absolute Relief or No Pay

No matter how long you have been troubled—

No matter how distressing your case may be—

No matter how many treatments you have had without avail, if your case has not been neglected so long as to be incurable, we can promise you absolute relief or no pay.

If you or any of your relatives or friends are interested, we will gladly mail you our free book, "Piles Cured Without Surgery." This book fully describes the McCleary methods of diagnosis and treatment, and tells you exactly what is offered here at a very nominal cost.

The McCleary Sanitarium

C-290 Elms Boulevard
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic
C-290 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Please send me book fully describing the McCleary Method of Treating Piles Without Surgery.

Name _____
Please print name and address plainly.

Street Address _____

Town or City _____ State _____



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 56])

(KISMET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.)

Kismet's well planned and long discussed oriental ceremony went off with aplomb, being the magnet which filled the Temple auditorium. As a special feature only women were admitted to the seats of the main floor, Nobles being restricted to the galleries.

It was the wish of Potentate Thomas A. Davis that the affair be dedicated to the wives, daughters and sweethearts of Kismet's members, as Kismet is proud of its uniformed bodies. Therefore, the performance was in every respect similar to that of the regular ceremonial sessions, excepting only the ritual. Dancing followed the formal entertainment.

(KOSAIR, LOUISVILLE, KY.)

"Zero," a giant White Mackenzie River Arctic husky, was perhaps the greatest delight of the thousands of children who attended Kosair's circus here in March. Potentate Frank E. Johnson arranged for the circus to stay for a full week.

(LULU, PHILADELPHIA)

Noble John J. Pershing was the principal guest at the eighth annual banquet of the Temple's Legion of Honor. He was accompanied by other Shrine notables, including Potentate Highfield, Mayor Harry A. Mackey of Philadelphia, Major General Amos A. Fries, chief of the Army Chemical Warfare Service and Past Potentate of Almas; Major General Ewing E. Booth, Assistant Chief of Staff of the Army; Senator Arthur E. Robinson of Indiana, Congressman Free of California and Major General William J. Price, Jr. As Noble Archer W. McCall remarked: "Lafayette, they were all there."

Noble Harry Stites and his Reserve Band kept things moving between speeches, until General Pershing arrived, his approach being heralded by Dr. B. M. McIntire, Surgeon of the Legion. The Rifles lined up as a guard of honor and the 500 World War veterans stood and cheered. In a pithy speech Pershing said:

"Here is a unique combination of veterans and Shriners. When I want real sound opinions, really worth while, I would come to an organization composed of Shriners, all of whom were veterans."

Before leaving the General spoke personally to Nobles William B. Burk and Henry F. Geyer, LuLu's veterans of the Civil War, aged 85 and 90 respectively. Sixteen wounded veterans of the World War were also guests of honor.

On the nights of March 8th, 9th, 10th, LuLu gave a mammoth mardi gras. In the Metropolitan Opera House there was a full evening's show, including Francis Renault, "the fashion plate of the stage," and other New York players, LuLu Band and LuLu Choir. At the First Regiment armory there was a grand march, novelties, and "the streets of Cairo."

The Board of Stewards of LuLu Temple tendered a reception and dinner to Potentate and Mrs. Highfield on March 29th.

(MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.)

Everything here has been revolving for weeks around the Imperial Council session set for May 1, 2, 3, with the most prominent and useful members giving more and more of their time in committee work. Past Potentate Pridgen, Potentate Donnell, the Divan, the uniformed bodies, the

new Patrols, organized especially for the occasion, and the rank and file are enlisted in Mahi's welcoming army.

And their call continues to be:
"Come on Fez—Miami sez!"

(MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS)

The Temple Chanters have perfected their organization of twenty members, with these officers: Dr. J. H. Fletcher, president; Lee Smith, vice-president; W. H. Carson, secretary-treasurer; Joel H. MacGregor, director; J. S. Pitman, pianist. Good will trips last year served their purpose so well that the custom is being continued, with visits to Electra, Burkburnett and Spur in February, to Chillicothe, Graham and Jacksboro in March, to Nocona in April.

On April 24th the Spring Ceremonial was held in the new municipal auditorium, with "plenty of meat" and lots of entertainment.

The Potentate has appointed aides in forty-six towns of eighteen counties.

(MEDINAH, CHICAGO)

At the recent annual session of the Illinois Shrine Council in Chicago as guests of Medinah, Noble John T. Buckbee of Tebala Temple retired as president and was succeeded by Past Potentate E. Edwin Mills of Medinah Temple. Past Potentate George B. Powell was re-elected secretary.

The next annual session will be in Springfield, with Ansar Temple as host. W. K. Cannady is vice-president, Burton E. Chapman, second vice-president, and A. C. Baxter, treasurer.

The representatives chosen are as follows: Medinah, Chicago, Edw. H. Thomas, Arthur W. Jones, Albert Hancock, E. Edwin Mills, Richard E. Kropf; Tebala, Rockford, J. B. Whitehead, Fred C. Lange, W. Clyde Oliver, John T. Buckbee, Burton E. Chapman; Ainad, East St. Louis, Louis Chackes, Chas. A. McCormack, W. K. Cannady, Jas. M. Gucker, George B. Powell; Ansar, Springfield, Ill., L. Jean Wylie, Edward F. Irwin, John M. Tipton, Richings J. Shand, Albert C. Baxter, Wm. D. Stacy.

(MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.)

Noble George R. McCabe, chairman of the entertainment committee, and his assistants, batted four home runs in the social game, with a stag dinner and then an entertainment on March 12th, a dance on March 24th, a dinner dance with 600 guests on April 11th, and another dance twelve days later.

When the Nobles return from the Imperial Council session in Miami they will square away for a dinner and entertainment to follow on May 14th, with another dance scheduled for May 25th.

(MOILA, ST. JOSEPH, MO.)

An old-fashioned Ceremonial was held here on April 19th, with the real Shrine spirit prevailing. On March 23rd Moila was host to a large group of Scottish Rite and Knights Templar members at the Moila Country Club. The week before the Patrol gave a formal dinner dance.

On March 25th Moila Band gave a concert at Rockport, Mo.

(MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS)

The members gave up their informal dance on March 16th to view the film "An Equal Chance," in the Scottish Rite Temple on the 17th. Knights Templar and their families were also invited, and this gripping picture of our hospital work made a deep impression.

The 365 Club continues to let its light so shine before men that they are wont to say "go thou and do likewise." Each member gives a penny a day, the money buying ice cream on Sundays and holidays, shoes, and railway fare for little inmates of the St. Louis Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. Noble J. J. Wuertenbaeher is secretary-treasurer.

(MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.)

The Temple was redecorated and was all spick and span for the formal launching in Jacksonville of the Little Theatre movement, which took place in the Temple auditorium on March 5th. There was also an address by Judge Burton Barrs, a Noble.

On March 28th a delegation led by Potentate Louie W. Strum went to Marianna for a Ceremonial.

(MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.)

Potentate T. E. Stinson led the Nobility into diverting fields on the night of April 17th, when a successful dinner dance was held in Moslem Temple.

On May 12th there will be a children's May Day party in the drill hall of the Masonic Temple. Preparations also are being made for an official Ceremonial on June 1st, to be held on Bob-Lo Island.

(MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.)

Murat's Patrol was honored recently by the Caravan Club, the Temple's luncheon organization, which gave a special "patrol day" affair in honor of that uniformed body. The program included addresses by Attorney Albert Stump and Edward V. Fitzpatrick, president of the Caravan Club. A number of prizes were distributed.

(NEMESIS, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.)

Nemesis held its Spring Ceremonial and ball in Clarksburg, with a great gathering of the Nobility from many points, intent upon making Potentate Powell's first ceremonial a notable affair. A large group of candidates was put through. There was a parade in the afternoon, made colorful by the uniformed bodies, followed by the First Section. Then came dinner and the Second and Third Sections. Dancing and bridge rounded out the evening.

About May 1st road work will be finished on the Nemesis Temple Park, known as Fort Boreman, where 150 acres were purchased last year by the then Potentate Robert S. Lemon. It is only ten minutes' ride from the heart of Parkersburg, with a magnificent view of the city and the Ohio Valley.

(NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.)

March 14th was "Hugh Caldwell Night" because the Imperial Outer Guard himself had charge of the entertainment that followed the regular business meeting.

At Nile's Sunday concert on March 11th the Band and Chanters gave a splendid program, and there was an address by Noble Emmett N. Parker, a Justice of the State Supreme Court.

Nile Band and Chanters went to Tacoma and entertained the disabled veterans in Cushman Hospital. The Band of forty pieces, led by Harvey J. Woods, played for 200 veterans in the Red Cross auditorium, while Director Adam Jardine and his twenty-four Chanters went to the four wards and sang for another 200 shut-ins. They also participated in the general program. Noble W. L. Phillips of the Chanters made a big hit with several character songs. Potentate William A. Eastman and his Divan were present. Dr. Paul J. Carter, superintendent of the hospital, belongs to [Shrine News Continued on page 62]

AGAIN DUNLOPS WIN WORLD RECORD

Captain Campbell's
207 Miles per hour



February 20, 1928

Mr. E. B. Germain,
President, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Germain:
Thank you so very much indeed for your congratulations contained in your wire which I received today.

I would like to most heartily congratulate you on the wonderful tires which you have produced, as those that I used when my car succeeded in breaking the record were uncut and in absolutely perfect condition, even though they had been through this gruelling test.

To give you some idea of the utmost confidence which I have in Dunlop tires, although arrangements had been made for McDonald to be at the extreme end of the course so that he could change my wheels for the return run if necessary, I did not even bother to stop to let him examine these after my first run, when the car succeeded in reaching a speed of over 214 miles per hour, as I felt they would last the return journey and give no trouble. I think that this expresses my absolute confidence in your wonderful production.

With kindest regards, I am
Yours most sincerely,

Malcolm Campbell

All credit to Captain Malcolm Campbell. Roaring over the hard sands of Daytona Beach at 207 miles an hour... he held his giant Blue-Bird car in perfect control. He broke the record of Major Segrave, who also drove Dunlops.

DUNLOP TIRES

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE
MENTION THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

Feel Good

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try **NR—NATURE'S REMEDY**—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, luggy, peepless feeling.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c
FREE Write for sample of NR and our new Memo Radio Log Book
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 48-A ST. LOUIS, MO.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Check Protection Experts Now Making \$150 a Week!

HUNDREDS report astonishing earnings! Sweets made \$200 in 10 days—Bache made \$3000 in a month—Baumunk sold 17 in one day! We teach you this fascinating new profession **FREE**, and show you how you can put an **ARNOLD CHECK WRITER** on the desk of every business man in your vicinity. Send for illustrated literature and our plan that brings men a day's pay in an hour a day.

THE ARNOLD CHECK WRITER is a sensational success! Costs no more than a good fountain pen, yet does work equal to \$60 machines. Prints and shreds exact amount in acid-proof ink. Self-inking, automatic feed. Nothing like it ever before. Fully patented, no competition. Special offer \$4 you act at once. Write now. No obligation. A postal will do. Address

Arnold Check Writer Co., Inc.
Dept. E-45, Flint, Mich.

You'll Prefer ROSE MARIE PERFECTOS

to any 15c cigar you've ever smoked
and you can buy them for only

4c each

How can we afford to sell you these Imported, Hand-Made, Long-Filler cigars at such an unheard-of price—is a natural question for you to ask. Here are the reasons.

Because the tobacco is grown in the celebrated Cagayan Valley. Here lands are much less in value and nature supplies the fertilizer. The annual saving is about \$200 per acre.

Because "Rose Marie Perfectos" are Import tax free. The regular duty is about 16c each for same size—made in Havana.

\$4.00
per 100
PLUS postage

Because low living expenses in the Philippines reduces the cost of production approximately 65%—compared with American countries.

Because we are Direct Importers and are able to save you another 50%—the profits which go to jobbers and retailers.

Because we are anxious to win more new friends for "Rose Marie Perfectos." Satisfied customers mean repeat orders. Only then do we reap a satisfactory margin of profits. This repeat business grows day by day.

Try Them at Our Expense

We will send you 100 "Rose Marie Perfectos" for only \$4.00 plus a few cents postage. The authorized retail price is \$8.00 per 100. You save \$4.00. So smoke 10 on us. Forget the price. Judge them on the taste and the pleasure they give you. If you are not 100% satisfied, send the other 90 back. And without any "ifs," "ands" or "buts" we will cheerfully refund your \$4.00. What a difference "Rose Maries" will make in your smoking budget. Order this very day. Simply mail the coupon.

National Cigar Co.,
969 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

42-E

Send me 100 "Rose Marie Perfecto" Cigars. I will pay postman \$4.00 plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 are not satisfactory I may return the other 90 and get back my \$4 without question. (Mild—? Medium—? Strong—?) Check preference.

NOTE—If you will send check or M. O. for \$4.20 you will prevent delays and save 12c C.O.D. charges. If you are east of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.25 (\$4 plus 25c postage). If west of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.40.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 61]

Nile. He has done great work in rehabilitating veterans. The turnover last year was 3,400.

Nile several years ago purchased 152 acres on the shores of beautiful Lake Ballinger, within thirty minutes run of Seattle. Eight acres are in virgin fir, cedar and hemlock, devoted solely to picnic purposes. Several Dutch ovens have been built and there are plenty of tables, a wading pool and play field for children, horseshoe pitching grounds, sports field, and now an ample clubhouse on an elevation where dances are given. Plenty of acreage remains for a golf course, to be financed by the members at no expense to the Temple.

COLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

Just an old-fashioned ceremonial "like we used to have" was the order of the day here on April 20th, with something doing every minute from 10:00 A. M., when the novices reported to Recorder Theo. L. Jones with their petitions, until the last notes were played by the Band at the reception and dance in the Lafayette Hotel.

There was a dinner for Nobles and their ladies at noon. In the course of the parade to Woodland auditorium there was a halt at the Lexington Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children while the Band played for the kiddies.

PALESTINE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

March 26th was "Army and Navy night" with the Palestine Nobility, featuring an unusual Ceremonial, with such visiting Nobles present as Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps; Admiral Robert E. Coontz; Major General Merritt W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the Army; Major General Amos A. Fries, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, Past Potentate of Almas; Major General Morris B. Payne, commanding the 43rd Division, New England National Guard. Many ex-service men among the candidates, by request, wore their uniforms.

PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Pyramid's annual "home beautiful" exposition was held from March 12th to 17th inclusive. The displays of home furnishings and housing data was most unusual. There were 55 exhibitors. The exposition was held in Pyramid Mosque.

Special preparations were made for the reception of Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar on April 5th, including a banquet given by Temple officers at the Stratfield Hotel, and Band concert, Patrol drill, reception and dance in the Mosque.

RAJAH, READING, PA.

A big class of novices was taken into the fold on March 28th, with delegations present from many other cities in this Temple's area.

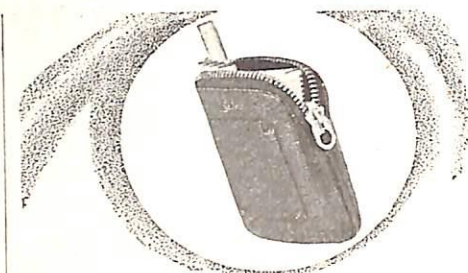
On March 13th the Lehigh Valley Shrine Club of Allentown gave a smoker and entertainment in honor of Potentate Eisenbrown, his Divan and visiting Nobles generally from Reading.

SAHARA, PINE BLUFF, ARK.

About the time this number is being distributed the Nobility of Sahara will be joyfully celebrating the dedication of its new temple, with an added flair of conveying across the hot sands the greatest number of novices ever taken in there at one time.

Potentate Sam M. Levine and his Divan worked for two months to put it across in a big way.

[Shrine News Continued on page 63]



A GOOD PAIR

A Locktite Cigarette Case will hold your pack of "twenty". Better smokes and cleaner pockets—\$1 to \$3.50.

A Locktite Tobacco Pouch—Handy to carry—convenient to use. \$1 to \$5.

Both made from fine leathers, and with the Hookless Fastener that always works. Get your Locktites today—wherever smokers' articles are sold. They're fully guaranteed.

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
Gloversville, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME



A \$10 BILL

will protect you
for a whole year against

ACCIDENT

AND

SICKNESS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Men-Women 16 to 70 Years Accepted
No Dues or Assessments

\$10,000 Principal Sum
\$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
\$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accidents and Sicknesses
Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit and other new and liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy.

LOOK OUT! Serious automobile and many other kinds of accidents happen every minute—few escape them—suppose you meet with an accident to-night... would your income continue? Pneumonia, appendicitis and many other ills in the policy, which are prevalent now, can cause serious financial loss to you... prepare Now.
Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

North American Accident Insurance Co.
107 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, New Jersey
Gentlemen:

At no cost to me, send details of the
"NEW \$10 PREMIER \$10,000 POLICY"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 62]

Past Potentate Charles A. Gordon, Director of the Temple, directed the faithful in their rounding up of new members.

Under the direction of Noble O. Goodhart the Temple Band is reaching a high degree of proficiency. The Patrol is also very active and effective.

SALADIN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Saladin's first Ceremonial in March was a great credit to Potentate Harvey W. Cole and the Divan. The session began at 1:30 P. M. in the Masonic Temple, beginning early in order to permit an entire evening for the social festivities that followed at the armory, in which the candidates participated.

The annual ball was not eclipsed by anything given in the entire Grand Rapids social season, certainly not in beauty of setting and harmony of spirit. Noble Harry A. Moler was general chairman.

SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.

The date of the Spring Ceremonial has been changed to June 7th, and the scene will be Raleigh, N. C., with the Raleigh Shrine Club as host. A great caravan of the faithful will pour into the capital city to witness the joys of the Arab hosts. Sudan's eleven past potentates all are living, and every one will be at the opening ball to respond to toasts.

The uniform bodies have been hard at work practising, marching, drilling, drumming and singing, in readiness for Miami. Dad Price, president of the National Band Association, has published "Sudan," band music, which also has been arranged for piano. He collaborated with Past Grand Master and High Priest H. M. Poteat. Copies will be available in Miami, where the Sudan units will be parked on P.O. dock, track 19, in front of the Times Building.

SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

From 2:00 P. M. until late at night on Washington's birthday the Nobility was engrossed in a Ceremonial and supplemental features, including showing of the film "An Equal Chance" and the accompanying lecture by Noble Reynold E. Blight of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles. The day began with a business session. The Temple Band officiated as usual at the Ceremonial, which came after the early banquet. There were more movies, also a memorial service, with vaudeville numbers closing the proceedings.

Syria Players will present a number of attractive plays this year and Noble James N. McGrath is gathering more talented recruits.

Official reports show that the Syria Santa Committee disbursed \$10,989.36 for toys, candies and merchandise, due to contributions from 5,633 Nobles.

SYRIAN, CINCINNATI, OHIO

A total of 128 pilgrims seeking the light of Shrinedom was rescued in the desert here a short time ago, and after an ordeal they were ennobled in due form. Nearly 2,700 Shriners saw Potentate Charles H. Meeds and his cohorts lead the novices across the hot sands.

TADMOR, AKRON, OHIO

Robinson's indoor circus for the week of March 2nd, was a big drawing card in Tadmor's social program. Arthur W. Sweeny was general chairman in charge of arrangements. Clark Miller, secretary and George Dunn, treasurer.

[Shrine News Continued on page 64]

No Tire Compares With DICKINSON

Our Salesmen Agents are "Cleaning Up"

-the Chance of a Lifetime!
Selling the tire that went at the rate of 230 miles per hour in the recent Florida races.

Our Salesmen-AGENTS are "cleaning up" on Dickinson Cord Tires, for they solve the biggest replacement-cost of every car owner. Unbelievable as it may seem, no other tire begins to compare with this, "The World's Perfect Tire"—for Strength—for Speed—for Service.

No wonder that every car owner is a willing buyer. Sales are made quick and profits are large. You don't have to be an extraordinary Salesman to make \$40 a day. Through our National Advertising you have an established business ready and waiting for you right in your own locality. This is the chance of a lifetime to get into business for yourself. Immediate big money and future income assured from repeat orders. No investment. We start you—FREE.

The Dickinson Cord Tire is a tire for the classes—those who want only the best. Costs user nothing, as saving in gas ranges from 10% to 17%. It has no competition. Absolutely new and embodies correct motor-traction principles never before applied.

Every Dickinson Cord Tire is made on the Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine, of which we are the exclusive users. From core to tread it is built with automatic precision. There are no "slip-ups," no hand mistakes, and no guesswork flaws. Every Tire Perfect and a Racing Tire. "Stone bruise" is impossible. "Blowouts" are back numbers. 100% pure "live" rubber, cabled-cord construction, precise alignment and scientific accuracy make it "The World's Perfect Tire" for Longest Life—Greatest Comfort and Strictest Economy. Guaranteed for one year against all road-hazards regardless of mileage.

Write today for Information about Exclusive Representation in Territory still open. Dept. 34-

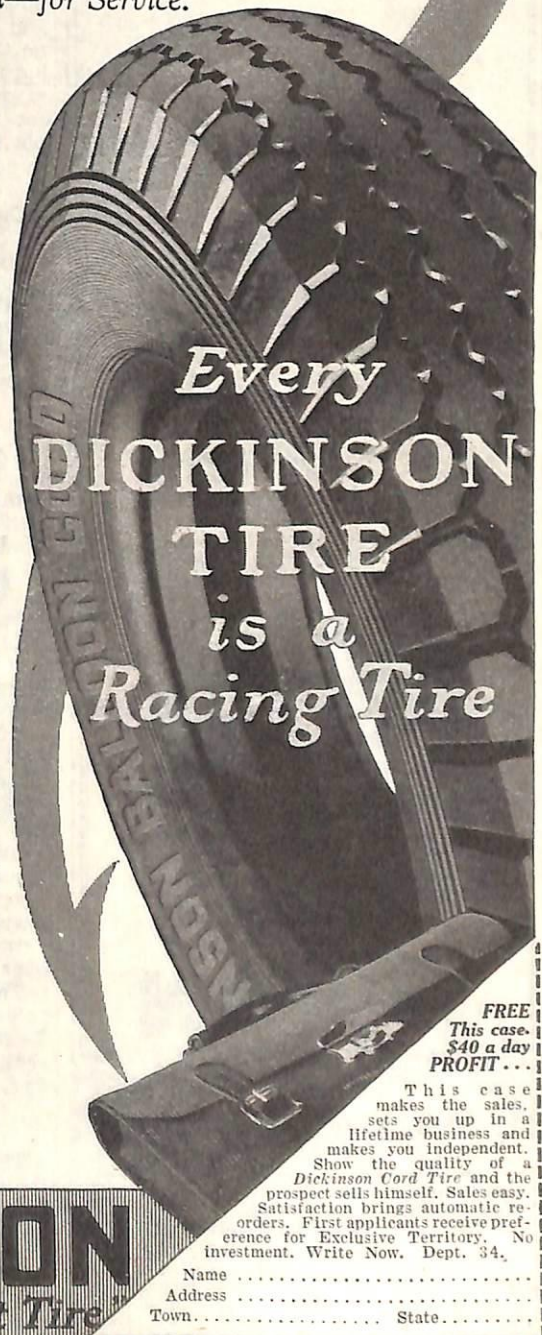
Hydro-United Tire Corporation

J. G. FEIST, President

Pottstown, Pa. Chicago, Ill.

Address Nearest Branch

DICKINSON
"The World's Perfect Tire"



FREE
This case
\$40 a day
PROFIT...

This case makes the sales, sets you up in a lifetime business and makes you independent. Show the quality of a Dickinson Cord Tire and the prospect sells himself. Sales easy. Satisfaction brings automatic orders. First applicants receive preference for Exclusive Territory. No investment. Write Now. Dept. 34.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 63)]

The Band of Aabmes Temple Shrine,
Oakland, Calif. Herman Trutner, Director



Your Own Band in Concert in 90 Days

HOW MANY times, at the big conventions, have you wished that your Temple, too, had a band in the parades and ceremonials? You can start from "scratch" and have a band ready for a complete concert program within 90 days of the first rehearsal!

How? Let Conn help you. Our experienced organizers will arrange all the details. A few interested persons can start. Everything arranged, even easy financing plan.

Notice the Conn equipped bands in this year's convention parade. Shriners know the best. That's why they choose Conns, the instruments used by Sousa and other famous concert bands. Easy to play. Perfect in mechanism. Beautiful in tone.

Without obligation we'll give you details of our band plan. FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENTS on any Conn for band or orchestra. Send coupon now.



CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER

MAIL THIS COUPON

C. G. Conn, Ltd., 587 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send complete details of your band plan []. Also
send literature and details of free trial offer on

Name _____ (Instrument)
St. or R. F. D. _____
City _____
State, County _____

[TANGIER, OMAHA, NEBR.]

A lively concert by the Tangier Band opened the February business meeting.

On February 20th the officers of the Divan were tendered a stag banquet and entertainment by the members of the Arab Patrol.

The oriental ball and bridge party on February 25th brought out the largest party of Nobles and ladies in the history of Tangier. The unique entertainment, under the direction of Noble Frank W. Nelson, brought rounds of applause and the space originally allotted for the bridge players was found to be wholly inadequate. An informal reception was tendered Potentate Alva M. Smith and his officers.

The Temple had a full program in March and April. March 7th there was a radio program by the Band and Chanters over WOW, and the next evening the business meeting, which included a boxing program. Other radio entertainments were given on March 21st, April 4th and April 8th. The film "An Equal Chance" was run off for all Masons and their families on March 23rd, both afternoon and evening.

A Japanese ball and bridge party on March 31st was the Potentate's pre-ceremonial party, the guests including novices and prospects. April business meeting was on the 12th, followed the next night by the Spring Ceremonial and traditional banquet, in addition to a dinner and entertainment for the ladies, out-of-state members and novices.

[TEBALA, ROCKFORD, ILL.]

One hundred new members were enrolled at the Ceremonial of April 17th, which gives Tebala more than 3,000 Nobles. Potentate J. B. Whitehead was in charge of the proceedings. All of the uniformed bodies participated. There were visiting Nobles from Chicago, Springfield, East St. Louis and Peoria.

[TIGRIS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.]

Tigris conducted its first 1928 Ceremonial on March 3rd, creating 27 Nobles. More than 700 Nobles were in attendance. A distinguished visitor was Potentate Ralph W. Rennie, of Oriental Temple in Troy.

[TRIPOLI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.]

In March Tripoli Oriental Band held its second Spring stag dinner, meeting in the new Hotel Randolph, with covers for sixty-seven. The guests included Assistant Directors George H. Madill and John Woollett of Medinah Temple Oriental Band, and Past Potentate Rath of Tebala Temple, Rockford, Ill.

These were made honorary members of the Band: Louis M. Schneller, chairman Tripoli building comm.; Gussie C. Mueller, treasurer of the finance committee; Past Potentate Julius P. Heil, chairman of the finance committee; Assistant Rabban Henry Petran. Professional talent gave a three-hour program of entertainment.

The Oriental Band also gave a unique "old time hard-time party" at Stoney's Inn, Thiensville, Wis., on March 17th. Old clothes and masquerade costumes prevailed, and there was dancing.

[WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.]

The recently reorganized Chanters, under the direction of Frank Slater, showed their mettle at the recent reception to the Imperial Potentate.

The Nobility is working as a unit to popularize the new Masonic Temple as a civic center, as well as headquarters for the Craft.

[Shrine News Continued on page 65]

DIAMONDS a Fraction of Market Price

1/2-1/16
Carat
Just \$38

CORRECTLY
CUT

You Can't Beat Our Low Prices

See this 1/2 less 1/16 carat absolutely correctly cut, snappy, brilliant solitaire diamond in handsomely designed mounting, at just \$38. Also many other bargains in our big list.

Never in three-quarters of a century in the diamond business, have we offered such bargains as we do now compared with prevailing prices. Diamonds right now at rock-bottom even in regular market. Yet ours are but a fraction of market prices. The opportunity of a lifetime. Buy now—the trend is already upwards, but, our unpaid loan prices are based on diamonds left on our hands for a fraction of their real value. Remounted in classic of Brand New Mountings.

Why Pay Full Prices

This diamond banking house, 3/4 century old, rated more than \$1,000,000.00, takes this way of turning into cash the diamonds on which money was loaned and not repaid. Also other special advantage buys—many from big cash deals direct with European diamond cutters.

Latest List Diamond Loans

Radically different from a catalog. Every gem fully and minutely described. Any gem sent you on approval without slightest obligation to buy. Write now. The very stone you wish may be in this present list at a price that will amaze you. Clip the coupon and—Send It Now!

Why Pay Full Prices

As Low As \$60 a Ct. for Diamonds

References by permission—Bank of Pittsburgh—N. A. Marine National Bank—Union Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Your bank can look us up in mercantile agencies

Jos. De Roy & Sons
7165 De Roy Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Without any obligation to me please send absolutely free and prepaid, your new bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. I prefer no advertising on envelope. And for Special List Diamonds \$50 to \$200 □ Diamonds \$200 to \$500 □

Name _____ Address _____

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 64)]

A Wahabi Social Club having been authorized, Noble W. H. Holman has organized it, and has already inaugurated a series of dances and other affairs.

[YAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.]

The Nobility here has decided to build a \$2,000,000 mosque, including a theater seating 5,000 persons which already has been leased for 21 years to the Fox Theater Corporation. It will be erected immediately on a site purchased several months ago, on a corner of Peachtree and Kimball streets. The lot cost is extra. It has an area of 200 feet on Peachtree, 400 on Kimball and 200 on Cypress, thus covering an entire block and surrounded by three principal thoroughfares.

Exact figures are not being announced, but it has been said that the theater and store rentals will be about \$140,000 a year, making about \$3,000,000 in the 21 years.

[ZA-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES, IOWA]

Potentate Ray Newton opened the social phase of his regime recently with a dancing party in the Temple. There was also a reception by Potentate and Mrs. Newton, members of the Divan and their wives assisted.

[ZAMORA, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.]

In the course of the Imperial Potentate's visit here early in March the statement was made that this Temple is now the biggest Shrine unit south of Indianapolis. The total strength is about 7,000.

[ZIYARA, UTICA, N. Y.]

The annual Potentate's grand ball was held in the armory on April 11th, and was very elaborate. The drill hall was transformed into a bit of the southland with scenery depicting the west coast of Florida. Potentate and Mrs. James B. Geer led the grand march. General Chairman in charge was Arthur F. Keilbach, with Carl F. Reiss as assistant general chairman.

[ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.]

March 23rd was ladies night, with the usual pleasing features of such an occasion. In addition, the Shrine Luncheon Club entertains the ladies every third Friday. Every Friday night, however, Zorah's members and visitors are assured of a strictly stag affair.

On April 5th an all-star amateur boxing card kept the boys on the edge of their seats.

But the biggest night of all was April 20th, the date of an official Ceremonial, directed by Potentate Ralph C. Everson, when a good sized class went through the mill.

[ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.]

The Temple's annual circus this year was its most successful. Thirteen performances drew 109,000 cash customers. Potentate Walter E. Winslow delighted thousands as honorary ringmaster. A. G. (Buzz) Bainbridge, Jr., Chief Rabban, himself a master showman, was the directing strategist.

Press Representative Mervin M. Turnbull broadcasts to the effect that "Zuhrah invited Shrinedom to shoot at its 1928 record. Next year it proposes to outdo this season's achievement." The great public clamor required two extra performances, and many were turned away at the mid-week shows. (See photographs on page 56.)

[Shrine News Continued on page 79]

OPEN TO MASONS OF THE WORLD
IN GOOD STANDING

LEVEL CLUB HOTEL



A stately entrance, yet a spirit of fellowship, greet the traveler.



Each bedroom has a private bath and is equipped for radio entertainment.



Ten tables for those who would while away the hours at billiards or pool.



A truly championship swimming pool, regulation size and fully equipped.



Ask Your Secretary for a Guest Courtesy Card or write direct for copy of this interesting booklet.

Transient Rate
\$3 to \$5 (no higher)

A REAL MASONIC HOME IN NEW YORK

THE first and last care of travelling Masons should be to find a place where they can gather for proper refreshment after labor.

This the Level Club Hotel has to offer.

In addition to spacious rooms with bath, commensurate with the finest hotels, it provides—swimming pool, gymnasium, card rooms, etc.,—together with a club-like atmosphere of good fellowship.

LEVEL CLUB INC.

253-267 West 73rd Street, New York, N. Y.

(Phone: Susquehanna 3000) Reservations by telegraph, telephone or mail.

HEADLIGHT TERROR BANISHED!



Agents Make \$10 a Day

Showing Amazing New Glare Shield

At last night driving in perfect safety! New device stops glare yet leaves road clear as day. Attached permanently in a jiffy. Instantly adjustable—always ready—never in the way. Absolutely different principle—glare shield by night—rear-view mirror by day. New kind of glass makes amazing demonstration. Coleman made \$27 in a few hours. Balance made \$10 in a day. New 2-way selling plan; also bonus and increased commissions. Write for details and sample trial offer.

Send for
Sample
Offer

Dept. 285 LEE-SEE COMPANY Kewaunee, Wisconsin

DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot cornerist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 5 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 115, Chicago, Ill.

Make BIG Money With Leading Tailored-to-Measure AUTO SEAT COVERS

Here's a sure way to make money! Without experience. Take orders for Leading Made-to-Measure Seat Covers. Guaranteed to fit perfectly. Every motorist wants them to beautify and protect his car. Show handsome samples, quote factory prices. Make \$4 to \$12 profit every sale. Complete selling outfit furnished FREE. Write at once. JOHN LEADING SEAT COVER CO. 70 East 18th Street Department 25 Chicago, Illinois



THIS ENJOYABLE NEW WAY

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—without any effort. Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way To Health

The rapidly oscillating girdles of the "Health Builder" give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peeps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room Y-198 Battle Creek, Mich.

Gentlemen: Please send me the FREE BOOK "KEEPING FIT"—Today.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Made by the manufacturers of the famous
"Mechanical Health Horse"
and "Electric and Sunshine Baths."

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No valves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Every appliance made to special order and sent direct from Marshall. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 182 B, State St., Marshall, Mich.

STOP FOOT TROUBLE
If you have sore, tired or perspiring and bad odors of the feet, send 50c by money order and receive a box of Whit Foot Powder.

H. C. WITZ
3812 Ivy Street Indiana Harbor, Indiana



Ask Mrs. FREDERICK.

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE COOKIE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

Mrs. J. H. ORME,
Marion, Ky.

Mocha Tea Cakes with Caraway Seeds: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 egg, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. caraway seeds, 3 tbsp. cold coffee, 2 squares bitter chocolate, melted in 1 tbsp. butter, 2 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder. Cream sugar and shortening, add the well beaten egg, melted chocolate and coffee. Mix flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and caraway seeds. Add to first mixture and blend well. Drop by spoonfuls on oiled cookie sheets and bake in oven 375° F. Bake 10 minutes to each cookie sheet. Sprinkle cookies, while yet warm, with caraway seeds.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

ALICE STEVENS,
Camp Allton, Box 422,
New Brunswick, Canada.

Honey Drop Cakes: 1/3 cup butter, 1/4 cup white sugar, 1/2 cup honey, 1 egg, 1/2 tsp. lemon juice, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder. Cream butter and add sugar slowly. Add honey, beaten egg yolk and lemon juice, mix well and add flour and baking powder, which have been sifted together, fold in beaten egg whites. Drop far apart on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

\$2.00 WINNERS

Mrs. P. G. SAWYER,
904 Marshall st.,
Carlinville, Ill.

Soft Ginger Cookies: Cream 1 cup shortening and blend with it 1 cup brown sugar, add 1 cup molasses and 1 cup sour milk. Sift together, 3 cups flour, 2 tps. soda, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. ginger, and 1 tsp. cinnamon and add to first mixture, together with 1 tsp. vinegar. Add about 2 cups more flour, being careful to keep dough soft. Chill over night. Roll thin, in the morning, and cut into desired shapes and bake on greased sheets about 15 minutes in 350° F. oven.

MARIE T. SANDIG,
Leipzig-Gohlis,
Roonstr. 32 (III), Germany.

Quaker Oats Cookies: 1 cup Quaker oats, 2 cups sugar, 5 tps. flour, 2 eggs, milk enough to moisten, 2 tps. butter, 2 tps. cocoa, 2 tps. baking powder. Mix the above together, using only enough milk to moisten the dough, drop from teaspoon in little heaps on well greased pan, and bake in oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Other prize winners: Helen B. Shumway, 62 Biltmore St., Springfield, Mass.; Boston Cookies; and Mrs. Frank E. Manley, 27 Harriott Ave., Oil City, Pa., Sour Cream Cookies.

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

What is your favorite BERRY RECIPE? Address Berry Contest Editor, c/o Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City. Contributions must be received by June 15th.

THE VOICE OF SILENCE

(Continued from page 10)

"It's awfully good of you to try and cheer me. But it's no use. Don't waste time—I—thanks," she broke off.

They went on again, in a sort of sad silence, as though neither could summon speech. He moved closer to the parapet, rested both hands on the top.

"Mystifying down there, isn't it?" he said. "Seems to answer all questions—and none."

She forced herself to his side, leaned over and looked into the chasm. Suddenly without self-warning or the ability to explain what prompted her, she turned to him.

"I—I tried to throw myself down there this afternoon," came confession torn from unready lips.

He did not answer at once, then said without sign of astonishment, "That was what I thought."

"You—?"

"Yes. There's a formation of rock a short distance below the top. It's easy enough to reach and I often climb down. I was sitting there today and saw you go plunging up the steps."

Again her voice was a whisper, "I—I came here to kill myself."

"Miss Buckley, I wouldn't if I were you! It's only an experiment—living. Why not see it through?" His eyes came swiftly to her. And though she could not read their expression, she seemed to sense an intense anxiety, as though they would tell her more than the mere words permitted.

"Do you know," he hurried on, "I can't even see a scar now. You're as lovely as you ever were. Please believe me."

She caught hold of the low wall, turned from him with a shudder of pain. His hand came gently over hers.

"You think I'm speaking with the indifference of a man who can't possibly know what you're suffering. A beautiful woman with the world at her feet—a spoiled darling, robbed of everything. It's almost impossible to credit. It seems too ghastly to have happened. But please—" the man's tone deepened, throbbed—"please don't ever attempt again to take your life. There are things so much worse than what you've gone through—a scar on the soul, for instance."

She veered round. Revolt against conventional theory, against all the thousand and one vapid phrases that for weeks had poured into her ears from well-meaning sympathizers, choked her. Was he, too, going to hold forth on the incessant law of compensation? This one mind that, so strangely understanding, had met her misery, was it offering, like all the rest, empty philosophy in the wilderness?

Sudden defiance seized her and her voice went hard with the keen edge of scorn.

"Are you a preacher?" she flung at him. "No," he answered very quietly. "I'm a criminal."

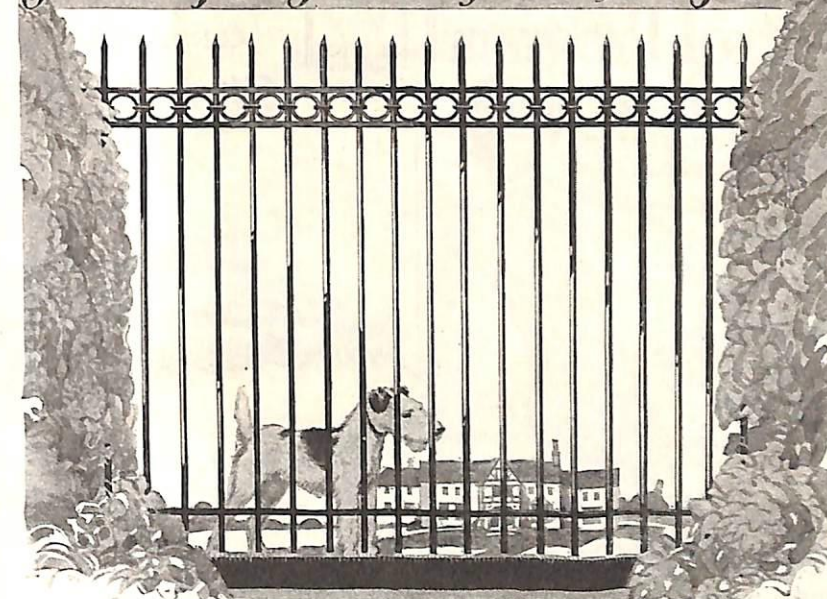
For a moment, Peg stepped back, neither through fear nor recoil, but rather with complete refusal to accept his statement.

"That can't be true," she found herself murmuring finally.

"It is. You think you've seen me in Los Angeles. Well, you have. I've seen you many times, at one of your several banks. I've been right-hand man to the Vice-President—confidential secretary, they called me, but I've practically handled his job for years." He paused, then plunged on doggedly. "It was all right until I realized I was doing the work he got paid for. Then I began to find myself hard to live with. It's slow poison, eating a man up, a thing like that when he lets it take hold of him. Living every day in a state of rebellion, he gets so that he can't see or think straight. Everything's corroded."

(Continued on page 69)

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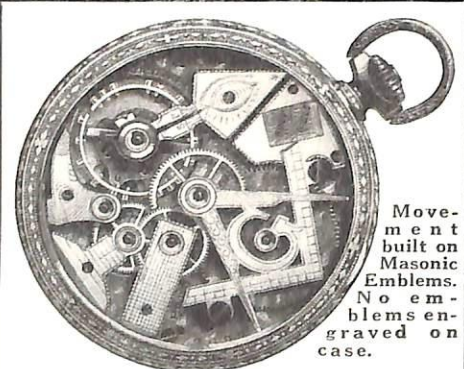
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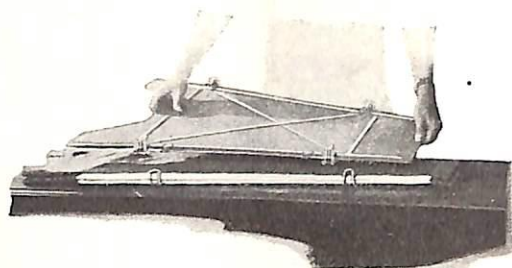
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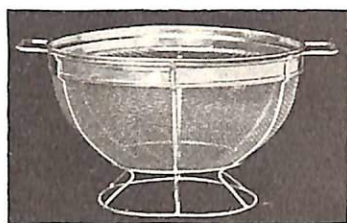
DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

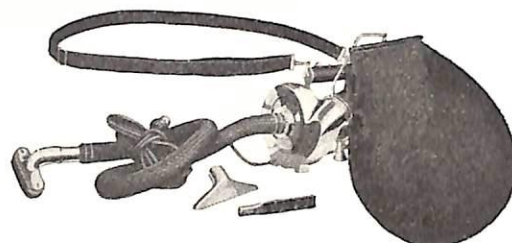
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



((Above)—An automatic electrical trouser presser. Turn on current and by the time you have shaved, trousers will be pressed, without costly tailors' bills or delay.



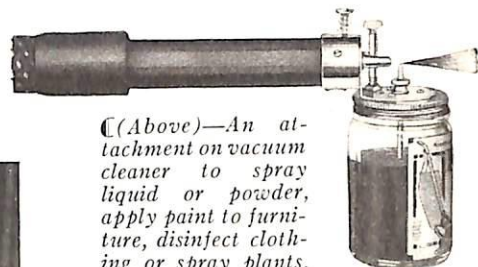
((Above)—This wire colander features a removable bowl for easy cleaning. The bowl, separate, is a satisfactory steamer.



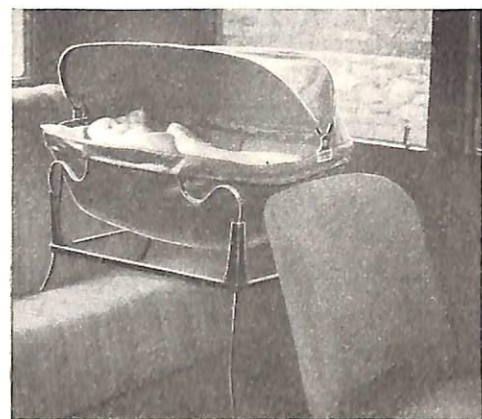
((Above)—Carried like a camera with grip handle and carrying-strap, this vacuum does all the cleaning of the usual model. Invaluable for cleaning auto upholstery, show windows, shelves, stairs, drapes and every hard-to-get-at corner.



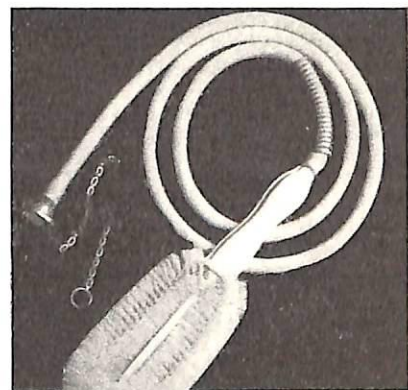
((Above)—Hulling straw-berries will not stain fingers if this nipper is used in place of thumb and finger. It also effectively tweezes pin-feathers from poultry.



((Above)—An attachment on vacuum cleaner to spray liquid or powder, apply paint to furniture, disinfect clothing or spray plants.



((Above)—An easily lifted portable basinet for use in motoring. It has collapsible hoods to protect baby from wind and sun.



((Above)—An invigorating shower is possible with this brush curved to fit the body. Equally serviceable for washbowl shampoo.



((Left)—Executives interested in cutting costs will appreciate the advantages of this electric dryer for use in office, factory or club. The handsome stand is the convenient height for hot air drying, eliminating unsanitary, disorderly towel waste.

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THE VOICE OF SILENCE

(Continued from page 67)

She had an acute sense that she must tell him to stop. But she stood mute, like some confessor waiting to meet the soul in pain. "My chance came eventually. The chance to prove my stuff, as a matter of fact. But I saw only a shrewd opportunity to make my innings, the sort that knocks at the door once in a lifetime. The man I worked for went on a trip round the world. He left me in charge of his affairs—gave me power of attorney. He must have trusted me more than he did his own lawyer, but I was too far gone to be impressed by that. All I wanted was to get my hands on money I counted rightfully mine. Well," he ended abruptly, "now I've got it." He said no more, but waited for her to speak.

"You mean that you've run away because he's discovered the loss?" she asked finally. "No, I've been too clever for that. I faked expenditures mounting into thousands. A few days after he returned to Los Angeles, I said I needed a vacation. He was glad to let me off after my long grind. Oh, I'm safe all right! It will take him months to check up. By that time I can be at the other side of the world." He gave a crisp laugh—"I can deposit his money as my own anywhere I choose. But here's an odd thing, Miss Buckley—I can't bring myself to touch a red cent."

He gave a sharp turn and walked on rapidly, as though driven by a lash unseen. Her hand went swiftly to his arm. They strode along, these two, a pair of wanderers searching for an oasis in the wilderness of their souls.

They rounded a curve of the canyon before either spoke. The moon was rising and the whitening desert sand billowed like sea-foam against the purple sky. They might have been quite alone on the planet. Even the hotel, with its faint sad lights, was lost to view.

"Why?" she asked. "Why can't you touch it?"

"I don't know. Two weeks ago I arrived here with a feeling of triumph. I'd won out. No sign of conscience, you understand. I merely had what should have been mine. Then somehow, in some inexplicable way, it got me. The canyon! Turned me inside out. Made me feel, not the wrong but the pettiness of the whole scheme. The unimportance. What do a few dollars matter? What do I matter? It's eternal—that yawning thing down there. I can't tear myself away from it."

"Have you—" she was scarcely conscious of speaking—"have you heard the voice, too?"

"What voice?" He stopped short and, through drifting moonlight as through a pane of glass, their harassed eyes met.

"In the canyon—from the depths—from nowhere—this afternoon, it came distinctly."

"You heard—just a voice?"

"Yes."

"What—did it say?"

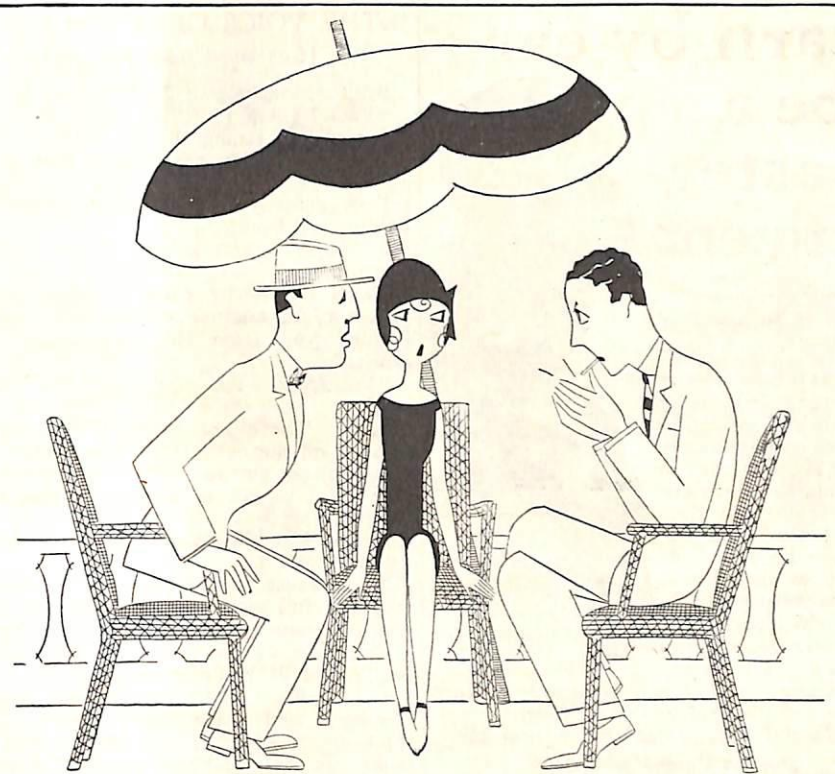
"Almost what you said at the hotel—only in other words." Slowly, gropingly, she repeated the low throbbing chant. "I'd never heard those words before—so it couldn't have been my imagination. That's what made me think just now—the voice must have called to you, too. Has it?"

"No," he told her, but the words held a curious, haunting significance, as if the man were struggling with some unanswered question.

"I thought—I hoped—when you told me you couldn't tear yourself away, I was sure that was the reason," Peg ventured. "Please—please don't think me crazy."

"I don't." He was staring down at her. "Anything might happen here."

(Continued on page 70)



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THE VOICE OF SILENCE

[Continued from page 69]

"But of course you don't believe it."
"Yes—I think I do."
She gave a strangled little laugh.
"I'm glad. You can't know how glad I am. You mean—don't you?—that you believe actually some strange power was holding me back."
"Stranger," came grimly, "than we have any idea of."
"Well then—why can't it have gripped you, too, in another way? Why isn't it holding you from the commission of a crime?"

"You forget—I'm guilty. It's too late for me."

"No! That's not true. Can't you see what it all means? Don't you realize why you can't go further with what you're doing? You've got to turn back and make good."

He smiled, oddly enough, yet with a sort of desperate effort.

"You realize that to right about face now means a full confession. There's no other way to refund the money. I've got to make a clean breast—and pay the piper. Not a soul would lift a finger to keep me out of jail. I've been alone ever since I can remember. And I'm a thief. Every time I think of going back, I hear the clang of iron doors. Is that what you believe the canyon is demanding of me?"

"I don't know. But I am sure of one thing. You're not the sort to get peace or satisfaction by going on. It would kill you. Why, tonight, you've been talking to me as if you wanted to convince yourself. Ever since you've been here, haven't you been trying to go back? Tell me—haven't you?"
He reached down, caught her clasped hands, held them silently a moment. Not as man to woman, but almost as one lost in a fog, groping for the way out.

"Will you help me to?" he said at last.
She stood quite still. Friendship—that greatest gift to the soul alone—it was hers to confer. Never before had this been asked of her. Everything done for others had been skillfully calculated and exploited by those who regulated her professional life. She had served three gods—popularity, publicity, dollars. And always with the assurance of substantial personal reward.

But here was the first chance to give of herself.

"I've been fighting for the courage," she heard him say. "It's not easy to face complete ruin—deliberately."

"Must it mean that?"

"What else?"

She moved in the direction of the parapet. She did not know why, but something seemed to impel her. Leaning an elbow on the top, her head rested on her hand. The sensitive fingers met the scar without the slightest consciousness of it.

The man crossed his arms on the wall.

About the two lay infinitude. And gazing into it, she saw stretching before her the road she must take. Not away from civilization, but back to it. Not to save herself from life. But to live it, that a fellow-creature might not know purgatory. She had friends in Los Angeles—influence. Now was the time to test the measure of both. If she could not accomplish the task of saving this man who spiritually had already saved himself, then she might well have proved her own futility. But until then, she had still the dream of belonging somewhere, still the hope of her place in the sun.

Without definite plan, her mind sped to the necessity of action, of some immediate move.

"Shall we go back to Los Angeles tomorrow?" she put breathlessly.

"If you say so."

[Continued on page 71]



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"And I'll stand by you. You're sure of that, aren't you?"

He merely bowed his head, but the movement held a poignant revelation. It told so completely the battle he had fought against that most relentless antagonist, self.

Her voice lifted to a ringing note of hope. "And I tell you everything must come out right."

The cry drifted like magic over the canyon. The gauze of night drew apart and from those depths, it came again, echoing, surging, rolling, a call from the very heart of earth.

"I tell you everything must come out right."

The long, sighing chant filled the night, reverberated, died away.

Peg's breath halted and her hands groped out to him.

"You hear? You hear?"

"Yes—I hear."

"The voice!" Her hands clung to his.

"Don't tell me it's only an echo. Not just my own voice flung back at me. I couldn't bear to think this has all happened by accident, without a reason. Don't say that."
"I won't," he spoke softly. "No accident—no mere echo could change the course of two lives."

"Besides—this afternoon," she stumbled on, "there was no one in the canyon talking aloud. Was there—tell me—was there?"

He hesitated momentarily, gazing into the face illumined by moonlight. The eyes lifted to his were suffused with a sort of rapture, a radiance of hushed glory, the look of one entering a sacred temple.

"Why question something beyond both of us?" he told her. "Why try to gauge something deeper than the canyon itself?"

But as they turned away, he dug into his pocket for the touch of an old volume he had found in the hotel bookshelves. The battered cover bore the imprint: Holy Bible. Each day for a week he had sat in the grim canyon solitude while light lasted, reading aloud such passages as might give him the courage to face what he deserved, to find the peace which had deserted him. And as he read, it had seemed that he was alone with his Maker, for the reverberations had rolled up from those mysterious depths, low and commanding—not like the sound of his own voice, but with the ring of a message from the Source of all being.

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 36]

At the dinner the Imperial Potentate received a bronze statue of an Arab on horseback, Noble O. B. Black making the presentation, and Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones was presented with a large hammered brass tray, Noble Marcus W. Davis making the presentation.

The members of the party left the same night over the Southern Pacific for Galveston, escorted by Noble George H. Winsor of Alzarar, and Past Potentates W. H. Calvert and Munger T. Ball of El Mina Temple. They reached Houston, the home of Noble Frank C. Jones, on February 29th, and spent two days as the guests of Arabia Temple. Potentate W. L. Childs headed the official escort from Galveston. (An account of the corner stone ceremony in Houston is elsewhere in this issue.)

An unusual feature of the dinner that night were the talks by Past Potentates John S. Bonner and George H. Pruter, who impersonated Imperial Potentate Dunbar and Imperial Deputy Potentate Jones. Then came the informal reception and ball in the large ballroom of the Rice Hotel, attended by several hundred Nobles and their ladies. The grand march was led by the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. George K. Fox. The

[Continued on page 72]



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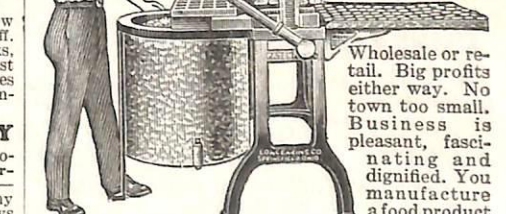
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WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE (Continued from page 71)

following day the distinguished guest visited the hospitals where Arabia Temple cares for crippled children.

The Nobility of El Karubah, Shreveport, La., were hosts to Imperial Potentate Dunbar on March 2nd. He was met at the station by Potentate Clarence A. McClelland and Divan and uniformed organizations, which formed the escort. Following luncheon with the Divan there was an official inspection of the Shreveport Shrine Hospital Unit for Crippled Children. The children, following the custom there on such an occasion, dedicated a Southern live oak tree, placing thereon a bronze tablet as a memorial of the Imperial visit. At the banquet that night, attended by more than 900 of the Nobility and their ladies, there was a musical program by the Chanters, orchestra and assisting artists of El Karubah, all of which was broadcast over KSBA. Potentate McClelland in behalf of the Temple presented Noble Dunbar with a large sterling silver vase suitably inscribed.

Recorder Frank Herman of Jerusalem Temple, New Orleans, was also in attendance, having come up from the Crescent City to act as a special escort for the Imperial Potentate. The ladies of El Karubah were disappointed because a slight accident prevented Miss Dunbar from making the trip to Shreveport, but she was able to rejoin her father in New Orleans. The Imperial party reached New Orleans in time for the banquet given by Jerusalem Temple, in the Mosque, 1500 Nobles being present. Later the Imperial Potentate was officially received in the auditorium, where he delivered his message. Potentate Ernest E. Sykes in behalf of Jerusalem Temple presented the Imperial guest with a Persian lamp and rug. An entertainment was given through the cooperation and courtesy of Noble Henry Santrey, of Medinah.

Later that night the Imperial Potentate left for Jackson, Miss., accompanied by Miss Margaret Dunbar, Potentate Sykes, and Noble Mitchell Robinson of Wahabi Temple, who was the official escort to Jackson. Potentate W. T. Merritt and Past Potentates W. E. Pleasants, Gus Hawkins and W. T. Denman met the party at McComb, Miss. At the station in Jackson Wahabi's Band and Patrol and a large number of individual Shriners were in attendance. Past Potentates J. F. Ramier and W. B. Hill of Al Chymia met the party in Jackson to be escort to Memphis.

The First Section of the Wahabi ceremonial, presented in accordance with the new ritual, and by an especially trained degree team headed by Noble A. C. Kirchmann, was conferred with marked success. Between the First and Second Sections there was a delightful banquet prepared by the ladies of the Eastern Star, at which Past Potentate Fred H. Lotterhos presented the Imperial Potentate with a silver bread basket. Prominent in the work of the Second Section were Lieutenant Governor Bidwell Adam, Chief Justice Sydney Smith, and Mayor Walter A. Scott of Jackson, who was master of ceremonies. There was an address by Past Grand Master Thomas Q. Ellis, and a cornet solo by Noble Dunbar.

Miss Dunbar and her companion were entertained by Nobles Mitchell Robinson and F. K. Dunn, Mrs. S. E. Birdsong, Jr., and Miss Mary Pleasants. The day closed with a dance in the Shrine auditorium, after which the visitors left for Memphis.

Southern sunshine and hospitality, a combination of alluring appeal to northerners, greeted the Imperial Potentate on his visit to the oasis of Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, Tenn., on March 6th, escorted from Jackson, Miss., by a local committee of past



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potentates. The visitors put in a busy day, including a drive over the city for the ladies and a game of golf.

The officers of Al Chymia Temple and committee chairmen with their wives attended the banquet at the Hotel Peabody in the evening. The Imperial Potentate was presented with a silver goblet set.

On March 7th the Imperial Potentate and his party reached Birmingham, Ala., home of Zamora Temple, having been met in Memphis by Past Potentates L. H. Salter and J. B. Patterson. After breakfast with Zamora's Divan, the Imperial Potentate played golf at the new Country Club, where he was joined by Past Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, Past Potentate Cliff Lanier, and Past Potentate H. C. Crenshaw of Alcazar Temple. The ladies of Zamora entertained Miss Dunbar and Mrs. Fox at luncheon. Dinner that evening at the Highland Park Country Club was followed by a reception and dance.

After a night's rest in Birmingham, the Imperial party, accompanied by Past Imperial Potentate Crosland, Past Potentate Lanier, and Past Potentate Crenshaw, left for Montgomery early on the morning of March 8th. In Montgomery the party was met by a special escort and officers of Alcazar Temple. In the afternoon the distinguished visitor was the guest of Noble Crosland in his home, and that evening there was an official visit to Alcazar Temple, with Potentate M. B. Kirkpatrick in charge of the proceedings. There was also a reception and dance at the Montgomery Country Club.

THE party then went to Atlanta, where the Imperial Potentate was officially received on the morning of March 10th by Potentate Tom Law of Yaarab Temple, Past Potentate Charles A. Bowen, and the Yaarab Divan. Escorting the Imperial Potentate from Montgomery were Nobles Joseph P. Billups and Joe Wooddall.

The formal banquet was held in the Atlanta Athletic Club and was attended by a large group of Nobles and Shrine officials, including the various temple organizations in uniform. Yaarab's "Million Dollar" Band under the direction of C. Edward Buchanan played and there were spirituals by the Chanters, led by Frank A. Cundell. The "Rube" Band then performed stunts.

The Imperial party, including on this leg of the journey Noble Fred I. Gorton of Palestine Temple, left Atlanta the morning of March 10th and was met at Macon, Ga., by Potentate J. Lane Mullally, Past Potentate George E. Patterson, Recorder Charles R. McCord and Nobles Richard P. Orme, and F. Joe Bishop. Al Sihah Temple suffered a severe fire loss a few weeks ago and consequently was unable to extend the courtesies and entertainment the Temple usually shows to the Imperial Potentate and party. To meet this situation and to afford the Imperial Potentate a rest from his strenuous travels, the party was taken to a hunting and fishing camp in the hills of Bibb County. On Monday Potentate Mullally, Past Potentate Patterson and Representatives to the Imperial Council acted as hosts on an auto trip through the city of Macon and visited the winter quarters of Sparks' Circus, where Noble Fred Sparks had arranged a special entertainment for the visitors, and also visited the training quarters of the Hanover Stables.

The Imperial Potentate and his party were met at Jacksonville on March 13th by the Divan of Morocco Temple. The formal dinner was in the Hotel George Washington, attended by Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens, Potentate Louie W. Strum, the Divan and Representatives and their ladies. In Morocco's Mosque there was a reception and dance.



Imperial Potentate Dunbar at the country home of Noble G. F. Olendorf in the Ozarks, with Potentates of Moolah and Abou Ben Adhem and party.

Tampa and St. Petersburg were visited on March 14th. In the former city the guests were officially welcomed by Potentate W. M. Rowlett of Egypt, his Divan, and a committee headed by Harry B. Roberts. They inspected the children's ward of the municipal hospital and then went to St. Petersburg for luncheon with the St. Petersburg Shrine Club in the Vinoy Hotel.

Egypt Temple officers gave a banquet for the Imperial Potentate that night at the El Pasaje restaurant, Tampa, while Mrs. Rowlett was dinner hostess at the Plaza Cafe to Miss Dunbar and other ladies.

The Imperial Potentate visited Palm Beach on the night of March 15th to be entertained by the Palm Beach Shrine Club. Judge E. B. Donnell, Potentate of Mahi Temple, and his ambassadors had welcomed the Imperial Potentate in Miami and from there they escorted him across the Florida hinterlands and through the great Everglades. En route he was met by a caravan of Shriners and a squad of motorcycle policemen who kept the highways cleared.

At the Royal Daneli Hotel in Palm Beach the Palm Beach Anglers' Club was in session. This is one of the world's most exclusive fishing clubs and gathered with the members were many representatives of foreign nations. Imperial Potentate Dunbar participated in the proceedings, presenting some of the \$35,000 worth of cups that were given that night. Among the trophies which he helped to present were gold cups from the King of Spain, the Ex-Queen of Greece, the President of Mexico, the President of Cuba, the President of Haiti, the President of Argentina, the Premier of Italy, and the E. R. Bradley gold cup. At the Palm Beach Shrine Club a reception and dance was held for him. Later Noble Dunbar returned to the Anglers' Club.

On March 16th Potentate Donnell of Mahi motored the Imperial Potentate to Hollywood, Fla., where Noble Dunbar assisted the Deputy Grand Master, LeRoy Brandon of Clearwater, in laying the cornerstone of the Masonic Temple for Danie Lodge. The caravan then continued to Miami.

That evening a banquet was given the Imperial Potentate and party with the Divan of Mahi Temple at the Miami-Biltmore Country Club. The ceremonial took place in the Miami Coliseum, where 85 candidates were initiated. After that a midnight party was given at "The Frolics." Saturday was spent in sightseeing until Imperial Potentate

[Continued on page 75]



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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C Royle

THE day of the miser is over. The bent old man, with straggling gray locks, gloating over his gold and dripping shining, clinking coins through his greedy, claw-like fingers in the dim light of a tallow dip, is only a figment of imagination. Even those persons so penurious and grasping as to come up to the requirements of the old time miser are far too good men of business to let their money lie idle for the pleasure of fondling it. Moreover, it is somewhat difficult to fondle gold ingots painted black, and coins, except for change purposes, have almost passed out of circulation.

This is the day of the man who makes his money work for him. The unemployed dollar is a lazy dollar and the up-to-date man or woman would as soon think of retaining a lazy workman as an idle dollar. The problems of today are the same in investment as they are in any business—how to keep dollar workmen profitably employed.

The hoarding of money grew primarily out of distrust of banks. Such distrust, under modern conditions and careful regulation, has disappeared. The distrust of stocks and bonds as media for the employment of spare capital is fast disappearing. That is why there is, at the moment in America, hundreds of millions of dollars for investment in sound issues.

One of the chief difficulties both investors and speculators find in keeping their dollars working profitably for them is when to start them in on a new job. That is, they find difficulty in determining when to buy stocks or bonds and when to sell.

The question of when to buy does not present many extraordinary difficulties. Most people, whether investors or speculators, buy when they have the funds available. But when it comes to selling, there is a strong demarcation between the two types. The speculator puts his dollars to work on short jobs, seeking a quick turnover and high, prompt profits with their attendant great risks. He can scarcely go wrong, therefore, if he takes his profits promptly.

Conditions are otherwise for the investor and his problem of when to sell is of real importance for all, since even successful speculators must, in the course of events, become investors sooner or later. One of the chief difficulties of the investor is when to change his capital to a new place.

Few factory executives would consider taking the majority of their forces off a paying piece of work and directing them to devote their energies to a new and untried line. Yet that is just what many investors do. They do not consider that by selling certain of their holdings they may put thousands of dollar workmen out of jobs with no idea where or how they may be productively employed again. They are

bitten with the desire to "take a profit," irrespective of the fact that the amount of such a profit may be more than lost through capital remaining idle while a new investment is being sought for it.

"I have a profit of ten or twenty points in such a stock or bond," they say. "Shall I sell and take the profit?"

They fail to think that the security, at the price they paid for it, may be yielding them two or three percent more than they could get on an equal amount of money invested in some other issue. If they sell, they might have to wait some time for an investment opportunity which would combine the yield and safety of the original holding. In the meantime, their capital is producing nothing.

It is essential therefore that investors should know how they are going to reinvest their money before they dispose of a sound security. This must not be taken to mean they should keep their money in one investment forever. It may be highly advisable to sell, but it is neither wise nor necessary for them to leave their money idle.

FREQUENT changes in orders to dollar workmen are sometimes as disastrous as they were to the Salt Lake, Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad when they changed section bosses on the line of track west of Milford, Utah. Martin Sullivan, boss of the section for years, fell off an icy trestle one night with fatal results and the maintenance of way department appointed Joe Davis his successor.

Joe had been bunking with the other section hands and felt on his first day it was up to him to establish his authority. He led his gang to the hand car house, unlocked the door impressively and shouted: "Take her out."

"Put the car on the track," he continued, and was obeyed. "Take her off again. Put her on. Take her off. Put her on. I'll show ye who's boss here."

Joe was boss but he wasn't boss long. His men would not work for him.

There is a lot of lost motion in changing orders too often.

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WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 73]

Dunbar met with the committees in charge of the Imperial session work, checking over the program. That night another banquet was tendered the Imperial Potentate, his party and the Divan of Mahi (at the Alcazar Hotel). Later Mahi Temple gave a beautiful ball at the Miami Coliseum, the grand march being led by Noble Dunbar and Mrs. E. B. Donnell and Potentate Donnell and Miss Margaret Dunbar. Three thousand Nobles and their ladies were in attendance. An unusual entertainment was given by the best talent of the Miami and Miami Beach night clubs. At this time of the year many of the best entertainers of the nation being here on vacation, it was possible for Noble Frank Leavitt, chairman of the entertainment committee, to offer a big show. Sunday was spent aboard the yacht of Noble William I. Phillips.

Imperial Potentate Dunbar paid his official visit to Alee Temple in Savannah on March 19th. The guests were met at the depot and escorted to the De Soto Hotel. They attended a shore luncheon at Thunderbolt Casino, to which the entire Nobility and their ladies had been invited.

During the day the Imperial Potentate placed a wreath from the Imperial Council on the grave of his friend, the late lamented Past Imperial Potentate Ernest Allen Cutts. A foursome of golf was enjoyed on the links of the Savannah Golf Club, where some of the bunkers are the original Confederate breastworks against Sherman.

A ceremonial session was held in the evening. Brigadier General Robert J. Travis, a Past Potentate of Alee Temple and Past Grand Master of Georgia Masons, acting for Potentate John W. Blount, who was ill. The distinguished guest in his address told about the work of the children's hospitals and other Shrine activities. He received a beautifully engraved diploma of honorary membership in Alee Temple. Past Potentate Robert B. Hubert was chairman of the committee on arrangements.

NOBLE DUNBAR reached Charleston, S. C., from Savannah, March 20th, and was welcomed by a reception committee consisting of Lawrence M. Pinckney, chairman, Past Potentate James R. Johnson, Louis C. Fischer, secretary-treasurer of the Shrine Directors Association, Harry B. Snyder, John D. Doscher and Recorder Jesse Sharpe.

Shortly thereafter the Imperial Potentate was also greeted by Potentate Jennings K. Owens of Bennettsville, High Priest and Prophet George D. Levy, Past Potentate George L. Ricker and Past Potentate E. S. Booth. These Nobles and their wives participated in the entertainment of the Imperial party.

On Noble Pinckney's yacht the party visited various points of interest around the harbor, including Fort Sumter, luncheon following at the Charleston Country Club. In the afternoon the visitors went to Magnolia Gardens and saw St. Andrews Church, which was built in 1706. The Imperial party then went to Charlotte, N. C.

In Charlotte, N. C., on March 21st, Oasis Temple conducted a special Ceremonial and business meeting in honor of the Imperial Potentate. Noble R. E. Simpson, of Cincinnati, formerly of Charlotte, Potentate of this Temple, was the official host. An outstanding event of the day was the reception at the Hotel Charlotte in honor of Miss Dunbar and Mrs. R. E. Simpson. The Imperial Potentate was met by the uniformed bodies, which escorted him and Potentate Simpson to Carolinas Exposition Building, where the business meeting and Ceremonial were held. A dance was given in the evening.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a PERSONAL TINGE



(Past Potentate J. Harry Lewis, Osman, St. Paul, is sojourning in Korea, Japan.)

Noble J. Harry Lewis, of Osman Temple, St. Paul, and the first Fraternal News Editor of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, is sojourning in Korea. From the Hermit Kingdom he writes that "colorful stuff" abounds. He is there on business and adds that "things look good but action is a trifle slow."

Noble Walton D. Hood of Alzafar Temple, San Antonio, has been elected president of the Texas State Bank and Trust Company by the board of directors. He is now treasurer of Alzafar.

Major Hood, who has been in San Antonio's fraternal, banking and military circles for twenty-two years, is Texas State Commander of the American Legion.

Noble Ernest Birdsong, Jr., has been elected Recorder of Wahabi Temple and has opened offices as full-time executive in the Masonic Temple of Jackson, Miss.

Noble Birdsong has been in the Shrine since 1916, entering from the Scottish Rite, Albert Pike Consistory No. 1, and the Jackson Chapter and Commandery of the Knights Templar. He is a charter member of Capitol Lodge No. 600.

He was born in Raymond, Miss., Oct. 19th, 1891, attended the University of Mississippi Law School and practised in Edwards and Jackson from 1915 on. (See photograph page 52.)

Noble Frank Simon is director of Antioch's Band in Dayton. Years as cornet soloist and assistant director with concert bands are to his credit. For seven years he had such a post with Sousa's Band. Weber's Prize Band and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra also gave him prominence. He organized and now directs the band of the American Rolling Mills (Armco), by many considered the best industrial band in the country. (See photograph on page 50.)

James M. Davenport, foreman of the press room of the Albany Evening News and The

Knickerbocker Press, has become a life member of Mecca Temple, New York, in recognition of his quarter of a century service to Shrinedom. His fifty-second birthday, his nineteenth wedding anniversary and the Mecca ceremony all came in two days.

He started as a devil in a country weekly in Ottawa, Kansas. Successively he worked in Kansas City and New York, moving to Albany seventeen years ago.

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

First Lieutenant Thomas G. Bruce, Nicaragua National Guard, one of the Marines killed in skirmish in Nicaragua, was a member of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C. His Marine Corps rank was that of sergeant; he was one of the non-coms picked for Nicaragua duty as a temporary commissioned officer. He was slated for a captaincy.

Noble Bruce had a splendid record of ten years in the Marine Corps, beginning with World War service. He was in the battles of Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Soissons, winning the Croix de Guerre at Soissons. He had been also awarded the Navy War Cross by France, Belgium and the United States.

Nile Temple in Seattle is mourning the death of Noble Frank W. Parker, Past Potentate of Afifi Temple in Tacoma in 1896-7. In 1908 he was so active with others in seeking the dispensation for a temple in Seattle that he was frequently called "The Daddy of Nile." Noble Parker was general agent of the Chicago, St. Paul Minneapolis & Omaha Railroad in Seattle for 30 years.

State Senator Frederick DePeyster, of Portland, Maine, a member of Sphinx Temple in Hartford, Conn., died recently at the age of 67. He was born in Kent, Ohio, and took up railroad engineering work. In 1896 he became general manager of the Brainard, Shaler and Hall Quarry Company. A Republican in politics, he was a presidential elector in 1900.

Clarence H. Smith, long a prominent member of Damascus Temple, Rochester, New York, died on March 8th at the age of 62. Noble Smith was prominent in the Craft, being a 33° honorary. He was a member of Zetland Lodge, Ionic Chapter, Cyrene Commandery, Knights Templar; Doric Council, Rochester Consistory, Lalla Rookh Grotto, and the Royal Order of Jesters. High Masonic officials, including Noble Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial High Priest and Prophet, eulogized him in the press.

All honorary pallbearers at the funeral were 33° Masons and the 33° roll service was given. Bishop David Lincoln Ferris, a close friend of Noble Smith, officiated.

[Shrine News Continued on page 79]



(The late Noble Clarence H. Smith, who died on March 8th, was a member of Damascus, Rochester, and a 33° Mason.)

MIAMI WELCOMES THE CONVENTION HOSTS

[Continued from page 33]

fashion the vast pile of stone that was to be his sepulchre.

In the garden is an oasis, the resting place for weary pilgrims. Here are the buildings of the Arabian-Egyptian Village, gay with the colors of the Near East.

At the southern end of the garden, from the principal thoroughfare that is Flagler street to Biscayne Bay, is the Avenue of the Sphinx. On either side is a huge Sphinx modeled from a piece of sculpture that was taken to Rome to please the fancy of an emperor.

At the very door of all this improvisation for Shriners stands the permanent city of Miami, with its downtown hotels that can accommodate 20,000 persons, flanked by 986 apartment houses with 75,000 rooms. In each of many of such rooms two or three or four sojourners can be comfortable.

Noble James Walmy, a convention official and vice-president of The Third National Bank, invites all visiting Shriners to call on his bank, where all the officials are Shriners, for their financial accommodations.

The committees issue these statements: General information: Bathing in Miami is enjoyed in the Atlantic Ocean 365 days in the year.

A word of warning: Do not expose yourself to the rays of the sun on the beach in the middle of the day, as a good coat of sunburn on the first day will not add any enjoyment to the remaining days of entertainment.

There are ten golf courses in Miami district. It is planned to eliminate green fees on these courses during the session.

Transportation: Buses will be furnished uniformed units to transport them to and from parades and special programs.

Special hostesses will be assigned to visiting ladies to further their comfort and enjoyment.

Information for the ladies who are guests of Miami:

Clothing is an important item. Wear light clothes. Light in color as well as in weight. Dark garments, no matter how sheer, are apt to appear warm amid flowers and palms that form the setting for this session. Sports clothes are suitable for all daytime wear and will prove practical for auto trips and boat trips. For the soft femininity of chiffons and picture hats, there are the afternoon teas each day in various sections of the city. Hats that shade the eyes will afford a welcome protection for the almost constant sunshine of the tropical days.

Aching feet can ruin the best laid plans. Heavy leathers are apt to draw; white or colored shoes, in thin leathers or fabrics, will make for ease and perhaps improve the disposition.

Consult the Ladies' Committee at Shrine Headquarters on any detail that may be in question.

(Deciphered excerpt, in part, of what purports to be an intercepted epistolary salutation to the hypothetical Ruler of Okrium, Oasis of Mustapha Superieur, from his synthetic son Abou, alleged to have been commander of a caravan sent to the Oasis of Mahi, the whilom Mecca of Shrinedom):

"One year ago Mahi, almost the youngest son of Allah, proclaimed that he would set aside feast days in the Spring, with wine, corn and oil aplenty for those who would hie them to the sea and join in worship and in frolic attending the installation of the Imperial Potentate, ruler of all the followers of Allah.

"He said he lived in the Magic City that had sprung from [Continued on page 79]

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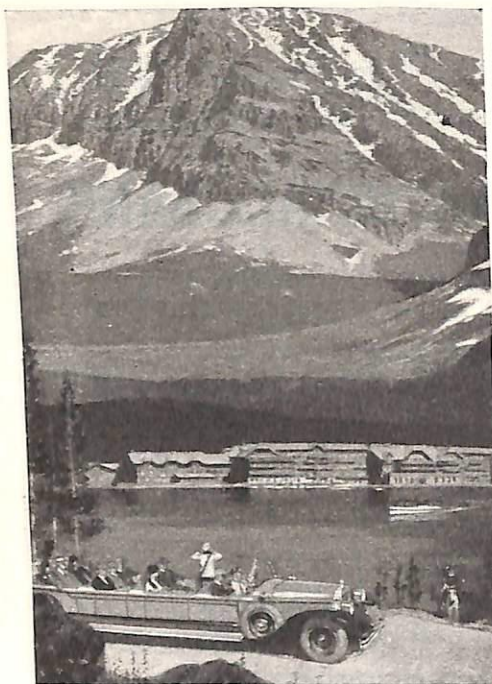
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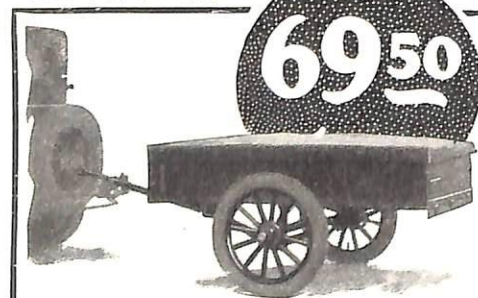
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SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU



Our Glorious National Parks

By Anne C. Granbeck

MORE and more it is being realized that the American National Parks are the flowering spots of this continent, and that those who have failed to see them cannot really claim to know America.

There are 19 National Parks and 55 National Monuments in the United States and our territorial possessions, and 18 National Parks in Canada. Areas of unusual beauty and grandeur, each distinctly characteristic, have been selected for Parks.

All of the larger National Parks are west of the Mississippi River. The nearest of these to the east is that "land of lofty mountains," the Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado, about 60 miles from Denver to its entrance. This is truly a mountain lover's paradise. Long's Peak, higher than the historic "Pike's Peak or bust," rises 14,255 feet above sea level. A two-day climb through valleys, deep silver-stemmed aspen and pine forests, past the timber line, over a huge boulder field to the Key-hole and then the top of the Great Divide! A trip along the Flattop Trail, the principal trail, because it is the only one which crosses the continental divide in direct line between Estes Park and the east, and Grand Lake on the west, may be made on horseback.

Yellowstone National Park in northwestern Wyoming has been famous longest and most widely for its geysers. More geysers can be found here than in all the world put together and the highest with its forceful waters gushing 150 feet high into the air is "Old Faithful." The pools with apt names indicate their color or shape—Emerald Pool, Morning Glory Pool, Punch Bowl, Paint Pots, and Pulpit Terrace. The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone—"painted canyon"—with the Great Falls at its head, is a spectacle of volcanic lustres shading from vivid crimson to pale yellow.

In Zion National Park in southwestern Utah, there are also amazingly colored gorges (Zion Canyon) with a precipitous depth of 1,500 to 2,500 feet. The body color is a deep red, and topping this, pearl white. The effect is temple-like. Nature seemed in a religious mood here, for there is a Great White Throne, a great natural amphitheatre, and a Great Organ—all fascinating phenomena of nature.

In north central Arizona, one of the very greatest spectacles in the world may be seen, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is a 4 to 14 mile wide rift, one mile deep, with the Colorado River roaring at the bottom. A thousand square miles in area, it represents the supreme expression of land sculpture. Whether you view it from its rim, or from its bottom, its ever-changing beauty has an effect on one that can never be forgotten. Trails descend by muleback into the canyon. Short hikes of zig-zags, one of which is known as Jacob's Ladder, carries the traveler down the famous Red Wall Limestone.

There is for lovers of mountains such an abundant variety—for instance Glacier National Park in Montana; the Rocky Mountains in their most rugged profusion and most alp-like character. There are 250

glacier-fed lakes, and sixty glaciers. It is a Romance in Rocks. Colored strata in the rocky formation are claimed by geologists to have begun as ocean sediments at least 88,000,000 years ago! Due to overthrusting and sagging, the buff, green, pink and gray of limestone and shale is never in horizontal layers but tips at differing angles. Radiating from Many Glacier Hotel on McDermott Lake, such trips as these may be taken—a four mile walk to Grinnell Lake with Grinnell Glacier opposite; a seven mile walk to Cracker Lake, a bowl of pink limestone; or seven miles to Iceberg Lake, a miniature polar sea. One can also travel with saddle horse and pack train from one camp to another.

Especially beloved of many is Yosemite National Park, with the pageantry of its Indian legends, and enhanced by the mere euphony of its name. It lies in middle-eastern California. In spring and summer time Yosemite is a poet's paradise. Rain comes rarely, clouds but seldom, and flowers bloom bountifully. El Capitan which stands guard at the entrance, rises 3,300 feet and Half Dome rises 4,892 feet—both are walls of rock larger than Gibraltar. Yosemite Falls is nine times as high as Niagara.

Canada, too, is rich in National Parks. Among the newest of these is Waterton Lakes, adjoining United States Glacier National Park, so that one may see both at one time. A whole series of Canadian National Parks is here. The easternmost and oldest, Rocky Mountain Park, has such wonders as the opalescent Lake Louise, set like a gem amid the mountains, Banff and Banff Springs in a wide pocket along the glacial-green Bow River. Westward along the Kicking Horse River stretches Yoho Park with Emerald Lake as one of its chief bits of beauty. Kootenay Lake and Park stretches southward to the American border. In Glacier Park in the Selkirk Range, west of the Rockies, is the Illecillewaet Glacier and just beyond is Mount Revelstoke.

Farther north in the Rocky Mountain area is Jasper National Park, a traveler's oasis in a vast wilderness of great peaks, bottomless lakes, underground rivers, picturesque waterfalls, glaciers and big game. Like Banff, it is becoming a special resort, with a great variety of attractions. Jasper Park Lodge on Lac Beauport is a delightful and comfortable place, and Mount Robson, the king peak of the Canadian Rockies, lies majestically near.

The railways of America have made special efforts to see that travel to our National Parks is comfortable, speedy and direct. Adequate accommodations are available to meet all tastes; from the rustic but comfortable camping type lodge accommodations to the most fastidiously appointed hotels. Good roads and motor busses are now the rule within the Parks, providing an almost incredible amount of sightseeing in a brief time and at modest expense.

For further information about the National Parks, write Miss Anne C. Granbeck, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 B'way, N. Y., enclosing stamped addressed envelope.



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MIAMI WELCOMES THE CONVENTION HOSTS

[Continued from page 77]

the sands over night; that he had hundreds of palaces to make comfort for his guests; that with the touch of a finger could he make the streets of his city as bright by night as by day; that the enchanted waters of Biscayne Bay changed colors at intervals in the day to reflect to the heavens the glories of his court; that he had the swiftest of steeds and the most magic of chariots as numerous as the grains of sand in the desert to carry him to and fro; that his was the promised land where music from heavenly harps was wafted to pleasure his guests and followers.

"Lo, oh Venerable Sire, Mahi did not boast unduly. These wonders and many more abide in this oasis. His many palaces are as mountains pointing toward the heavens. The streets teem with the sons of the desert from afar off. The cooling sea breezes whip their robes about them as they loiter in luxury. Their accoutrements flash in the tropical sunshine. Members of a myriad of Patrols in their brilliant uniforms are dancing and making merry with the Shebas of the royal court.

"Even the moon seems to shine with favor upon Mahi, for your followers have never before seen her in such expansiveness, beauty and splendor. Mahi is in his glory, and his faithful followers are in attendance to such good effect upon the visiting Nobility, and such is the magic of this oasis, that our every thought has been anticipated and our slightest wish granted.

"Oh Venerable Sire, your son is nevertheless fearful. Here I conducted your most worthy caravan without the loss of a single faithful follower, and yet I am about to fail in the fulfillment of my mission. For such is the enchantment of this land that your bravest and staunchest tribesmen are falling under the influence of these enticements, and only the strictest orders from your most mighty self will prevent the hitherto faithful from cutting adrift from your oasis and loitering forever and a day under the banner of Mahi in this land of sunshine, music and flowers."

SHRINE NEWS

[Continued from page 76]

SHRINE CLUBS

In addition to receiving the Imperial Potentate in March the Palm Beach Shrine Club made special preparations to entertain nobles attending the Imperial Council session. Under the direction of President Homer J. Rogers the members will do their part to make their visit a very pleasant one. The Club meets every Friday at 8 P. M.

The Porto Rico Shrine Club always welcomes visiting Nobles from the States. It counts that day lost whose low descending sun sees not a wandering pilgrim enjoying the hospitality of the organization. Noble Herbert L. Talbot, the secretary, can always be reached at P. O. Box 1369, San Juan.

Noble Bert E. Stevenson is a native of New Castle, Penna., and a member of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh. He first went to Porto Rico in the Spanish-American War with the 16th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. In 1907 he went back there from his home State to raise grapefruit and pineapples.

Nobles Stevenson and Talbot were made honorary members of Abou Saad, Panama Canal Zone, for their good work in the Ceremonial held in Porto Rico in January, 1927.

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WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 37]

In the Barrows School, Springfield, Mass., the children speak of "the miracle" because John Perosino is among them again and plays all their games. John used to hitch along with a paralyzed foot. When he walked his left heel never touched the ground and his little toe had to bear all the weight on that side. When he was 12 years old he went under the protecting wing of Shrinedom. Then followed a month at the Springfield hospital and several months of special treatment after that. Now John is becoming one of the school's fastest runners.

George Killackey of Detroit had not walked in all his seven years. From birth he suffered from an un-united fracture of the left leg, complicated by an infection in the tissues. Detroit Shriners paid for his hospital treatment. In six months the infection cleared up, but further treatment for the same length of time was necessary. Then had to come two operations by Noble Dr. Frank E. Curtis. He grafted the small bone over into the fractured large bone.

Now George always has a real boy smile, shy but broad, just because he walks.

Here are just a few of the letters from grateful parents or relatives:

"We are the parents of Edmund, who was so splendidly taken care of by your wonderful institution for a period of five months. Words cannot express how much we appreciate the good work that

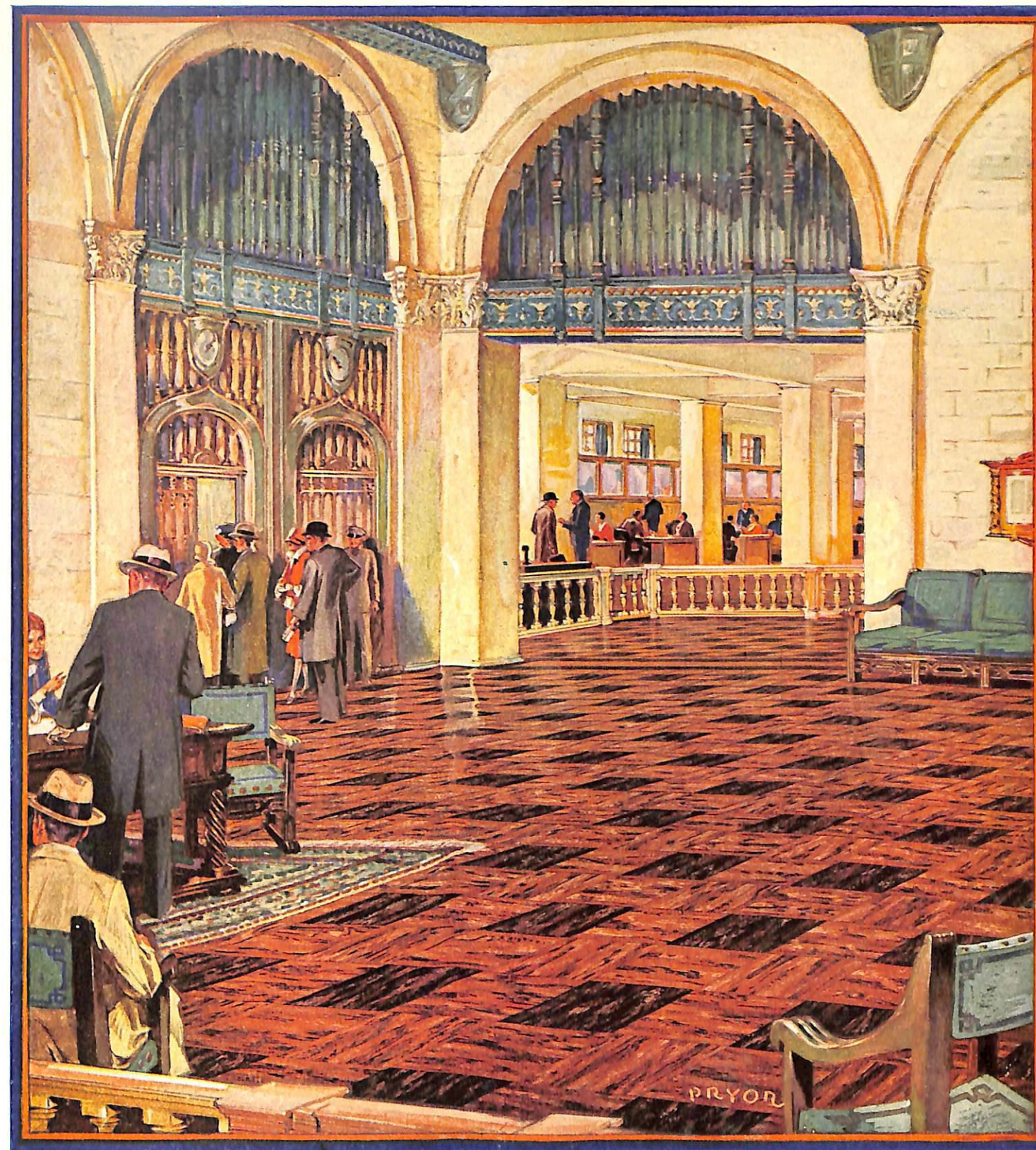
was done by your Chief Surgeon.

"Divine Providence will surely bless you for the immeasurable good you are doing for those who cannot do for themselves. We earnestly hope that sometime in the future it will be our privilege to be of some assistance to you and your splendid work. "Father and Mother."

"There has been a wonderful improvement in Colin's arm, and he now can raise it straight up over his head, and out from the shoulder. Before he could move it only a little toward his body. The improvement is continuing and I exercise it every day as instructed by Dr. Hatt.

"Colin has been to out-patients clinic once since coming home, and goes again in May. It makes us thankful for him to have the benefit of Dr. Hatt's skill and we know that all that can be done for his improvement will be done.

"Colin talks all the time of 'his hospital.' What a happy time he had there! and how good the doctors and nurses must have been to have won so much love; and dearest friend of all—Mr. Hendee. He is Colin's ideal, and it is my prayer that in the years to come he will remain so. Dear Mr. Drew, from the bottom of my heart I thank you, as does my husband and we appreciate your great kindness, and help in getting Colin to the hospital, and home again. When things seemed darkest came the Shriners, God bless you all."



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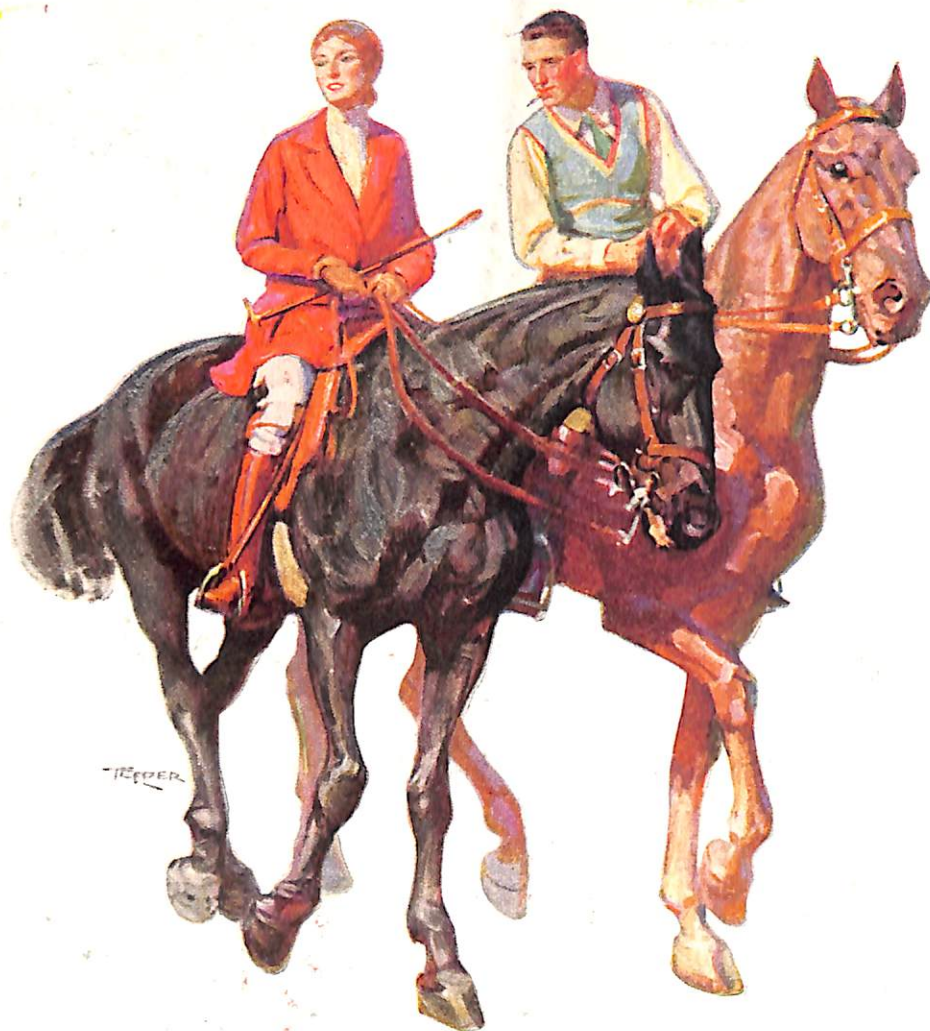
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